Liberty

JULY 7, 1945 10c

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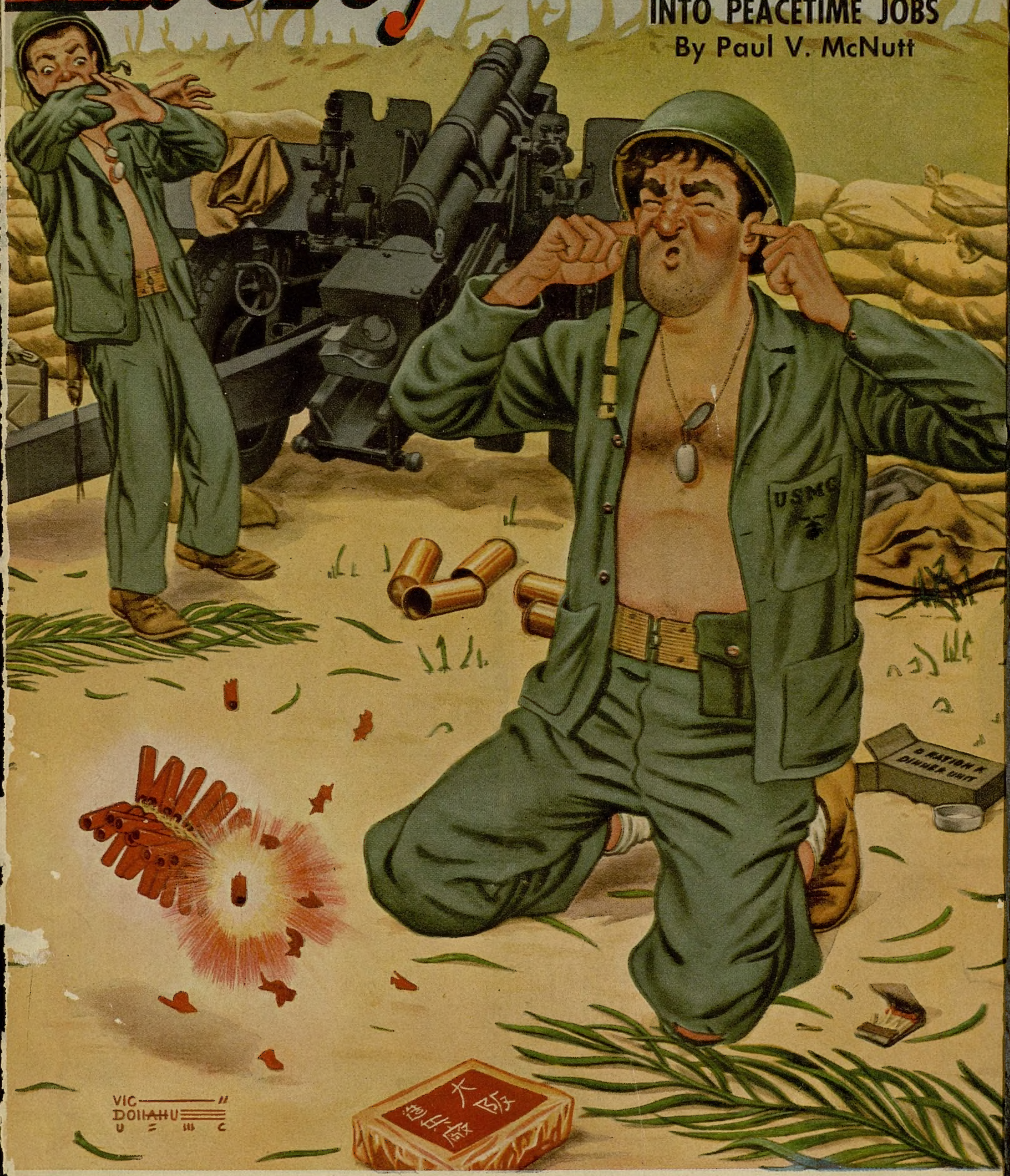
GLENDALE 4 CALIF

RECONVERTING WAR SKILLS INTO PEACETIME JOBS

By Paul V. McNutt


USMC
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VIC DONAHUE USMC

JOIN THE PARADE...
SCHENLEY
RESERVE
Pre-War Quality

Enjoy that Bright Morning Taste today!

JOIN the parade that leads to enjoyment...of SCHENLEY Reserve! Every drop is pre-war quality at its highest peak. Try SCHENLEY Reserve today... and you'll discover what we *mean* by that "Bright Morning Taste"!

They also serve who BUY and HOLD War Bonds

SCHENLEY
Reserve

BLENDED WHISKEY 86 proof. 60% grain neutral spirits. Schenley Distillers Corp., N.Y.C.

"Oooh Dad—what you just did!"

DAD: All right. All right. What's so terrible? Brushed my teeth, didn't I? Used Ipana, too.

BUSTER: Oh, it isn't *that,* Dad—

SISTER: No, what we mean is...

TOGETHER: ...*You brushed your teeth without massaging your gums!*

DAD: And that's *bad?*

BUS: Why, Pop, and you a college man! Even third graders are taught that if you don't massage your gums every time you brush your teeth, gums are apt to get tender and sensitive.

SIS: Yep, 'cause the soft, creamy foods we eat don't give gums the chewy exercise they need to help keep them firm and healthy. See, Popsy?

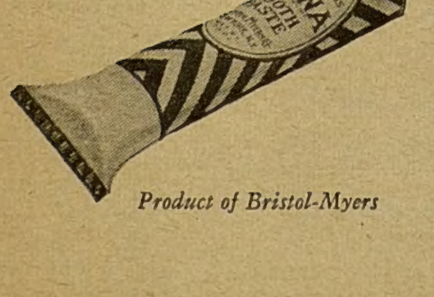
DAD: Hmmmmmmmm. Maybe that has some connection with this "pink" on my tooth brush.

BUS: Could be, Dad, could be. And the best connection you can make for "pink tooth brush" is a date with your dentist!

A NATIONAL SURVEY shows 7 out of 10 dentists recommend regular gum massage. But many grown-ups have yet to learn what thousands of youngsters are being taught in school today—the importance of gum massage to healthy gums and sparkling teeth.

If *your* tooth brush "shows pink," heed its warning. *See your dentist promptly.* He may suggest, as so many do, "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana Tooth Paste is especially designed, with massage, to protect the health of the gums. One reason why twice as many dentists use Ipana *for their own teeth*... as any other dentifrice.

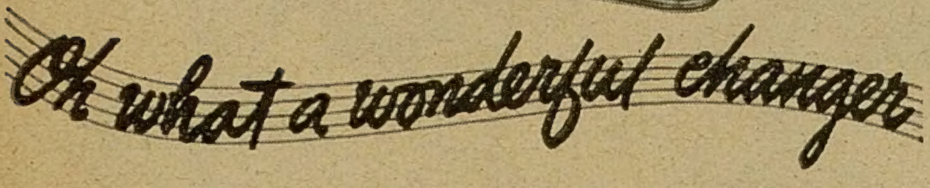


Product of Bristol-Myers

Guard against "Pink Tooth Brush"

WITH IPANA AND MASSAGE

Motorola
VOLUME
PHONO-TONE-RADIO
TUNING


Oh what a wonderful changer

OVER HALF AN HOUR OF MUSIC WITHOUT INTERRUPTION

★ Music at its beautiful best! That's what's in store for you soon after Victory. The radio programs you love to listen to will come in richly, with every subtle tone and overtone! And when you're hungry for your favorite recorded music, you'll discover how scientifically perfect a Motorola record changer can be.

Motorola is still devoted to the making of famous "Handie Talkies," originated and developed exclusively by Motorola Radio Engineers. But make a note—soon after the war, see and hear a Motorola Phonograph-Radio.

FEATHERLIGHT
The new Motorola tone arm reduces record scratch and wear to the vanishing point.

STACK 'EM 10 HIGH
Play and enjoy 10 ten-inch or 8 twelve-inch records without interruption.

FLOATING ACTION
Motorola changer handles precious records lightly, gently, noiselessly, safely!

GALVIN MFG. CORPORATION • CHICAGO 51, ILL.

THERE'LL BE NONE FINER
Motorola Radio
A-M F-M
FOR HOME AND CAR

HOME RADIO • AUTO RADIO • AUTOMATIC PHONOGRAPHS • TELEVISION

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Cover: A Fortified Fourth

Painted by Vic Donahu, U. S. M. C.

PUBLISHED BY LIBERTY MAGAZINE, INC.

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Liberty, July 7, 1945, Vol. 22, No. 27. Published weekly by Liberty Magazine, Inc., 37 West 57th Street, New York 19, N. Y. Entered as second-class matter June 28, 1927, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Ten cents a copy. Subscription price $3.50 a year in the United States and possessions, $4.50 a year in Cuba, Mexico, Haiti, Dominican Republic, Spain and possessions, and Central and South American countries, excepting British Honduras, British, Dutch, and French Guiana. All other countries $5.50 a year. In entering a new or renewal subscription or change of address, please allow at least forty-five (45) days for Liberty to reach you. Copyright, 1945, by Liberty Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. Registered at Stationers' Hall, Great Britain. Registro Nacional de la Propiedad Intelectual. All rights reserved.

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The "Purple Heart Limited"

Its passengers are wounded veterans.

Some, like the three above, compare their souvenirs as an Army doctor looks on. Others read. Or sleep. Or just look out the Pullman window at *America* again.

They are on their way from debarkation ports to General Hospitals near their homes. And Pullman—by providing sleeping cars to supplement the Army's special hospital trains—is privileged to contribute to the comfort in which they make the trip.

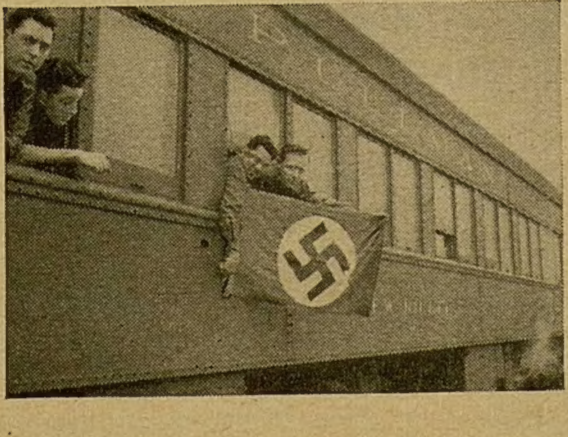
These cars come from the Pullman "pool" of cars that are in regular passenger service. They may be scattered over several states, serving various railroads, when the Army calls for them. But *centralized control* assembles them to meet almost any demand.

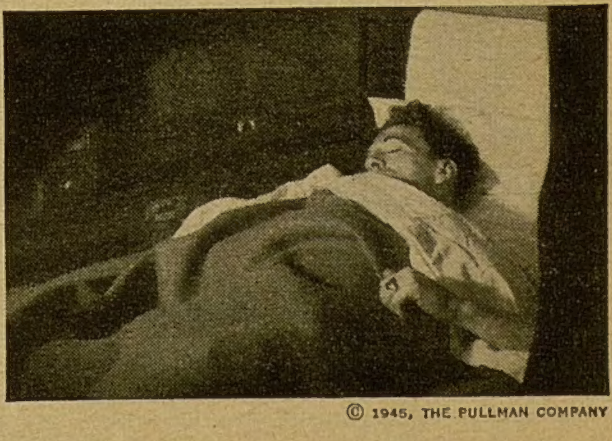
Where they are assembled—when and where they go—cannot be disclosed. But we *can* tell you that "Purple Heart Limiteds" are running constantly as part of the program that makes American wounded *the best cared for wounded in the world.*

So please—if you can't get the Pullman space you want exactly when you want it—remember that it may be occupied by wounded veterans.

They come first with us—just as they do with *you!*

PULLMAN **For more than 80 years, the greatest name in passenger transportation**





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Your Tobacco Will Yield a Better Flavor
in This Fine Old Well-Cured Mission
Briar from California

MISSION BRIAR

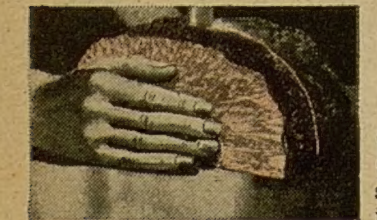
Pipes are cut from Burls like this

THE
MONTEREY
PIPE
Made of Mission Briar
Specimen Grain $5
(also Select Grain $3.50)

MISSION
BRIAR

CUT, SEASONED AND TREATED
ESPECIALLY FOR GREATER
ENJOYMENT OF PIPE-SMOKING

From California comes a better pipe, made of MISSION BRIAR. Every step in making it was planned by experts and done for your enjoyment of a cooler, smoother, more flavorful smoke. MISSION BRIAR is almost as old as the hills on which it grew, dry, free from sap, tightly interwoven in grain structure. Prepared by modern new methods of seasoning and curing. Its mildness will please you. Ask for MONTEREY PIPES, made of MISSION BRIAR, at dealers'.



Operation No. 4, Cutting big Mission Briar Burls into blocks for Monterey Pipes. Next advertisement will show how blocks are selected for Shape of Pipe.

Kaufmann Bros. & Bondy, Inc., 630 Fifth Ave., N.Y. 20, N.Y.

★ VOX POP ★

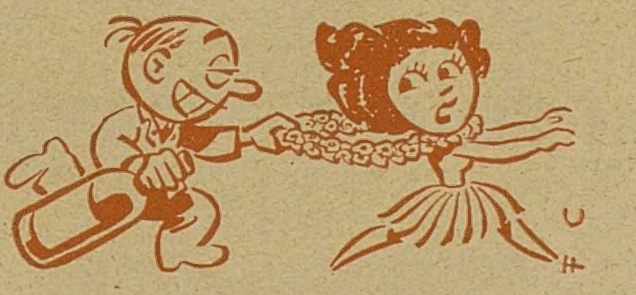
"The Voice of the People"

CONSIDER THE WAHINES

HILO, HAWAII—Ho-hum—where did Lieutenant Ruark pick up all of that marvelous propaganda on Hawaii? It might do well to point out that his article, Ho-Hum in Hawaii (April 21), applies rather well to Honolulu itself, as well as to any other coastal city such as San Francisco, San Diego, or Seattle. But please let us confine our remarks to the city and not generalize it by using the term Hawaii.

Speaking as one of the wahines who has no illusions as to her prospects of ever being a composite Grable and Lamarr, I might mention that a great number of the female population have developed tremendously superior attitudes about themselves because most of them are tired of being dragged around by some officer who is more interested in the liquor supply than he is in sincerely trying to show a girl a good time. Therefore it becomes well-nigh impossible for him to meet a decent girl unless he knows someone who has resided in the Islands for a while. Or I might be assuming too much by taking it for granted that he's griping about not being able to meet a decent girl.

While we're on the subject of the woes of a serviceman in Honolulu, let us not fail to mention that a good 90 per cent of the servicemen in the Islands (and this is not restricted to Honolulu alone) conduct themselves in general in a way that they would be utterly ashamed of if any of their loved ones were around to see them, with the flimsy excuse that they have been "Down Under" or are just going "Down Under" and this may be their last fling. And in spite of all that, the wahines and kamaainas are supposed to throw open their doors, lay out the welcome mats, and humor them along. Honestly, Lieutenant Ruark, you're not serious, are you? Would you open your doors to us if we went to your home town and acted the fool with as poor an excuse as some of you have? I'm not trying to disagree with your article—just pointing out a few facts that were obviously overlooked.—*(Miss) Piilani A. Ahuna.*

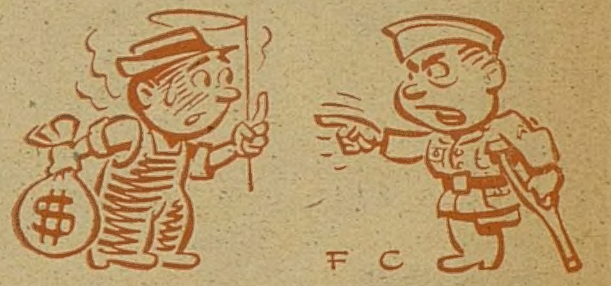


APOLOGIES TO THE LIEUTENANT

PITTSBURGH, PA.—I'd like to point out a little slip-up in Robert N. Farr's article, Radar—How It Works and What It Does (May 12). The article states that Private J. L. Lockard was awarded the D. S. M. As my hobby is insignia and decorations, I happen to know that it was the D. S. C. that Private (now Lieutenant) Lockard received. Due to the conditions under which it's awarded, the D. S. M. is nowadays seldom given to anyone under the rank of colonel. As the D. S. C. ranks the D. S. M., let's give Lieutenant Lockard the credit due him.—*Bill Benswanger.*

OTHERS HAVE SERVED

EL CAJON, CALIF.—An old Marine sergeant with battle stars from Guadalcanal to Saipan—and the Purple Heart—once told me that the attitude expressed by Lt. S. in his letter about war workers (May 26 Vox Pop) is one that can often be found among boots and lieutenants. The sergeant is wise in the ways of men, and a college graduate besides, and he also refused a battlefield commission.



Lt. S., just whose friends, sons, and brothers are these soldiers, sailors, and marines who fight and die? Or are we war workers a race apart—not even Americans?

I suppose those telegrams from the War Department don't mean anything to us.

I suppose you think we who work with our hands are rolling in wealth. Do you want to trade assets? Sure we have had the easy end of the deal. But as far as asking for any advantages, I have never heard of such a thing. And don't worry, lieutenant; if there is any gravy to be had, you will get it.

Go ahead, take your spite out on the landlords, black marketeers, and gyp artists, but leave us alone. Uncle Sam assigned us a job and we will do it. We've made a remarkable showing, too.

That we haven't had to undergo the rigors of battle was no fault of ours. Incidentally, the number of maimed and killed among our ranks would surprise perhaps even you. Come on, try and get hold of yourself, and remember others have also served and are serving. Hate for your blood brothers isn't going to help make this a better world.—*W. R. Bonduront.*

A GREAT MAN—AND A GOOD ONE

NEW ORLEANS, LA.—Paul Hunter could have written his essentially fine editorial about The Gentleman from Missouri (May 26) without bringing in all that double-talk of left-handed compliments about our late beloved President Roosevelt.

At least he could have stated clearly that Mr. Roosevelt was a great figure, always on the side of the *good.* Instead, he says, "One does not have to wait for the verdict of historians to know that Franklin D. Roosevelt was a remarkable and extraordinary man," and that "few individuals in history have ever affected so profoundly the world in which they lived." And that same thing could be said of Adolf Hitler.

Farther on he says, "Thus, many of

(*Continued on page 8*)

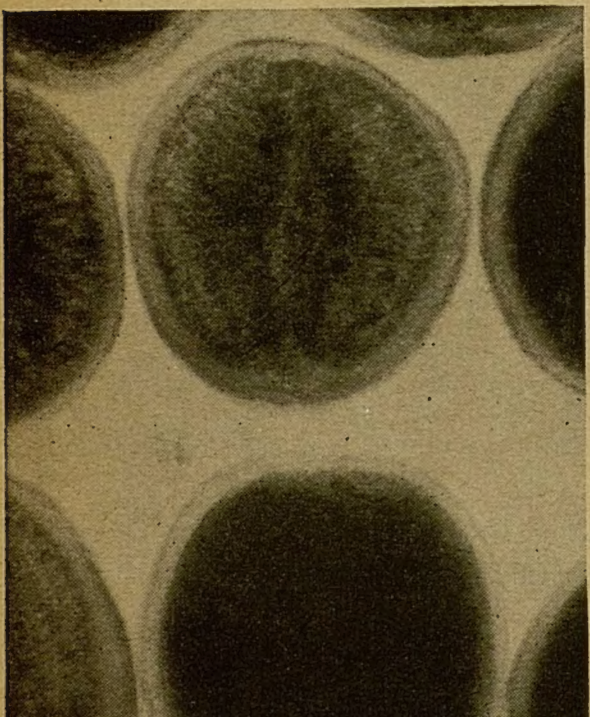
So you'll eat better

MORE FOOD from farms where electricity is a "hired hand" . . . milking cows, pumping water, churning, grinding, increasing egg laying.

Earlier, better crops from electric hotbeds. Stronger, healthier calves . . . when treated with ultraviolet. Better oranges . . . with an x-ray playing "policeman" to toss out any below-standard orange. Food kept better . . . with electric refrigeration. And better cooking . . . with all those electric kitchen helpers you treasure.

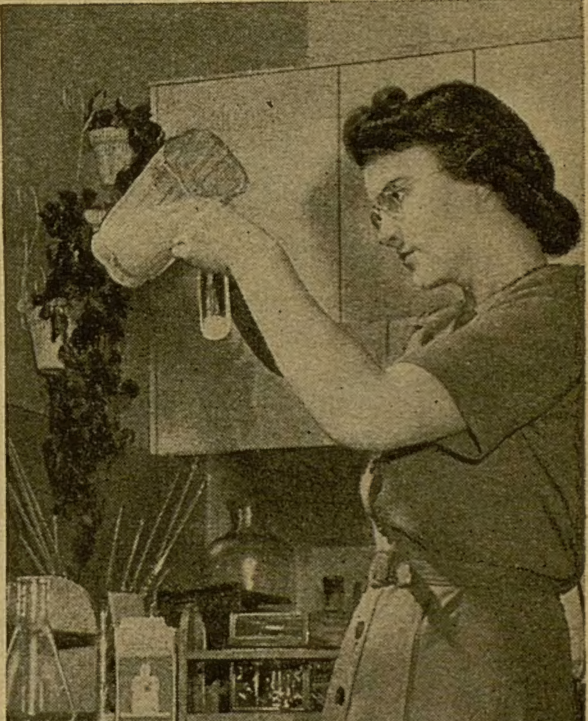
Of course General Electric isn't really in the food business. But you can hardly find a farm, a factory, or a home where G-E research and engineering haven't helped get things done better. *General Electric Company, Schenectady, N. Y.*

"Floating drugstore" feeds 2,000 sailors. Ice cream aplenty on battlewagons and most combat ships is now made on new type equipment recently developed by the Bureau of Ships, Bastian Blessing Company (who built the freezers and cabinets), and General Electric (who built the refrigeration equipment).



Which is the good orange? By inspecting oranges with G-E x-ray fluoroscopic units after severe frost, California and Arizona citrus growers salvaged millions of good oranges that would have been condemned by other methods. (The unfrozen orange is the dark one at the bottom of the picture.)

Ultraviolet for calves. Ultraviolet lamps make calves grow faster, healthier. Laying hens and baby chicks are also helped by such G-E lamps. Scientists and engineers at General Electric have devised electrical equipment to do dozens of different farm jobs from corn shelling to soil sterilizing.



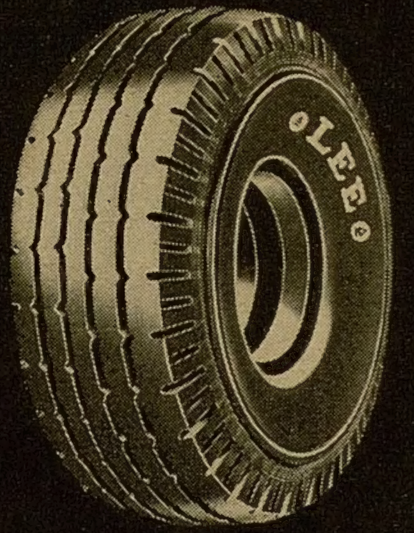
Vitamin detective. Nutrition expert Dr. Jennie McIntosh works on experiment to determine best way to retain vitamins in cooked foods. This is one important project of G. E.'s Consumers Institute. Discoveries are made public, and also are used to improve G-E kitchen appliances.

★

Hear the G-E radio programs: *The G-E All-girl Orchestra,* Sunday 10 p.m. EWT, NBC—*The World Today* news, Monday through Friday 6:45 p.m. EWT, CBS—*The G-E House Party,* Monday through Friday 4:00 p.m. EWT, CBS.

FOR VICTORY — BUY AND HOLD VICTORY BONDS

GENERAL ELECTRIC



IN 1858 a Boston policeman bruskly hailed the experiment of men who were trying to put a rubber tread on a wagon wheel. He said it was "foolish and impractical, that vehicles with rubber tired wheels would be a menace because no one would hear them coming."

LEE of Conshohocken's ability to foresee motor transportation developments and needs won for them the pioneer prestige which still maintains in LEE DeLuxe tires.

WE ARE PARTICIPANTS IN THE OWNERSHIP AND OPERATION OF NATIONAL SYNTHETIC RUBBER CORPORATION

LEE of Conshohocken
DIVISION
LEE RUBBER & TIRE CORPORATION
CONSHOHOCKEN, PA.

REPUBLIC INDUSTRIAL PRODUCTS
YOUNGSTOWN, O.

LEE DELUXE TIRES AND TUBES
CONSHOHOCKEN, PA.

(Continued from page 6)

those who hailed Roosevelt as their champion may in the course of time come to hate Truman."

Remember that a large majority of the American people admired and loved Roosevelt, and if they come to hate Truman, it will be just too bad for him.—*F. J. Derbes, Jr.*

FOUR-LEGGED PIN-UP

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—I know very little about horses, but I do know a thing of beauty when I see it, which in this case is Liberty's May 26 cover. The grace and beauty of that horse is a challenge as a pin-up to Hollywood's cover girls. My youngsters would like to know his name, and if he is a race horse.—*Mrs. Helen Widoff.*

Liberty's cover colt is just an anonymous little horse that caught the artist's fancy, and Liberty dubbed him Fancy Free.—VOX POP EDITOR.

ATHEISTS—A VANISHING HERD

SWARTHMORE, PA.—Liberty's current book condensations, particularly The Emperor's Physician, by J. R. Perkins (April 7) and A Great Time to Be Alive, by Harry Emerson Fosdick (May 26), are fulfilling an ever-growing common desire to return to thoughts of peace and security. When man's material foundation shakes beneath him and he reaches out for something to hang on to, he finds indestructibility only in thought. Then, as the mind takes over, man realizes this Mind is spelled with a capital M, and he finds liberty and freedom!

These condensations mentioned above are taking religion out of its once hush-hush state and are pointing the way toward true freedom. "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free."

It has been rightly said that there are no atheists in foxholes, and countless thousands are learning where to place reliance for safety, health, and harmony. Liberty has a public obligation in living up to its name, for, as the world gains increasing physical liberty, the need for moral liberty and freedom looms ever larger. The returning serviceman knows there's a God *everywhere!* Ask him! There have been a lot of Christians born under fire in this war.—*1st Lt. H., U. S. M. C. R.*

DOWN WITH HORATIO ALGER!

NEW YORK, N. Y.—That last sentence in Paul Hunter's editorial, We're All Poorer When None of Us Can Get Richer (May 5), made me boil. Mr. Hunter says, "Any system of taxation which eliminates the possibility of getting rich, while it may serve to spread the wealth, certainly will impede its creation" (meaning, I guess, the creation of wealth for the country as a whole).

Any system that spreads the wealth and thus makes us all richer can't possibly make us all poorer at the same time. It's a contradiction in fact. So what if a couple of us can't become Horatio Algers and Rockefellers? Isn't it better to guarantee everybody a decent standard of living than to make it easy for the few to line their pockets with excess wealth?

This government is a democracy and was created "for the people" among other things, and any system that gives all the people a decent break is O. K. with me.—*Anne Sparks.*

A masterpiece of Adventure in Technicolor!

Here's M-G-M's thrill-filled spectacular sequel to famed "Lassie Come Home"—in Technicolor! New drama—new adventure—introducing Laddie, the thoroughbred son of a champion, who had to *prove* he hadn't the heart of a mongrel! They laughed at him—called him a canine clown! But in the crisis, when his master's life was at stake—that Son of Lassie came roaring through!

Girls! Peter Lawford is so handsome and romantic . . . !

M.G.M's

SON OF LASSIE

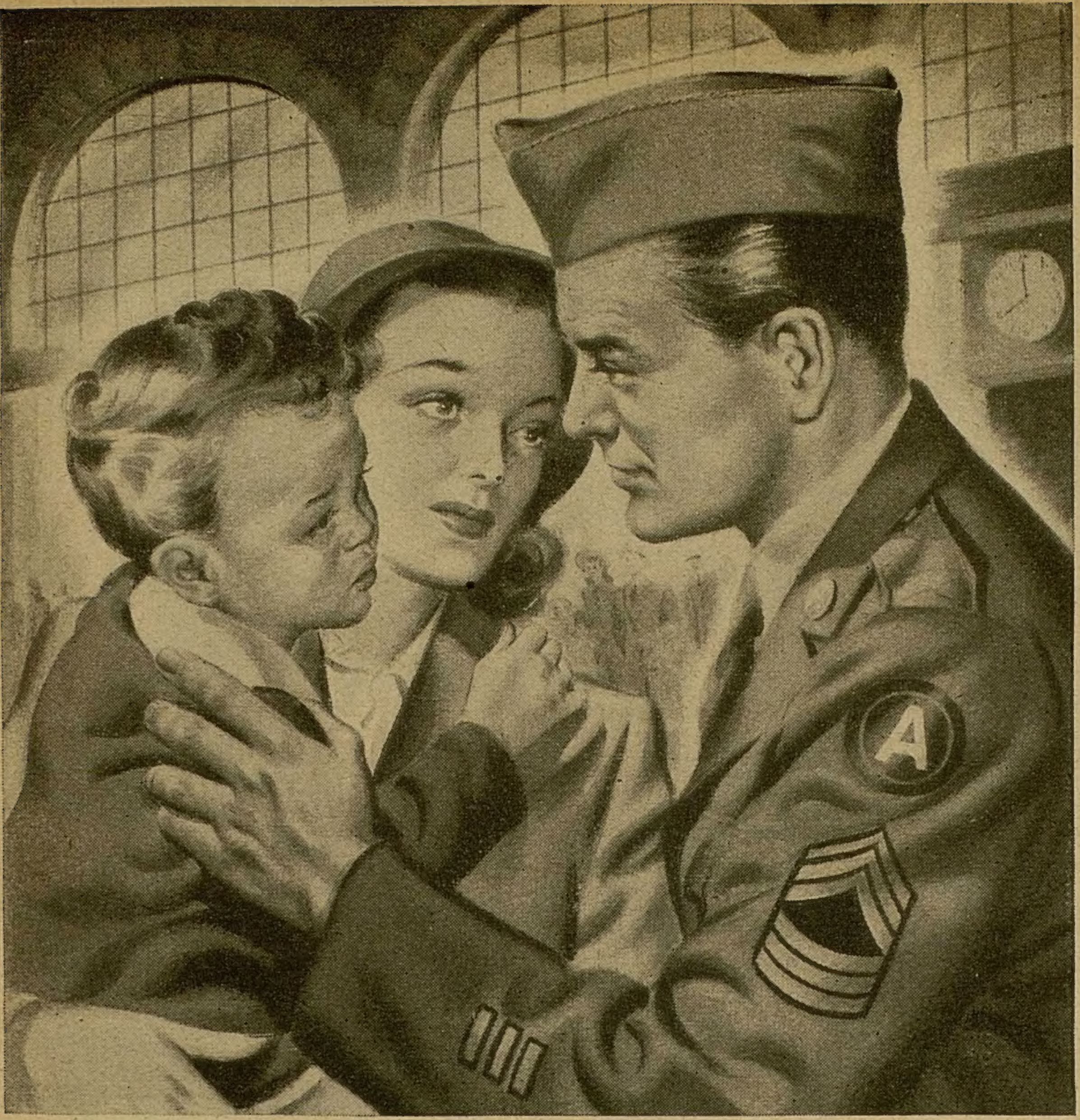
Starring **PETER LAWFORD · DONALD CRISP**

with **JUNE LOCKHART · NIGEL BRUCE**

WILLIAM "BILLY" SEVERN · LEON AMES · DONALD CURTIS · NILS ASTHER · ROBERT LEWIS

LASSIE and LADDIE

Story and Screen Play by Jeanne Bartlett • Based on some Characters from the book "Lassie Come Home" by Eric Knight • Directed by S. SYLVAN SIMON • Produced by SAMUEL MARX • A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER Picture



"So long, son...

. . . Haven't had much time to get acquainted. Now I'm going away again . . . a long way. This time we'll finish the job . . . for good."

Furlough . . . then farewell . . . That's the story of millions of young men today, still traveling half around a world on war's grim business. And because our business is serving travelers, today our main concern is helping these men along their way.

Harvey hotels, dining stations and dining cars across half the continent serve tens of thousands of *extra* meals daily to men and women in uniform. And Harvey restaurants and shops in great railway terminals serve them as they are brought to us by practically all leading American railways. When Fred Harvey planned his system of hotels, restaurants and dining cars 70 years ago, it was as though it were made to order for the wartime assignments now being carried out by his son and grandsons.

Under war conditions, we cannot always maintain the standard of hospitality traditional with the Harvey family. But we know you understand. After the war you again will have only our best . . . the hospitality known to Americans through three generations of Harvey family management.

Soon she'll be in the movies!

The story of the early-day Harvey Girls will soon be told on the screen in a new Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Technicolor musical production, starring Judy Garland. "THE HARVEY GIRLS" tells how Fred Harvey waitresses of the 1890's brought romance and a civilizing influence to a typical frontier town.

Fred Harvey

RESTAURANTS • SHOPS • HOTELS • DINING CARS

3000 MILES OF HOSPITALITY—FROM CLEVELAND TO THE PACIFIC COAST

Copyright, Fred Harvey, Chicago, 1945

JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

MANPOWER BY McNUTT

IF you want to know about RECONVERTING WAR SKILLS TO PEACETIME JOBS, Paul V. McNutt is your man. War Manpower Commissioner since 1942, Federal Security Administrator since 1939 (to mention two important posts), he looks back on a stellar career as lawyer, law professor at Indiana University, Governor of Indiana from 1933-37, and U. S. High Commissioner to the Philippines from 1937-39.

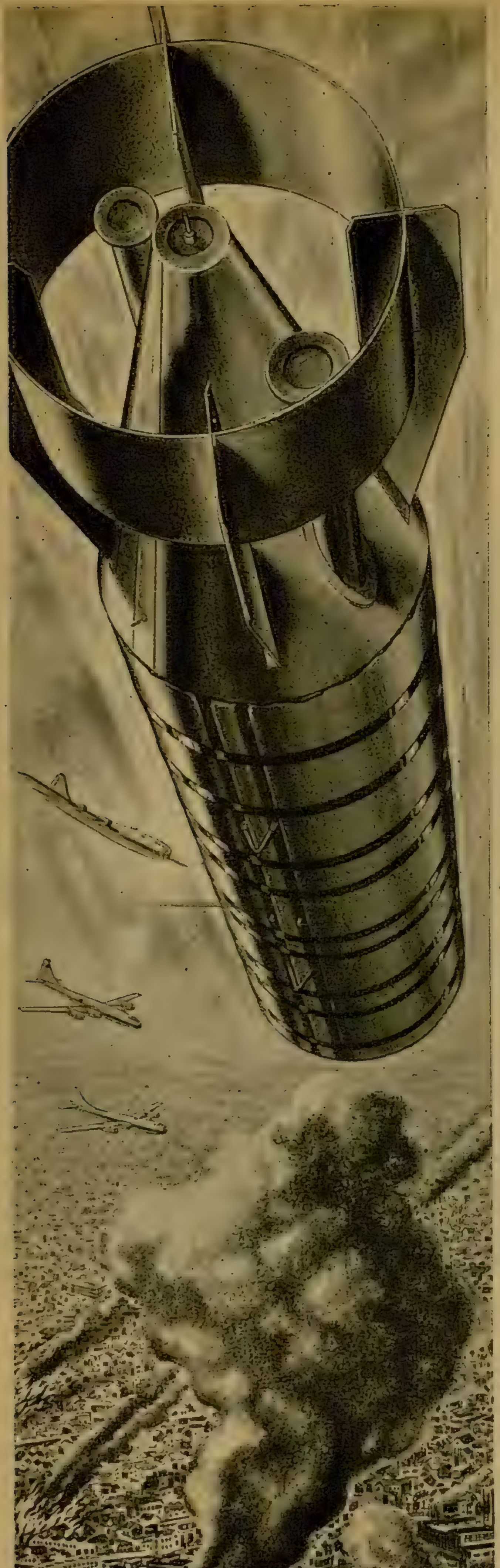
PRISONER OF WAR

LT. DAVID A. ENGLANDER landed in France as a combat photography officer and got as far as Aachen before he was captured. Back home now, he tells how, for four and a half months, THEY DREAMED OF FOOD in a German prison camp until liberated by the Russian Army.

A WRITER by profession but a man of hobbies by inclination, Sewell Peaslee Wright is a member of the Puppeteers of America because IT'S FUN TO PULL THE STRINGS. Right now he's arranging to pull them in an original play starring his own marionettes.

NEXT WEEK

WE meant to be the great melting pot, but many barriers still prevent real unity in the United States. Eleanor Roosevelt tells why and suggests action in FROM THE MELTING POT—AN AMERICAN RACE. . . . The wounded are coming home now and you'll be meeting more and more of them. Cecil S. Falk shows you how common sense and tact will avoid the embarrassments that made one woman say, "WHY DIDN'T SOMEONE TELL ME THESE THINGS?" . . . In Liberty's Book Condensation, ROBINSON CRUSOE, USN, Blake Clark tells of George Tweed's 30 months on Jap-held Guam.



This 500-lb. incendiary cluster bomb and destination, Tokyo, were drawn from authentic photographs.

Fewer Fires at Home Mean MORE FIRES IN TOKYO!

MUNITIONS are made to explode at the front . . . not at home!

Long before Pearl Harbor, Capital Stock Insurance Companies volunteered their services to the Federal Government, to help prevent fire, explosion and accident in our war facilities.

Scores of insurance company engineers and technicians were thrown into the struggle, at no cost to the government. They have helped make safer hundreds of army camps, powder-loading and T.N.T. lines, munitions plants, storage facilities, shipyards, docks, and ports of embarkation. They helped our Armed Forces train fire-prevention and fire-fighting personnel . . . helped develop fire and accident prevention standards . . . helped develop and test fire-fighting apparatus. In these efforts the companies were ably supported by their local agents, who contributed their time and experience in local inspection services.

The result of this cooperation between government and insurance has been a reduction in the national rate of fire loss, these war years, *of forty-three percent, compared to World War I.*

To insure early victory, and to save American lives on the fighting front, your Fire and Casualty Insurance Companies will continue their efforts to avert disastrous loss by fire, explosion and accident here at home.

CAPITAL STOCK Standard protection COMPANY INSURANCE

FIRE INSURANCE COMPANIES

Members of THE NATIONAL BOARD OF FIRE UNDERWRITERS

IMAGINATION IS THE DIRECTING FORCE AT CHRYSLER

IMAGINATION AND IMPROVEMENTS

HOW THEY WORK FOR YOU—IN WAR—IN PEACE

On Chrysler-built grousers—extra-wide treads—this Chrysler-built tank advances over mud that would halt a man!

BUY MORE WAR BONDS!

Imagination's goal is always improvement—better performance for tanks and guns, increased value or service in cars, trucks.

Imagination helped Chrysler Corporation and Army Ordnance engineers develop and build ground-gripping "mud-shoes" that do for U. S. tanks in mud what snow-shoes do for men in snow!

This General Sherman tank is wearing oversize shoes—37-inch-wide "grousers" that can carry it over soft mud and swamps *and Japanese rice paddies* where tanks ordinarily would sink and stall.

Practical *imagination* at Chrysler Corporation led to this tank improvement, so carefully planned that tank men can put similar grousers on U. S. medium tanks—anywhere!

Imagination is the directing force at Chrysler Corporation . . . you get the benefits of its discoveries in every one of our products.

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YOU'LL ENJOY "THE MUSIC OF MORTON GOULD" THURSDAYS, CBS, 9 P.M., EWT

Here you get a glimpse of Curtiss C-46 Commando operation in Burma, over a terrific mountainous terrain of which this camera shot gives a fair idea.

ON THE BEAM

Bombs won't flatten Japan? Don't let Tokyo Rose kid you . . . . Jap plane losses, 9.4 to our one. . . . A salute to Marine Corps Aviation

BY WAYNE PARRISH

HOW effective will bombing be in the victory over Japan? There isn't an airman in existence who won't say that it will be even more decisive in knocking out the Jap ability to make war than it was in Germany. And more than one top German officer or industrialist has said openly that it was the strategic bombing by the British and the Americans that proved to be the most decisive single factor in bringing about Germany's collapse.

Japan offers many contrasts to Germany. It has fewer and more concentrated production areas. It is a relatively new industrial nation, whereas Germany had many resources within its own country and had long been engaged in heavy industries.

Much has been said of the inflammable character of the average Jap city, and this is very true. In Europe most buildings, old as well as new, were of brick and stone. In Japan only the modern areas are so built. Its so-called residential areas are jam-packed with workers who live neither on the scale of European workers nor in the greater luxury of space which characterizes most cities in Europe and America.

As durable bombing targets, the main islands of Japan are not even comparable to the British Isles, for British industry was well spread around over a wider area and Britain had long been industrialized. Japan offers excellent targets in its public utilities, transportation, and industries.

But bombing of Japan will be accompanied by losses on our part. The Jap suicide pilot is a menace, and he had very few counterparts in Europe. Only the Japanese systematically sacrifice themselves in this way. Japan has had time, too, to improve its antiaircraft defenses.

It is tragic that we were not able to go all-out in our bombing long ago, before the Japs had time to prepare defenses. But there is no real defense against strategic bombing; their preparations merely mean that we will suffer losses such as that of the thirty-one Superfortresses we lost in the two-day blasting of Tokyo late in May.

So far, we have been able to use only the Boeing B-29 Superforts, but it shouldn't be long before we can throw into our air offensive against Japan's main islands a lot more examples of our air power. Deadly as the struggle for Okinawa has been, this island is essential not only to patrol the sea lanes linking Japan with its stolen empire but also in giving us bases for close-range bombing. Some of our fast new medium bombers should have good hunting.

When we are able to give the Japs as much tonnage of bombs a day as Germany ever got, or more, you'll see some results, for the ton-for-ton effect should be greater in Japan than in Europe.

Jap Air Force Extermination

The Japs are losing out heavily in the air. Up to April 1, 1945, they had lost a total of 11,601 airplanes to our Navy and Marine airmen, while we had lost 2,070. This total does not include any Army Air Force activities.

Of the 1,782 Jap planes destroyed by Navy and Marine aviators during the first three months of this year, nearly 800 were shot out of the air. The remainder of the losses were inflicted on grounded aircraft as our planes, mostly from fast carrier task forces, pinned down Jap air power.

The Japs haven't the productive capacity to keep up with such high mortality rates.

But not the least important news is the *increasingly* favorable ratio of losses. It used to be that we had a 3-to-1 or 6-to-1 ratio of Jap losses in comparison with ours, and we were plenty happy. But so far this year we have a 9.4-to-1 ratio in our favor. Here is the score to date: 1942, 3 to 1; 1943, 6.3 to 1; 1944, 5.7 to 1; 1945 (to April 1), 9.4 to 1. Average, 6.1 to 1.

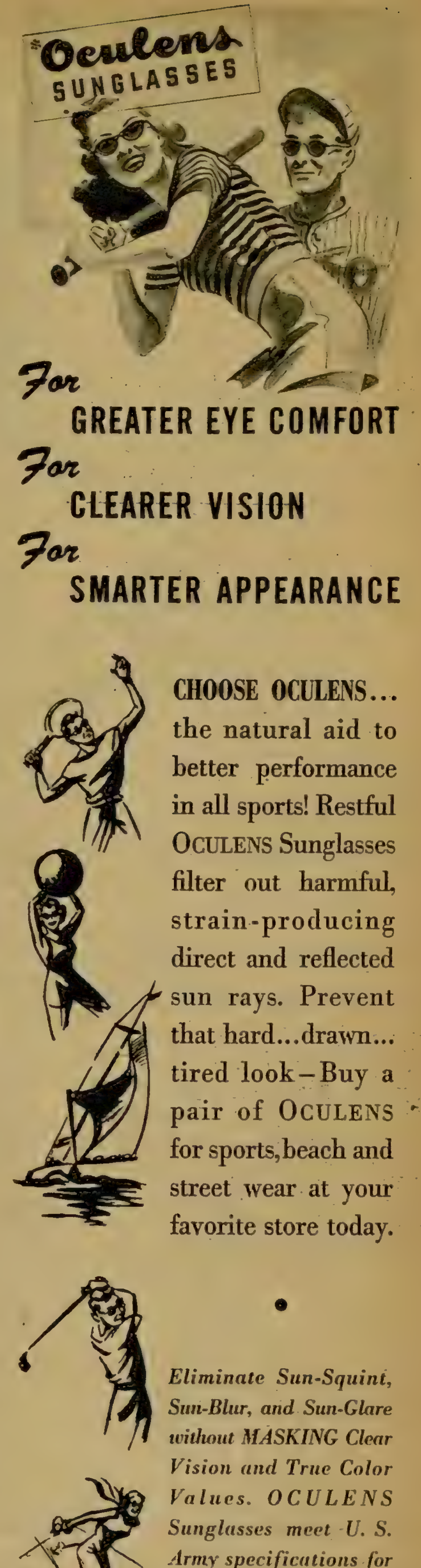
Last year Navy and Marine aviators destroyed 6,473 Jap airplanes.

Air Evacuation of the Wounded

Only now is it becoming apparent how much reliance was placed on the transport airplane in evacuating wounded and the sick from the battlefields of Germany. The lack of bridges, roads, and rail transport east of the Rhine was such that air evacuation was the only satisfactory means of getting the sick and wounded to the rear-area hospitals in France and England.

As many as 100 airplanes a day were used for moving hospitals forward with the ground armies, and the IX Troop Carrier Command played a big role in this

(*Continued on page 15*)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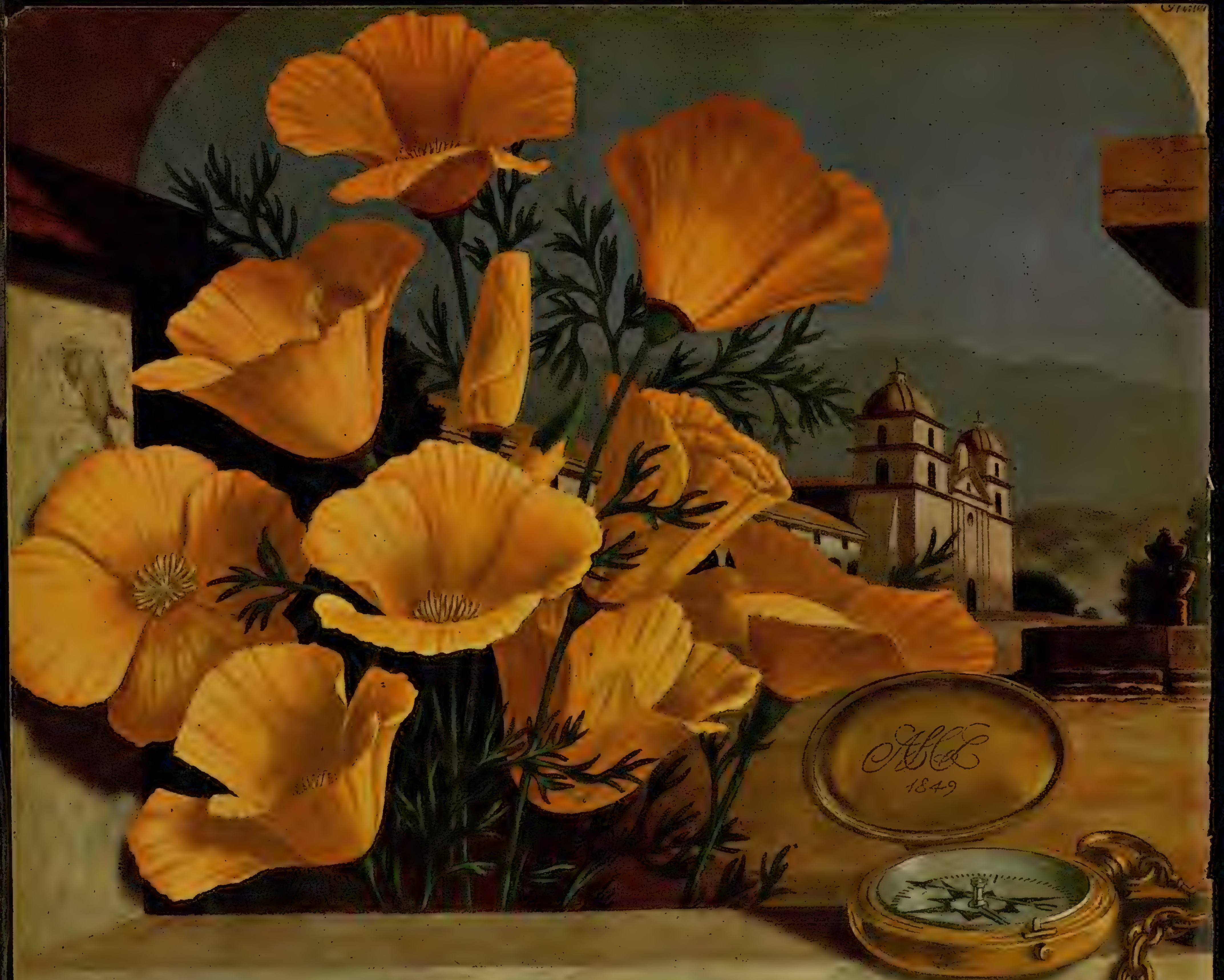
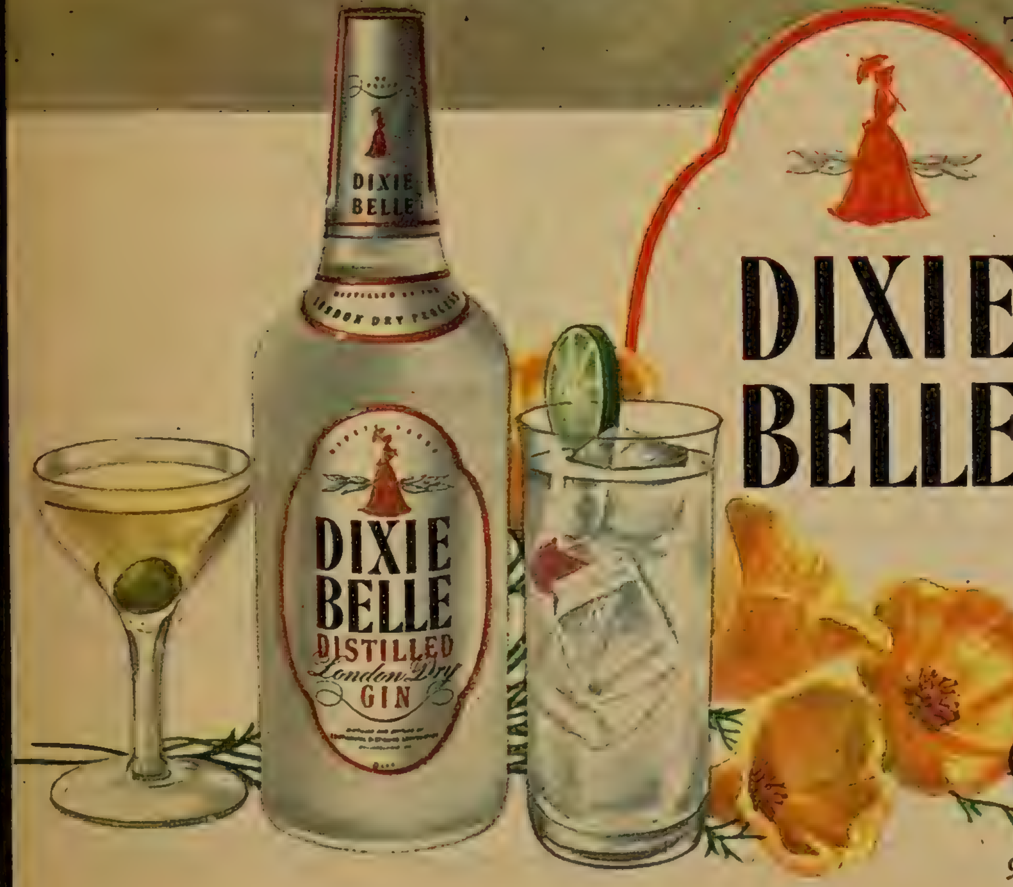


A Favorite in Flowers

THE GOLDEN POPPY—State Flower of California



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What is it that sets a favorite apart from the commonplace? In flowers, it's form, color, fragrance. And in Dixie Belle, distinguished flavor, appealing bouquet...the subtle blending of choice grain neutral spirits with selected herbs, fruits and berries. That's why this superb gin stands so high in public esteem. Enjoy a favorite... ask for DIXIE BELLE!

A Favorite in GIN

90 Proof • Distilled from 100% Grain Neutral Spirits
CONTINENTAL DISTILLING CORPORATION, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

(Continued from page 13)

task, as well as in evacuating men to the rear.

Between D Day and V-E Day it is estimated that more than 300,000 patients were evacuated by air from forward to rear areas. And large numbers have been flown all the way across the Atlantic to the United States. In fact, a good percentage of the 50,000 men a month being flown to the United States from Europe this summer will be patients.

The Air Transport Command reported in May that Army transport planes had evacuated a total of 1,000,000 sick and wounded in all theaters since the start of the war. In March a record number of 98,819 patients were evacuated.

Birthday Cake—with Candles

On May 22, 1912, Marine First Lieutenant Alfred A. Cunningham reported to the Naval Academy for duty in connection with aviation. After less than three hours' flight instruction, Cunningham became the first Marine and the fifth Navy aviator.

Thirty-three years later, Marine Corps Aviation was in its hottest fight since the Battle of the Solomons and one Marine squadron had just distinguished itself in the Okinawa area by downing twenty-four and three fourths Jap planes in twenty-five minutes.

Marine Aviation has had a fine history, but because it has been a small brother to naval aviation it hasn't always been in the limelight. In the Solomons in this war Marine aviators rang up many records in one of the best performances anywhere. Then for quite a while the Marines were kept in the background as far as air activity was concerned.

Then came Okinawa, and when the thirty-third birthday of the air outfit came, the Marines were in top form. Airmen don't come any better than they do in Marine Corps Aviation.

Mr. Truman Knows His Aircraft

The first President of the United States to fly in an airplane was Theodore Roosevelt, though he didn't do his flying while in office. At St. Louis in 1910, a year and a half after leaving the White House, former President T. R. went aloft in an early Wright plane, with Arch Hoxsie as pilot. But no President ever used the airplane for transportation until Franklin D. Roosevelt flew from Albany to Chicago to accept the Democratic nomination in 1932. Subsequently while in office he used the airplane on his foreign trips. President Truman accepts the airplane as the normal means of transport and will probably do more flying in terms of miles and trips than his predecessor. Truman, in fact, is far more conversant with the airplane and its manufacturing and operating problems than any of his predecessors. In 1937 and 1938 he worked long and hard for the passage by Congress of the Civil Aeronautics Act which was the first real legislative charter for civil aviation in this country.

Air Service of Sea Food

Following experiments in the shipping of sea food by air made by Delta Air Lines and the Ansley Hotel in Atlanta, Delta has now inaugurated a daily air express service of fresh sea food from Savannah, Georgia, and Charleston, South Carolina, to Atlanta. A special container with compartments for dry ice was designed by the air line for the purpose. This is just a forerunner of the postwar air service of foods which will bring out-of-season perishables and sea food to all parts of the country.

SILVAIRE
BY LUSCOMBE

GRUMMAN HELLCAT, U. S. NAVY

**A NATURAL PEACETIME STEP—
TO AN ALL-METAL SILVAIRE
FROM AN ALL-METAL FIGHTER!**

When wartime pilots return to peacetime pursuits, they'll naturally choose for their personal use, an all-metal plane. For aerial warfare has proved this: all-metal plane construction ensures greater durability, added air speed, extra economy of operation.

Luscombe's whole history has been one of utilizing metal in aircraft. Luscombe pioneered with an all-metal light plane—the SILVAIRE. And since war was declared, Luscombe has played an important part in the fabrication of metal parts for many famous fighter planes including the "Hellcat." You may be sure the vast experience gained from years of all-out war production will result in Luscombe's offering a new, notably improved all-metal SILVAIRE—a postwar personal plane destined for a great future.

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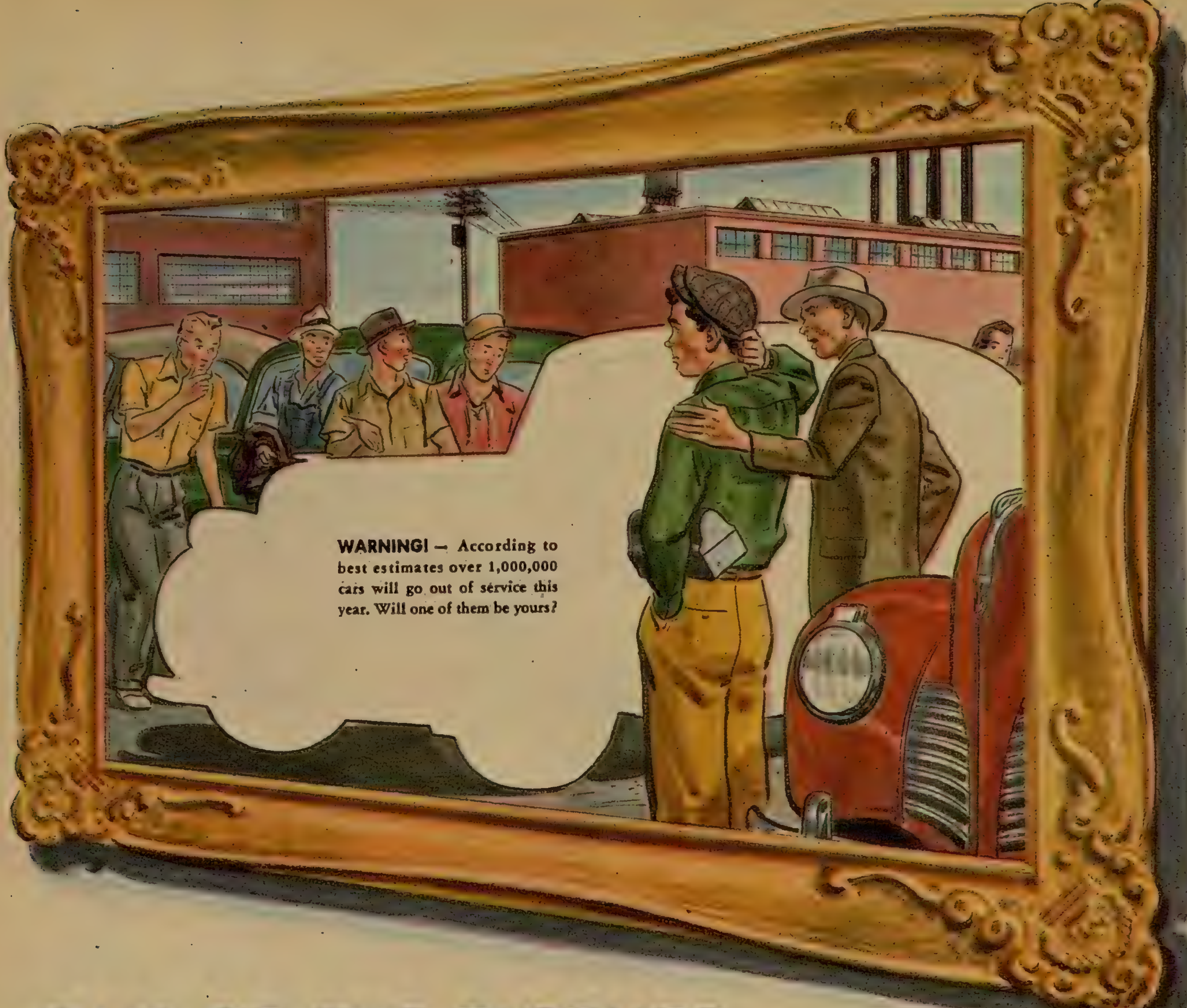
WARNING! — According to best estimates over 1,000,000 cars will go out of service this year. Will one of them be yours?

OUT OF THE PICTURE . . .

out of the car pool!

At the appalling rate of 4000 a day, much-needed cars are dropping out of the nation's transporation picture.

Don't let your car be counted among the missing . . . be sure it gets PROPER attention REGULARLY — from your Texaco Dealer.

He's got what your old car needs . . . a whole line-up of life-saving services . . . that include a stem-to-stern check-up . . . chassis lubrication with tough, long-lasting Marfak . . . two great oils, Havoline and Texaco, both insulated against excessive heat and cold.

And don't forget that complete tire, battery and cooling-system service will add precious miles to the life of your car — help keep it in the picture.

So make it a habit of seeing your Texaco Dealer today — and REGULARLY!

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TUNE IN . . . Texaco Star Theatre every Sunday night starring James Melton. See newspapers for time and stations.

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A FREE PEOPLE

PHOTO BY GEORGE KARGER-PIX

Private James Hermans, formerly of the Psychological Warfare Division, wants to use his army-acquired skill. After a talk with a U. S. E. S. counselor, he winds up in the promotion department of a newspaper.

Many men are coming back with war-acquired skills, and they want jobs that will utilize them. Here's what we're doing about it

Reconverting War Skills to Peacetime Jobs

By PAUL V. McNUTT, Chairman, War Manpower Commission

THEY are coming back, these veterans of ours, and they want jobs. In most cases, new jobs. They have been parachute riggers, photographers' mates, gunners, combat engineers. They have held every type of military assignment. Their plans for personal reconversion call for shifting their war-acquired skills to peacetime trades.

There are exceptions, like the veteran who plunked down a wad of bills on the director's desk in the Veterans' Service Center in New York and said, "Here's $3,000. I want to settle down on a farm. I don't know how to go about locating one, and I think you can steer me right." Or the very young veteran who said, "I've always wanted to run an escort service and teach the rumba on the side. What do I do about it?"

But most of the men streaming into veterans' centers and local U. S. Employment Service offices don't want to be farmers or night-life impresarios. For countless Americans, war service has been the equivalent of attending a technological school; it has made radar men out of salesmen, machinists out of barbers. These graduates of mechanized war want industrial opportunity, industrial jobs. Their horizons have expanded too, for their school has been a school-in-motion. These soldier-students have lived or fought on every continent of the globe. Their practical geography has included Britain, Italy, France, Germany, and the islands of the Pacific.

What are we doing for these ex-soldiers with new skills and new horizons? For T. L., for example, the former professional magician who didn't want to go back to extracting rabbits from silk hats? For Sonny—let's call him that—who entered the Army at the age of twelve and served three and a half years overseas, becoming a sergeant before the authorities caught up with him at the age of fifteen and a half? For D. A., the former automobile salesman who could well speak for all the T. L.s and Sonnys? "I was out in the Pacific a total of twenty-three months, most of the time on aircraft carriers," says D. A. "I was on the Lexington when she went down in the Coral Sea. I contracted malaria and was discharged July 8 of last year. Before the war I'd sold cars, but out there in the Pacific I learned quite a bit about airplanes, so after I was discharged I wanted to go on with that type of work. When I told the U. S. E. S. my qualifications and what I wanted, they sent me right out to Lockheed, where I'm now working on cockpit installations in the P-38s."

The reconversion of war skills into peacetime jobs is one of the biggest jobs on our home-front agenda. After V-J Day, ten million men and women, mobilized for war more than four years, will have to be demobilized for peace. Since Pearl Harbor, approximately 1,500,000 veterans have already returned to home-front America, at the rate of 50,000 a month. The great demobilization has begun. The big job is on.

Who are the returning soldiers? Many

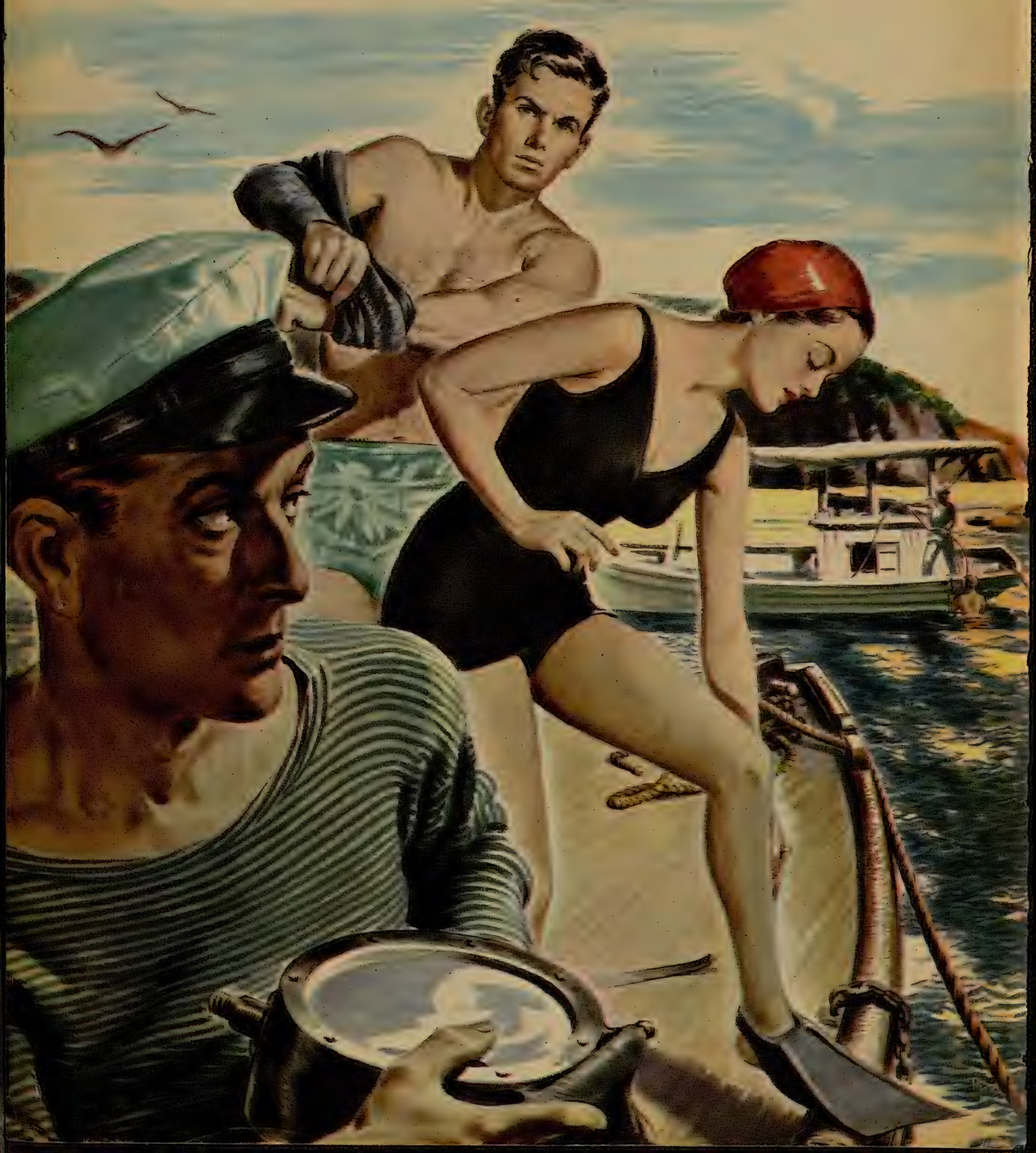
(Continued on page 79)

The Cameo Mermaid

BY GEORGE ARMIN SHAFTEL

ILLUSTRATED BY LARRY KRITCHER

Laurie Hallam pulled a rubber cap over her bright hair, then bent and fitted the rubber flippers onto her feet.



It was a strange sort of job for a beautiful girl. What was she **really** *in it for? And why did she tell him, "Diving's no good for you—get out of it!"? A tense story, in two parts, of murder and mystery among the abalone divers of our west coast*

HE felt like a phony, and he was afraid that he looked it, too. He had not shaved this morning, he wore an old dark suit and tennis sneakers and had no hat on his dark hair, and he carried his diving gear in a tow sack. "Relax," he warned himself. "Nobody knows you around here."

Putting down the sack, he fished the newspaper clipping from his pocket again, to check it for the address.

"Professional abalone divers wanted. Apply 337 Basin Street, Newport Beach. Good pay and bonus. Reuel Echeverry."

John Garrett strode onto the porch of 337 Basin Street and his big knuckles rapped on the screen door.

"Come in!" a voice called; and as John Garrett entered he was met by a stocky gray-haired man.

"I'm Echeverry. You answering the ad?"

"Yes. I'm an abalone diver."

John Garrett's pulse skipped as Echeverry studied him.

"Been diving lately?"

"I've been in the Navy the past thirty months," John Garrett said truthfully. Then he bent and opened his sack. Took out worn flippers and rubber face mask and tire iron and woven basket. "I used to take a lot of abalone off San Ygnacio Reef."

"What kind of abalone?"

John Garrett let his gray eyes widen in surprise.

"Why, the usual red abalone, of course, though I have taken green and black and ear shell, too. Everybody does."

"Good." Reuel Echeverry evidently made up his mind fast. "You're hired. Come meet the crew."

His low voice was affable and he smiled, but his pale blue eyes were wary. A shrewd customer, Echeverry, who must not be underestimated.

As they walked out onto the little pier, Echeverry explained that he was working two boats, two divers and a tender to each craft. He asked John's name, and introduced him to the three men and the girl who were stowing gear in one of the launches.

Sikora and Garcia were divers. Nick Cantu was a tender, who stayed in the boat to handle lines and air compressor.

"Miss Laurie also dives for me," Echeverry said.

"Laurette Hallam," the girl said quietly.

Redheaded young Nick Cantu had an easy grin and a competent air. Pete Garcia's sallow face had deep parentheses of discontent about his mouth and his dark eyes were nervous. Towheaded Sikora was almost as lanky as John Garrett himself. It was the girl who caught John's attention. She was tall and shapely of figure in spite of floppy slacks and a loafer jacket. Her red-brown hair was tied up in a bandanna and she wore no make-up. In spite of that, he reflected, she was very pretty.

Echeverry said, "We'll wait a few minutes longer. Maybe another diver will answer the ad."

John Garrett sat down with the others. "Size up the crew," had been part of his instructions; "but don't, don't give yourself away." He rolled a cigarette.

"Where did you learn to dive for abalone?" he asked the girl, honestly curious.

"She don't associate with common people," Garcia whispered loudly.

"Yesterday," Laurie Hallam said quietly, "Mr. Garcia, who is a good abalone diver—he says so himself—brought up eighty-three abalones. I brought up one hundred and thirty-five. Yesterday," she went on, "Mr. Garcia crowded me under water. Today, anybody who gets within six feet of me is going to catch an abalone iron right in his teeth."

She looked at Garcia, her blue eyes so direct that Garcia looked away. She picked up a book and started reading. John Garrett glanced over her shoulder.

"This is a textbook," she said, not looking around or raising her voice. "I teach art three nights a week, for which I get all of fifteen dollars. Diving for abalone, I earn as much as thirty dollars a day. That's too good to pass up when you need it, though I *don't* like the job."

John sat back, his ears very red. Sikora caught his eye, and gave him a cheerful wink. John felt better; evidently they'd all been burned.

Reuel Echeverry came stumping along. "We won't wait any more. Garrett, I'm paying twenty cents per abalone, which is high, and a bonus for fine shells."

"That's O. K., sir."

"Got an identification card to show the Coast Guard?"

John nodded.

"Also, I have an agency investigate my employees. This is wartime and I have to vouch for you. Any objections?"

"None at all," John said quickly.

"Fine. You'll team with Laurie and Nick. Let's go."

Nick Cantu started his engine, and the launch chugged slowly down the channel, the other launch following. Echeverry was at its wheel, and with him were Garcia and Sikora.

Near the sea entrance Cantu swung the boat expertly alongside the Coast Guard raft. Here they filled out the forms: names of crew, destination, length and purpose of the trip. John showed his identity card. Formalities over, the two launches continued on, lifting and dipping as the swell of the open sea hit them. John relaxed for the long ride to Santa Eulalie Reef.

So Echeverry investigated his employees, John mused. Well, that too had been anticipated. . . . John glanced at the girl and his thoughts grew troubled. She was probably just what she appeared to be. An innocent bystander. But too often innocent bystanders got grievously hurt.

THEY turned into the strait which bisected Santa Eulalie Island, and anchored in the narrow mouth of a cove that widened into the island like a billiard pocket. From both launches ladders were lowered at bow and stern in preparation for diving.

John Garrett stripped to the trunks he wore under his suit. Laurie Hallam pulled off her jacket and slacks. She was wearing a trim bathing suit of black wool. Deftly she pulled a rubber cap over her bright hair, then bent and fitted the rubber flippers onto her feet. She drew the thong of her abalone iron over her wrist, picked up her basket, and stepped onto the bow ladder. Cantu handed her the plastic-fronted face mask, helped her adjust it, and valved air from the compressor into the long hose; and she slipped down into the water with accustomed ease.

Nick Cantu winked at John.

"Nice stuff, huh? She swings a mean iron, though!"

John veiled his sudden dislike of Cantu; said merely, "Well, here I go. Hope I haven't forgotten how."

He climbed down the stern ladder. As the water closed over his head he felt a poignant nostalgia. He had that old sensation of falling, and yet not falling but hanging in suspension with a slight sway. The sunlight penetrated to considerable depth and after a dozen seconds he could see the bottom; and the old magic of the job came back upon him.

He started looking for abalone. The Japs, who formerly brought most of the abalone to market, had used conventional diving equipment of helmet and scaphander with life line and air hose, and they had worked to depths of 125 feet. But with a mere face mask, some thirty-odd feet was as deep as divers cared to venture.

HE saw abalone then, and scissored his legs, kicking himself forward. He pried an abalone loose, and grinned to himself with satisfaction as he stuck it into his basket. He got another, then another. They spat out a milky fluid when they came unstuck, and the stuff puffed like smoke in the water. Interesting critters, abalones.

Looking something like a large flat-shelled snail, the abalone—sometimes as long as nine or ten inches—lives on underwater rocks near the shore, feeding on seaweed. When it's frightened, it withdraws entirely beneath its saucer-like shell and clings with surprising force to the rock. Commercially it's taken for meat, which is very tasty and very tough until pounded, and for the mother-of-pearl which lines its shell and which is used for buttons and cameos and ornamentation.

As John's basket grew heavy with his catch, the weight pulled him deeper. He let himself sink, swallowing to equalize the pressure against his ears. Soon his basket was filled, and he headed upward, his flippered legs driving him toward the lines hanging from the launch above. He saw Laurie Hallam fastening her basket to a rope to be hauled up. Reaching his own line, he fastened his load of abalones to it, jerked it in signal, and waited until Cantu had emptied the basket and returned it. Then John went back to work.

When John climbed aboard the launch at quitting time, Laurie was already dressed, fixing her bright hair.

"You guys want to see something pretty?" Cantu asked.

John looked. In Nick Cantu's hand was a little group of pearls: greenish seed pearls and three good-sized pink ones.

Laurie Hallam looked. She caught a sharp breath of amazement; then she looked away without a word.

"We brought all those up *today?*" John demanded.

Cantu nodded, grinning. John uttered a tuneless whistle. Not that pearls from abalones were unusual. But good big ones were rare, and *so* damned valuable!

"The boss," Cantu said, "don't like for us to know when he finds pearls. But I figure we got more chance for a bonus

(Continued on page 62)

AMPUTEES' SPECIAL

PULLMAN
SALMON P. CHASE

OFFICIAL U. S. NAVY AND RED CROSS PHOTOGRAPHS

The train was a Heroes' Special when it eased softly out of the Mare Island Naval Hospital for Philadelphia.

This is the story of a train — an unusual train. Every boy aboard had sacrificed part of himself for his country. Yet there was no despair, no despondency, as tender hands sped the Navy's first Amputee Special across the country

By

BILL BECKER, Y 1/c

A LONG train eased ever so gently out of the Mare Island Hospital near San Francisco and started its long haul to the east coast. The 193 passengers had gone aboard with some difficulty; some, on stretchers, had entered through windows. For this was the Navy's "amputee special," carrying a priceless load of young American manhood to the Amputation Center at Philadelphia.

Typical passengers were Burl Coons of Des Moines, Iowa, who left a leg in an Iwo Jima foxhole; Seaman Walter Kniss, nineteen, of Sunbury, Pennsylvania, who lost his left foot when a Jap bomb hit a carrier off Okinawa; and Lieutenant (j. g.) B. H. Garlock, twenty-one, from Vineland, New Jersey, who saw his right arm float past him in the flaming cockpit of his Hellcat fighter when he crashed over the side of a carrier after hitting Iwo-based Jap planes.

These kids, most of them Easterners, were coming home to be fitted out with artificial hands, arms, legs, or eyes to replace those they left on Pacific invasion beaches or in operating rooms aboard jammed hospital ships. Yet, as the fourteen cars loaded at Mare Island, they and others like them were laughing and kidding with one another.

One strapping one-armed marine hailed a passing four-stripe Navy doctor. "Hey, doc," he called, "let's shove off—I gotta date in Philly." The captain grinned and waved an "O. K."

Three Navy doctors, four nurses, and twenty-six hospital corpsmen were aboard to keep the men in good condition on the long five-day trek—to feed the armless men, to change dressings continuously on still-raw stumps, or just to be there when the going got tough, with a gentle "Take it easy, mate. Every click of those wheels is bringing you closer to home."

Do you think men who lose their arms and legs also lose their God-given sense of humor? Listen to this:

As a Navy correspondent, I was walking through the train when I came across a one-legged marine busy shining his shoe, with his foot stuck way up in the air.

He said, "How's that look, sailor?"

I said I thought it looked swell—and made sort of a dumb remark about his shoeshining chores allowing for concentration on one masterpiece.

"Hell, I got more work now than I *ever* had along this line, Mac," he came back, pointing to his one-armed buddy across the aisle. "I gotta deal on to shine his shoes too—and, Mac, he's got the biggest dogs on this rattler!"

As night fell, our special was wide open on the Nevada desert. It was bright moonlight. The desert was beaten silver, and endless. After a big steak dinner in the diner, I was wandering up and down the aisles again, being careful to avoid stumps of arms and legs stretched out from the made-up berths.

I came to Burl Coons finally. He's a private first class in the Twenty-seventh Marines—an outfit that did great work on grisly Iwo—and he's mighty glad to be alive. "God came pretty close in my Iwo foxhole," said Burl, who was sitting up in bed, kind of leaning to one side because you can't brace yourself very well with your right leg gone.

He was gazing out the window with a faraway shadowed expression on his face.

"You see that moonlight out there, Bill?" he said quietly. "Well, it was just like this on Iwo, early in the morning of the 24th of February. I was lying on the lip of a foxhole, with my lieutenant and a corporal sound asleep in the bottom while I kept security watch.

"I was dreaming of home in Des Moines. Thinking of my wife, Lucille, and my three-year-old daughter, Rosalie; thinking of the service station I planned to build in Des Moines after the war. I know a lot about servicing cars, see? Well, anyway, I was lying there with my rifle in my hand when I heard a shell scream, and then the whole world exploded in my face. The shell hit right in the bottom of the hole and blew the lieutenant and corporal to pieces—and if I'd been there instead of on watch I'd never be seeing Iowa again. You know, Bill, I wasn't religious before, but most of us on this train are Christians now. I can't explain very clearly what I feel, but I *know* I'll never be afraid again."

It takes youth and endurance to be a fighting marine or sailor—and the eighteen- and nineteen-year-olds sometimes have to pay in a way we wish to God they didn't. Lee R. James, seaman second class, U. S. N. R., is just eighteen. He's from Nashville, Tennessee. On February 17 the U. S. S. Pensacola was pouring shells ashore from a 4,000-foot range at Jap artillery positions on Iwo Jima, trying to soften up defenses for the invasion to follow.

Lee was sweating away at his five-inch-gun station, concentrating on the "rapid fire" order that kept the fourteen-man battle crew gasping for breath. Suddenly he was stung by white-hot knives. Shrapnel from a Jap shell cut through the gun crew, killing all but two, and leaving James lying on the deck with blood pouring from both legs. Lee has only one leg now—and that is in a huge cast, with the doctors praying it will be all right. Lee smiles and says, "These docs know their stuff. I'll pull out of this deal O. K."

I asked him about what he wanted to do when he comes home from the hospital. Go to school? Work?

"My mother is all alone, Bill," he said, "and I'll have to take care of her before I can figure out how to go to school—though I sure would like to under this G. I. Bill of Rights."

Just eighteen, remember—but a man.

THE second night out we were rolling over Union Pacific rails across Utah and Nebraska. I was in the dressing room where the ever-busy corpsmen were taking care of guys who could walk back to their station. Commander G. L. Coates, M. C., U. S. N. R., the medical officer in charge of the train, and Captain A. G. Churchill, M. C., U. S. N. R., Navy Department observer on the trip, were talking to the corpsmen about certain patients as I came in.

"I wonder if the people here at home *really* know what becomes of the blood they donate at some Red Cross station every so often," mused Commander Coates, who not long ago was operating on desperately wounded men aboard the hospital ship U. S. S. Bountiful in the Central Pacific. "Do they realize that boy after boy is brought back from the dead by whole-blood transfusions—not one, nor two, but sometimes ten or a dozen transfusions in a couple of days?

"Bill, we've got two boys aboard this train right now whom I operated on aboard the Bountiful, and I saw them both come back to life through blood transfusions. And before they ever reached the ship, aid-station transfusions had kept them alive.

"There is no substitute for whole blood to bring a dying man back to his family, to give him a chance to see mother and dad once more—and kid with the girls down at the corner drugstore."

Heading for Chicago on our third night out, I was talking to one of the gamest kids in the world. Let me tell you about him.

Harry Jackson, nineteen, is a freckle-faced, stocky lad from Norfolk, Virginia. He was with the Twenty-first Marines, Third Division, when he went ashore on February 21 as a private first class replacement. He was literally torn apart by a grenade on March 20, after nearly a month of the most savage fighting this war has produced.

Harry was evacuated from Iwo by plane and flown all the way to the United States by way of Guam and Pearl Harbor. Now, on the train, he has his left arm off at the shoulder, his right leg off at the hip. He is blind in his right eye and the sight in his left eye is failing rapidly. Yet he's keeping his Pullman car ringing with laughter as he pulls one gag after another. Harry's a hero—but he'd climb right out of his bunk if anybody dared to call him one.

He told me, "I was working in the Navy Yard at Norfolk when I enlisted in the Marines in March, 1944, and since I hadn't finished high school, I was studying by correspondence through the Marine Corps Institute. Now I want to finish that course and go to college and study architecture and drafting—once I get an arm and a leg, and if my eyes are O. K."

While we were talking, one of the Navy nurses came up to Harry and said, "Hi, wolf, here's your sleeping pill."

Grinning, Harry turned to me and cracked, "They call *me* wolf, Bill, but the truth is they're all wolfing after me!"

To the blonde nurse he said, "Well, sweetheart, I sure hope there's some alcohol in the water that goes with this pill. I wanna do some plain and fancy dreamin' tonight."

Do you think the Japs can ever lick a guy like Harry *permanently?*

THERE was plenty of comedy on this trip. Somehow these gravely wounded men knew that laughter was good medicine for those who were blue deep down inside. Time after time I saw men pull some foolish stunt like dueling with one crutch and balancing with the other, just to help some mate over a bad moment.

After I'd said good night to Harry Jackson, I strolled down the car aisle. One berth had the curtains drawn, which was unusual, but I didn't pay much attention. Just as I got past it, I felt a giant infuriated crab grab a good claw hold on the seat of my pants. I yelled out, spun around—and the damn thing went right around too! I guess I did about two revolutions before I caught up with the artificial spring hand that was firmly attached to my posterior!

All up and down the car guys were laughing. Finally a redheaded kid with a big wide grin stuck his head out from between the curtains—he was the culprit.

"Oh, hell!" he said disgustedly, looking up at me. "I thought you were one of the nurses!"

About five in the morning of our fourth day out, the amputee special was shunted into a siding in one of Chicago's railroad stations. Here I helped mothers, wives, and kids find their loved ones down through the aisles of sleeping men. A guy

(Continued on page 66)

Stretcher cases like Pfc. G. A. Brown of Springfield, Ill., found themselves being hoisted aboard by "side-door Pullman."

They'd lost limbs, but their courage was all there. Like Marine Pfc. John Thomas of Banner, Va., they could still laugh.

No Pining for Spike

Liberty's
SHORT SHORT
STORY

The girl was unusual, all right. But Spike had something unusual to offer. As for Tommy, by being too smart he only outsmarted himself

BY WILL F. JENKINS

ILLUSTRATED BY LAWRENCE BUTCHER

"IT ain't enough," says Spike, bitter, "for me to be stuck on M. P. duty. Oh, no! I gotta fall for a girl like that!"

We are strolling along movie row in this town about eight o'clock at night, our M. P. brassards on our arms and our night sticks danglin' negligent from our wrists. It is very bright and cheery, but Spike is bitter as a green gourd. A right pretty girl has just passed us and beamed at him. "Hello, Bob!" she calls. "I just got a telegram from Tommy! Isn't that fun?" And then she vanishes in the gay throng. I ask, and he says that's her.

"What's wrong with her?" I ask. To me she looks like the kinda girl that would think Chinese checkers was simply jolly. But Spike is hard to figure out too. You'd never think he'd been a travelin' salesman like he says. He looks strictly G. I. military police sergeant.

"I've fell for her," says Spike, savage, "and she's engaged to a fella out in Detroit, an' she's true to him! It looks like she's the one girl in the world who absence really does make her heart grow fonder."

"A strictly unique specimen," I says, "but—"

"I met her at a USO dance," he says, "and she asked me what branch of the service I was in. When I told her, she didn't say, comfortin', that I'd released a WAC for active duty anyhow, but remarks that she has heard that only the finest type of soldier is fitted for the exactin' duties of a M. P. And it's the first time I've heard anything like that since indoctrination camp. It near knocked me over. She's good-lookin', too."

"Yeah," I says. "Kinda skinny, but in the right places—"

"I dated her my next evenin' off," says Spike, gloomy, "and she treated me swell, only friendly instead of actin' like I was somebody she was restrainin' herself from flingin' herself into the arms of. And I had to fall for her!"

"In case of true love," I says, "one should run, not walk, to the nearest exit. O. K., guy—"

"It ain't as if she didn't like me," says Spike, argumentative. "She does! This Tommy fella out in Detroit ain't got anything I ain't got, and I got it here. But he had it first! An' everything about her is just the way I like it! She's built good an' she's got brains," says Spike. "There ain't anybody in the world I'd rather just sit an' talk to. Didn't you ever wish you could just sit an' talk to a girl?"

"I figure," I says, "I can talk after I'm sixty."

He groans. We turn another corner and stroll toward the railroad station. We turn into the waitin' room. It is part of our beat, especial around traintime. A guy goin' A. W. O. L. has to start from there, an' there is fights occasional when somebody is slightly plastered, an' so on.

"I woulda got leave an' gone to Detroit without my brassard," says Spike, bitter, "so's I could beat the tripe out of the guy, but I ain't got the price. Also she would cry an' I'd feel like a louse. But—"

Then he stiffens like a pointer dog. He is staring across the waiting room like he saw a ghost or a ex-wife or something equal gruesome. There's the girl he's been talkin' about. She's waitin' eager where passengers are comin' up from a train below. And a fella with a sergeant's stripes on his sleeves comes up and she squeals and he grabs her and kisses her enthusiastic. She kisses him back, and Spike utters a low, strangled cry.

"That's him now!" says Spike, steaming immediate.

Nature, in sergeants of M. P.s, is seldom mild. I see a M. P. brassard go flying through the air. I hear a night stick clunk on the floor. And then Spike is pulling them ungently apart, and he gets set for a roundhouse swing while the girl hollers—and there is our comp'ny commander butting in firm with all the Articles of War. He saw the whole thing, and he stops it.

IT ain't good. Next morning Spike is still cussing that he didn't have a chance to get in even one good punch, when he's sent for to the orderly room. He comes back ready to howl at the moon. The comp'ny commander don't want no feuds nor any court-martials in his outfit. The guy Spike was swingin' at is Tommy all right, from Detroit, who has pulled wires and got transferred to our fair city. And Spike is foaming gently at the mouth, so the comp'ny commander firmly tells him he's transferred out—to Detroit—and love conquers all. I feel sorry for Spike.

I feel sorrier a coupla mornin's later when we're down at the station again. Spike is leaving, and the way he looks nobody better leave any sharp instruments in his reach. But just about traintime his eyes bug out, incredulous. The girl has turned up from nowhere. She comes up to him and sniffles.

"I'm so sorry, Bob," she says, miserable. "It was my fault! I didn't know you felt that way about Tommy! I hoped you'd be friends! If I'd warned you—"

"Yeah," says Spike, bitter. "I wish you had! I'm a louse all right. I lost control of myself. I shoulda wished you and him good luck an' happiness. If you'd warned me, I'd ha' landed one good sock on him first, though! I was took by surprise."

The girl dabs at her eyes.

"I feel terrible about it," she says, miserable. "I do like you so much, Bob, as a friend. And I've gone and made you unhappy! I'm going to write to you, though. Will you answer? Please? Promise!" Then she says, desperate, "W-would you like to kiss me good-by?"

His heart is broke but he don't pass that up. He kisses her, an' you'd ha' thought steam was goin' to come outa his ears. Then he sort of staggers down the ramp to his train. And I feel bad, because Spike is a good guy; but the girl cries. Which most girls that have wrecked a man's life for as much as three weeks usual feel pretty well set up about it. She's unusual.

But, all the same, she's engaged to this Tommy, and for the next coupla weeks I see her with him regular when he's off duty. She looks all wrapped up in him, and he goes around grinning to himself. But then he stops grinning. He starts grinding his teeth. He gets a king-sized gripe on. I'm teamed up with him, and he is low! And after a coupla months I get a wire from Spike.

"My hair's in a braid," says the wire. "Get Tommy to meet four fourteen train tomorrow."

I say "Oh-oh!" to myself, but nothing more, figuring that discretion is its own reward and we'll be down there anyways. Which we are. Tommy suspects nothing, but his expression woulda curdled vinegar. And then, sudden, he makes a kinda rattling noise in his throat. The girl is there in the station waiting with a glad smile for the four-fourteen passengers to come upstairs. They do. Spike comes up. The girl runs to meet him.

"This," I says to myself, "is where I come in, I think."

But I hear a bellow beside me. Sergeant Tommy burns a way across that waitin' room. He grabs Spike just as Spike is kissing the girl for the fifth consecutive time. He whirls Spike around and swings wild, making funny noises, and Spike happily lets one go that's got everything in it, includin' his mother's prayers. All of which is highly prejudicial to discipline, but causes no disorder, because Sergeant Tommy is out cold. I shrug my shoulders and send for a wagon, reflecting how quaint it is that those two guys swing at each other without even a speakin' acquaintance.

NEXT day I am informed official that I have a pass to be Spike's best man and will I leave my brassard in barracks in case I get plastered. So I do, and the ceremony gets over, and I ride back to the house with them, wondering how it all happened.

And the bride disappears, to get dolled up again, and Spike grabs me, sweating. He whispers, desperate:

"For Lord's sake! How long was that Tommy fella happy when he first come to town?"

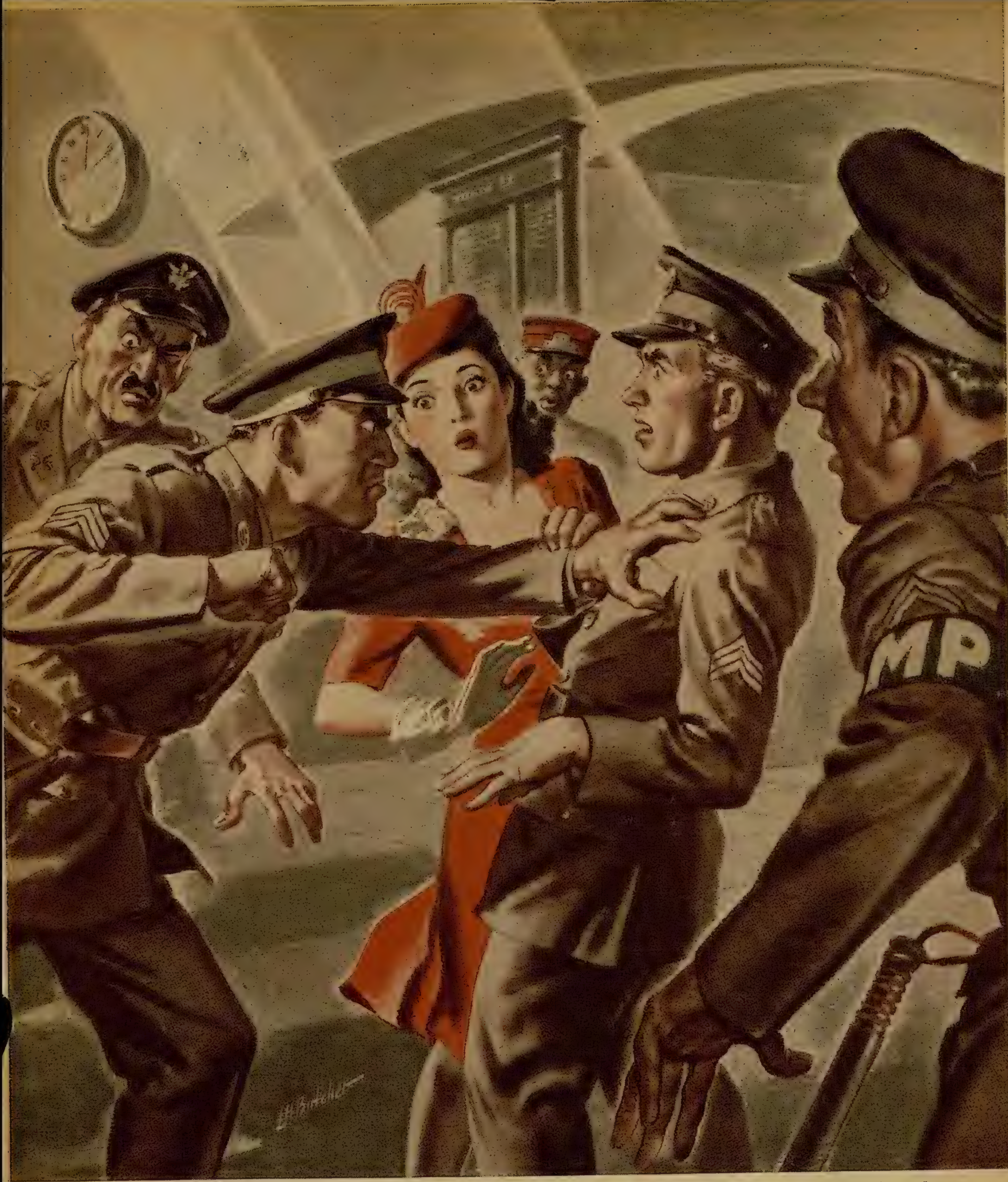
"Two weeks," I says. "For two weeks he grinned like a Cheshire cheese, and then he looked like he'd et something that didn't set."

Spike lets out a whoosh of a breath of pure exuberance.

"Perfect!" he says, blissful. "Absolutely perfect! I got a fourteen-day furlough!"

"Huh?" I says. "What's all this? How come?"

"She's the only girl in the world," says



Nature, in sergeants of M.P.s, is seldom mild. I hear a night stick clunk on the floor. And then Spike is pulling them ungently apart.

Spike, proud, "who absence does make her heart get fonder. I figured it out in Detroit. While I was here, she was bein' true to Tommy. But when I went away, she wanted to be true to me! See? He was here! The guy couldn't win! So when she saw how she could be true to me forever as a pinin' bride, she broke her engagement an' said she'd marry me. Ain't it perfect?"

"If that's the way you like it—" I says, cautious.

"It's perfect!" he says in a sort of passionate bliss. "She ain't movin' out to Detroit; she's doin' war work here an' it wouldn't be patriotic. But she'll come out whenever she can, an' I'll come here when I can get a furlough. It's a beautiful set-up! Two weeks is the optimum time," he says, "and we'll have just a two-week honeymoon! I tell you, this is gonna be the most wonderful marriage in history!"

"Yeah?" I says, skeptical. "Absence makes her heart grow fonder, huh? An' you're gonna be away? O. K., guy, for as long as the war lasts. But how about peacetime, when you'll be underfoot continual?"

He slams me on the back, grinning like a idiot.

"That's it, guy!" he tells me. "That's it! Don't you see? In civil life I'm a travelin' salesman!"

THE END

They Dreamed of Food

BY LIEUTENANT DAVID A. ENGLANDER

Food was the passionate preoccupation of our prisoners of war in Germany — because there was so little of it. An account of the peculiar eating habits and the exotic dishes at Oflag 64

THE prisoner-of-war's *Träumerei* is a dream of food, not love. Americans liberated from the prison camps of Germany have doubtless been explaining sheepishly to their wives, mothers, and sweethearts that those loved ones, although often in their minds, actually ran a poor second to thoughts of food. And of the tender recollections of folks at home, none was more appealing than the memory of wife or mother in the kitchen busily frying a brace of pork chops!

Fourteen weeks in Oflag 64, a German prison camp in Poland, taught me that a man's interest in love shrinks with his stomach. When that void hungers for ham and eggs, their images fill his mind, crowding out other thoughts.

Food was the passionate preoccupation of most *Kriegsgefangener*—or "Kriegies" by the Yanks' inevitable abbreviation—because there was so little of it.

American prisoners of war in Germany prepare a new "taste sensation" on their own specially designed outdoor stove.

The German ration consisted of a daily slice of black bread, a bowl of soup for "lunch," and a few potatoes for "dinner," plus some margarine and a few spoonfuls of sugar and gritty jam on weekends. There was meat—an infinitesimal scrap per man, thrown into the soup to flavor it. We knew this was a miserable fare, but we found out later that plenty of men in other camps were getting a lot less.

Officers and men of the kitchen and mess-hall staff did what they could with the soup and potatoes. But no culinary art could do much to improve the taste of the dehydrated vegetables that went into the soup. A gravy, made of onions carefully hoarded from a small crop grown in the camp garden during the summer, was served as a special treat on Sunday nights and helped take the curse off the potatoes.

The black bread, when fresh, was not unpalatable, although the Kriegies disagreed on whether it tasted better as issued or when toasted. Both camps agreed there was altogether too little of it.

This bread sustained and nourished more than one thriving ulcer. Many officers scorned it, as they did the soup and potatoes, when Red Cross food was available.

For seven long weeks in the fall, however, no Red Cross parcels arrived. Then no portion of soup went unfinished, no flintlike heel of bread was thrown away.

Everybody eyed the distribution of food in those lean weeks with grim interest. Luncheon soup and daily bread were doled out in a common mess hall at noon, and the dinner potatoes in the evening. Each mess had a president usually entrusted with the distribution of its food. This luckless officer had to exercise the judgment of a Solomon, for nerves tightened along with belts, and any uneven sharing would have brought prompt and devastating criticism.

Nonetheless there were differences in portions, sometimes minute, but readily discernible to eyes sharpened by hunger. To ensure everyone a fair chance at the biggest portion, rotation schemes were devised to give each man a successive first choice of a portion of bread, soup, or potatoes. The lucky man who had first pick got quite a boost in morale out of his bigger share, even though the increase usually amounted to only two or three grams. The illusion of getting more bread was encouraged by a cult known as the "paper splitters" who cut their slices of bread in two, then shaved each half into as many as eight or ten paper-thin pieces.

All sorts of schemes were tried to create a momentary feeling of a full stomach. At my mess, two officers each ate their own and the other's soup on alternate days, so that while one went hungry, the other had a full plate for one meal.

You could measure a man's will power by his attitude toward his bread. Some would bolt their bread as soon as they got it. They argued that the hour's feeling of fullness it gave them was worth the long hungry stretch until the next day's issue. Others sternly rationed themselves to provide a few slices for the meager breakfast when all they got was ersatz coffee.

The strong-minded group were labeled "squirrels," while the bread bolters were known as "bashers." To "bash," a term borrowed from British prisoners, meant anything to do with eating. Needless to say, it was the cornerstone of the Kriegie's vocabulary.

But no device or illusion could alter the fact that we were slowly starving. Our medical officers who analyzed the German ration said it was falling 200 calories below the minimum necessary to sustain life in a sedentary position. The internees sloughed off as much as fifty pounds apiece. There were no overweight officers at Oflag 64.

The manna that fell on the Israelites in the desert seemed no more of a miracle—and was certainly no more of a salvation—than the shipment of Red Cross food that finally arrived in December, 1944.

This, of course, our captors could not allow us to eat undisturbed. They became very adroit at changing the rules for its consumption, professedly to prevent our accumulating stores for escape purposes. At one time they had dumped the entire contents of the parcel—meat, cheese, sardines, sugar, and all—on one platter, so that the entire mess had to be eaten immediately, lest it spoil. Now they decided to limit our food to a twenty-four-hour supply. No more than six tin were to be kept, and all had to be punched so that the contents would spoil unless eaten at once.

But no amount of harassment could mar the joyful fact that we could now put something solid in our stomachs. The kitchen usually took the tinned bully beef or salmon to pep up the supper diet of potatoes, but the rest of the parcel was ours: cheese, crackers, margarine, powdered coffee and milk, sugar, chicken or liver pâté, jam, and cigarettes.

The abrupt return to richer and more solid food was sometimes too much for stomachs that had adapted themselves perforce to black bread and watery soup. The bread bashers, still seeking that full feeling, would gorge themselves on half a box or more in one day. Their overloaded stomachs usually gave up the feast, but the boys never complained. They had accomplished their mission!

(*Continued on page 58*)

Just a few of the reasons why lifeguards don't think much of the average person's intelligence in the water.

Water Wacky

BY GEORGE WEINSTEIN

Despite the best effort of lifeguards, 7,000 people will be chumps enough to drown this year. Here's some sound advice on how — and how not — to comport yourself at the beach

IN the course of one hot Sunday afternoon a few summers ago, 144 bathers set out from Atlantic City to cross the ocean—on foot.

They didn't quite make it because alert lifeguards headed them off and dragged them back to shore in varying stages of near-drowning. The occasion was a lifeguard's nightmare—one of those days when the tide is very low and bathers decide to see how far out they can wade. They usually get to the end of a sand bar and then step off into deep water. Then the fun begins. Women faint, sirens scream, and swearing lifeguards work like demons. The next morning, newspapers carry long lists of rescues and drownings—fortunately, about fifty rescues for each drowning.

Before the year is out, 7,000 people will die in the water. And despite the thirty-year war waged on water casualties by the National Safety Council and the Red Cross, moronic accidents will account for most of those 7,000 deaths. Bright young men will sneak into swimming pools for a nocturnal dip and dive into water that isn't there. Careless young mothers will be looking the other way as their three-year-olds chase a ball off a pier. Fun-loving pranksters will push or throw unsuspecting friends into the water.

Last summer three such dimwits found their pal, Norman Miller, resting on the beach after twelve hours' work the night before. He was fast asleep—fair game for some fun. They picked him up, carried him to a pool close by, and let him ride. Three days later they went to Norman's funeral. Norman was a good swimmer, but he never had a chance. The sudden shock of immersion in cold water was too much for his heart.

There were many Norman Millers last year and probably there will be just as many this year. Horseplay in or around the water is dangerous business. It may not always result in a heart attack, but broken necks and fractured skulls are nasty things, too.

Sudden immersion, even under your own power, may be risky, especially if you're hot and tired. Perhaps you've just finished a fast game of handball or a hard set of tennis. A plunge into that cool-looking lake and a bit of a swim will make a new man of you—maybe. More than likely you're overheated and exhausted. That cold plunge may be too much of a shock for your nervous system. And that bit of a swim may be more than your tired heart can take at the moment. Tempting as it may look, pass it up until you've cooled off and rested. Even then, let yourself into the water gradually. Incidentally, it's not such a bad idea to have a doctor check your heart before the swimming season starts, especially if you're over thirty-five. Heart failure or some other circulatory ailment causes more than one third of all swimming fatalities.

Most lifeguards don't think much of the average person's intelligence in the water. But every once in a while some bather puts on a brilliant display of mentality that surprises and delights the guardians of the beach.

Last August, Walter Syzmanzski, a non-swimmer, got out beyond his depth—don't ask how—in about ten feet of water and well past the ropes. Syzmanzski started to go down. But instead of thrashing wildly about and doing his utmost to drown in a hurry, he kept cool and tried to think his way out of his predicament.

Just as his feet hit bottom he pushed off with a bounce, propelling himself upward and forward with his hands. As he came to the surface he noticed that he had moved in several feet toward shore. Before he went down again, he took a deep breath. As he hit bottom the second time he repeated the operation and again surfaced several feet closer to shore. By this time he realized that he was on his way to safety. He made it.

He stayed in the water so long that cramps forced his body into a sitting position.

Panic is a great killer. Many a good swimmer has drowned simply because he lost his head. If something goes wrong, remember that a good deep breath will keep you afloat for several seconds and give you a chance to figure things out. Don't squander your valuable strength by waving your arms wildly. Just paddle them up and down gently in the water and you will stay afloat. If you can do the same with your feet, you'll be treading water and able to stay up indefinitely.

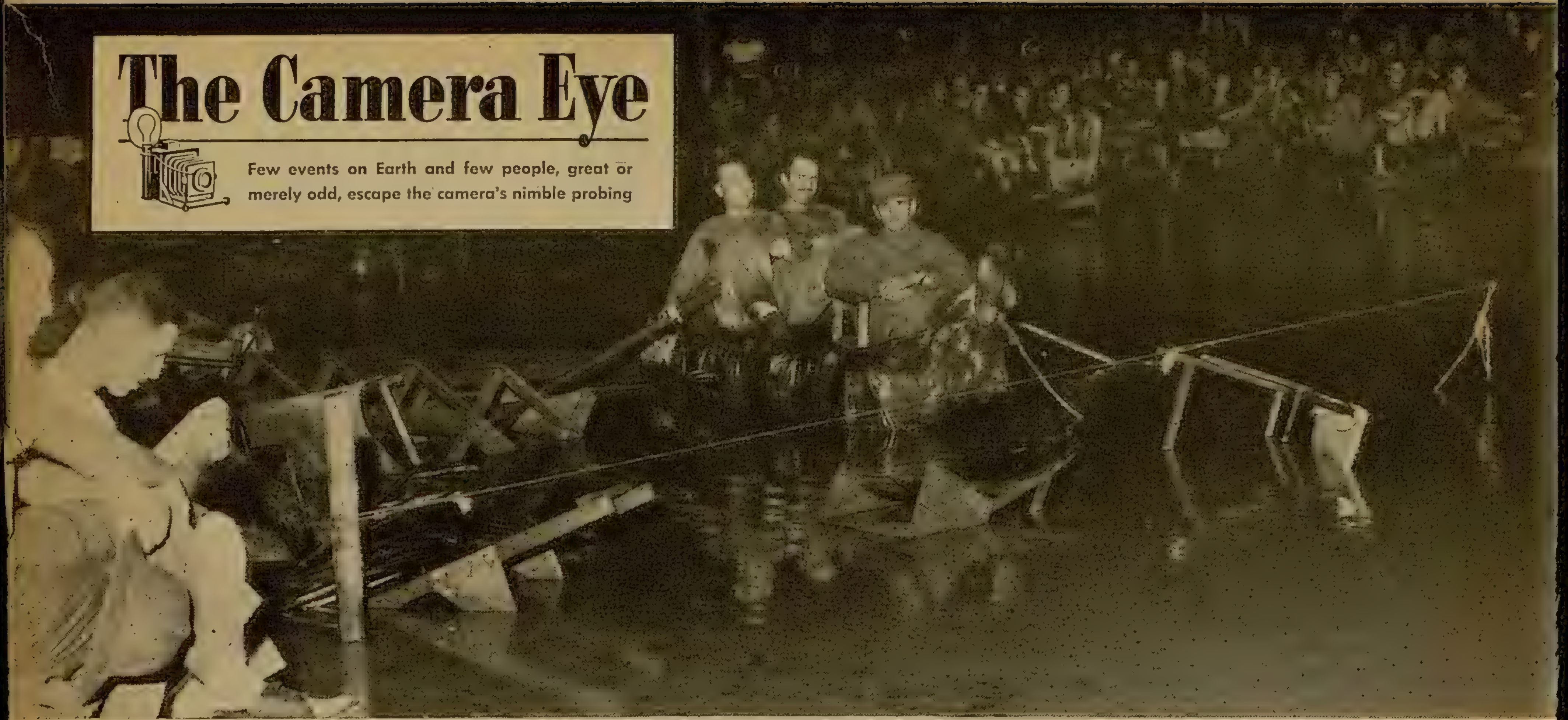
At one of New Jersey's beaches a few seasons ago, an undertow carried a bather and his young son out beyond the ropes into about eight feet of water. Neither could swim. Lifeguards, rushing out to the rescue, saw a strange sight. The father had picked up his son and was holding him over his head, out of the water. Then, completely submerged except for his hands, the father began to walk in. He traveled at least thirty feet in this manner before the guards reached him. This type of rescue is not recommended.

If you are ever caught in an undertow, try to remember that it is not, as many people believe, a whirlpool, and will not suck you down. It will just carry you out to deeper water. The waves and rollers that rush in to shore are much more powerful, and by "riding" them you can

(*Continued on page 68*)

The Camera Eye

Few events on Earth and few people, great or merely odd, escape the camera's nimble probing



FRONT ROW, WITH OARS—Neither typhoon nor flood could stay these Seabees from enjoying their nightly movie at an advanced Pacific base. Oil drums keep their orchestra seats high and dry.

ON DUTY—Evelyn Sandstead, one of eighty Spars providing baby care for servicemen's families in Washington, D. C., sweats out the Cradle Watch with Marie-Louise Drew.

JUST IN CASE—Yank carrier pilots preparing to raid Jap bases get these small flags to wear on their flight gear. If shot down, they're safer when guerrillas see which side they're on.

IT'S A WEIRD WAR, MATES—At Scott Field, Ill., Pvt. Fred Daly finds that the Army, too, can get its laundry snarled up. Guess some WAC must have been disbanded.

TAILOR SHOP
PANTS SHORTENED - 2 Y
NATIVE SEWING MACHINE
NO CREDIT

▲ **ALTERATION OKINAWA**—Proud captor of a sewing machine, Renato Bartoli, a Marine sergeant, is glad to offer tailoring service for his pals. The sign proves he keeps 'em in stitches if they have a yen for his work.

STYLE NOTE — Skirts will be higher this season. At least, they will be at Coney Island, where this presumably blushing young person ran into a slipstream. ▶

FALA'S SUCCESSOR—The White House has a doughty ▲ new protector, shown here about to come to a point on one of the capital robins. Mike, an Irish setter, is Postmaster General Hannegan's gift to Margaret Truman.

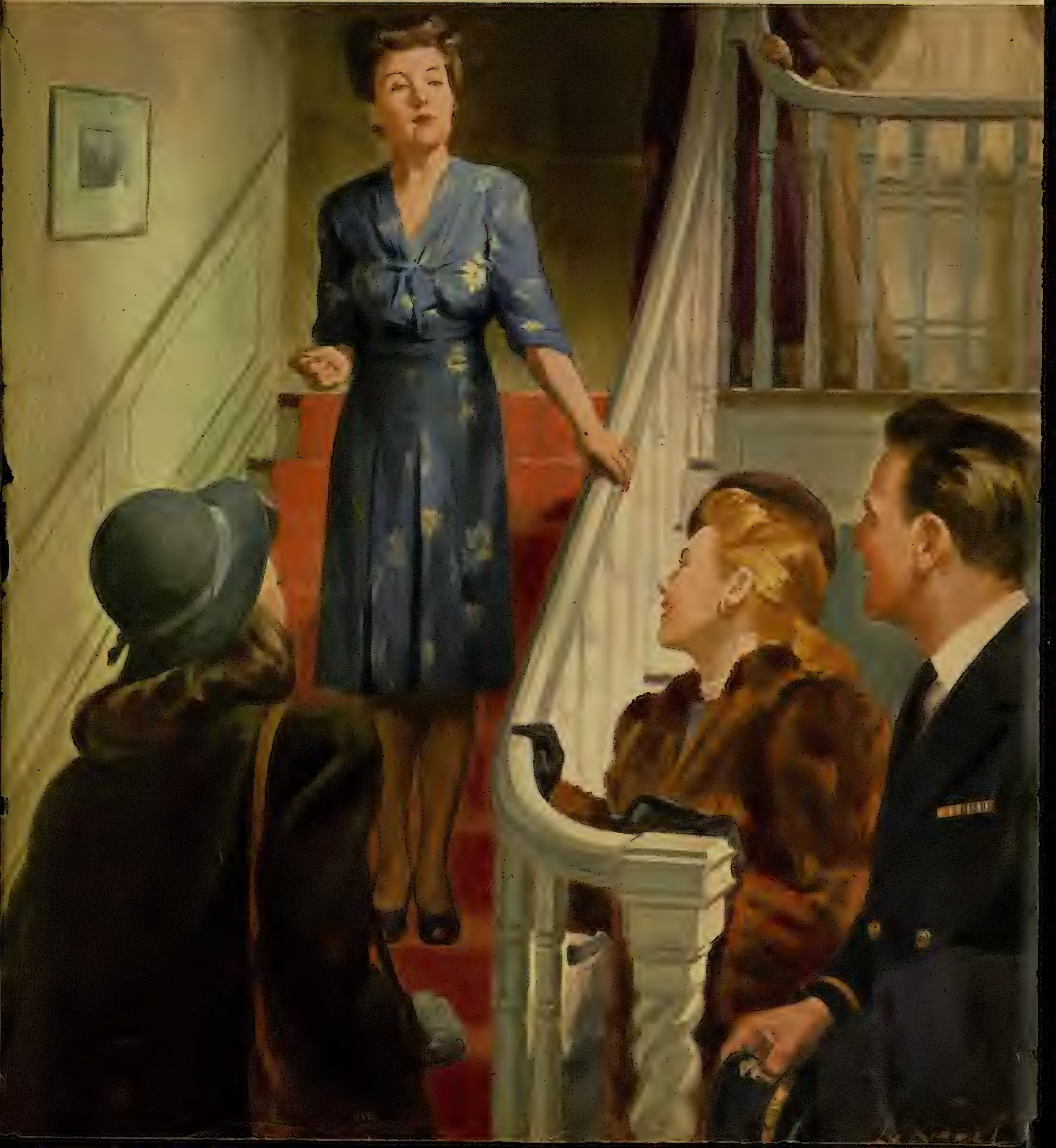
▲ **FLOTSAM REGATTA**—Bomber crewmen of the 7th A. A. F., based in the Palaus, line up for a race with the strange armada they contrived out of oxygen tanks, gas tanks, and what not. The starter borrowed his Navy hat.

BY LENORA MATTINGLY WEBER

ILLUSTRATED BY LOU KIMMEL

You Can

Nell stood there, halfway between the young folks and Grandma Leydie. She thought, At middle age you're pulled both ways.



Always Elope

Nell and Hugh had been married twenty-five years, and they were still planning their honeymoon. But it's amazing how many things can come up in a large family to wreck the best-laid plans

NELL COWDERY sat on at the telephone after Hugh had called, with her heart thumping hard and her mind a delicious jumble. They'd have fried chicken for their wedding supper—and Hugh had said there was a fireplace in this cabin in the foothills where they'd go for a wedding trip. "Look, honey," he had said, "I'll be in about six tomorrow evening, so have your grip packed."

Nell and Hugh Cowdery had been trying for the twenty-five years of their married life to take a wedding trip. And now, for their silver wedding, they were going to. She hadn't known how tired she was of carrying on with a husband away until she heard the deep rich timbre of his voice calling from a far corner of the next state.

And then, even as she sat planning with shaky happiness, she had a queer feeling of guilt. For there wasn't anything dramatic or romantic about middle-aged love. She felt a little squirmy—as though she were trying to edge into the spotlight that belonged to the wild tempestuousness of young love.

She suddenly longed to say to someone, "Do you think it's selfish—and silly—for people our age to celebrate our silver wedding with a wedding supper and go off some place alone?" just to have that someone reassure her.

But there was none of the family she could say it to. Her mother, Grandma Leydie, as the children called her, was in her room taking her afternoon nap. Nell's daughter, Martha, wasn't home. It was queer that she should feel squirmy at the thought of Martha, for Martha was all gay generosity. She had been such a young and lovely bride when she married Ensign James J. Cahill—Jim; such a young and lovely mother when little James Bruce—Butch—had been born, a year ago. She had suffered such young torment these last months because of a roundabout rumor that Jim's plane carrier had gone down. For five and a half months no word had come from Jim. And then, quite miraculously, Martha had heard that he was coming home on a thirty-day furlough. Jim had been home for ten days, quietly basking in the hubbub of the Cowdery home and the happy routine of his son.

This afternoon Martha and the baby, dressed in his first sailor suit, and Jim, resplendent in uniform and active-duty stripes, had gone down to have their picture taken. "Family group," Jim had grinned.

Althea, her son's wife, wasn't home either. She was out on one of her publicity jobs. Althea made her home with them while Bruce Cowdery ferried giant bombers to distant battle areas. Nell and father could leave with a clearer conscience with Althea at home.

Or even if young Bill were home, Nell could let off some of her guilty steam by saying, "Do you suppose you children can get along if father and I go off for a week?" And Bill would say in his deep man's voice (that still creaked occasionally), "Sure, sure, go ahead, lovebirds, and have your fling." But about now Bill would be leaving school and making off to the garage where he washed cars.

Nell *had* to tell somebody, so she dialed Cousin Harriet's number. You were always sure of getting Cousin Harriet these days, because that hardy old newspaperwoman had been ordered by her doctor to stay in bed and humor a heart condition. Harriet still wrote a weekly column for her paper. She thought like a man and wrote like one, but her heart, she admitted in her frank moments, was a sentimental old maid's.

Cousin Harriet had always railed the loudest against "this sticky family of ours" when fate consistently prevented Nell and Hugh from taking that wedding trip.

"We can always take a honeymoon," they had said when they were married and couldn't take one because Hugh Cowdery had his first job and no money. Then their first anniversary and Bruce had arrived two days apart. They moved the wedding trip up to when they could celebrate being married five years. But Martha, who had been born in the meantime, had a troublesome rash that meant medicated soap, ointments, and an intricate milk formula. Well, then, the tenth! But just about the time they were writing for reservations at a mountain resort, all the plaster dropped down off the kitchen ceiling. Nell couldn't quite remember what had happened the fifteenth; that must have been the spring Uncle George had his automobile accident.

The twentieth they hadn't even gotten as far as planning. For that was the spring Nell's father had died on the little ranch at Tolby and there was the transplanting of Grandma Leydie to their own home.

AND so with Cousin Harriet on the telephone, Nell told her of Hugh's calling from Wyoming; how he had said that his folks in Longmont were sending fries for the wedding supper. And how she, Nell, had saved a bottle of champagne for seven years for this occasion.

She said to Harriet, "Then you don't think it's selfish—and silly—for two people our age—" and was joyously reassured when Cousin Harriet bounced the words back at her, "What is there silly about a man and wife loving each other for twenty-five years?" Cousin Harriet went even further. She said solemnly, "Nell, if ever anybody needed to shake off her family for a few days, you do. These last years haven't been easy sledding for you."

Nell was ashamed of how true that was. She was ashamed of the empty chaos of the days since Hugh had gone hurrying off, two weeks after Pearl Harbor, to build government roads in first one state, then another. A day had no lift at the end without a man coming home.

First Nell had given up her and Hugh's big bedroom to Martha when Martha came home from the hospital with the baby. Then she had given up the smaller bedroom to Bruce's bride, Althea, and moved in with Martha. And now, since Jim was home, she had crowded onto the small drafty sleeping porch.

She said to Harriet, "Hugh said he'd stop and see you on his way in—it's right on the way, of course."

Cousin Harriet said as her parting word, "Don't you let that family hang onto your skirt tails and stop you. Go on now and pack your grip."

NELL went up the stairs with the soft step folks acquire in a house with a sleeping baby, or where there is an old person who must rest in the afternoon. She got the suitcase out of the closet of the room she had shared with Martha. She opened it to be sure it was hers, for Martha had a suitcase of the same grayish black, except that the light band around Martha's was wider.

Yes, this was hers. Here were the three things that had been packed in it for years in readiness for this wedding trip. She took out the bottle of champagne, exulting in the Frenchy-looking label and the tight cork. After the grip was packed, she'd put the bottle right on top, for it would be opened at the supper. She picked up a leather-bound book of poems. She had had that ready to take on the first honeymoon that never was. Love Poems—For Fireside Reading. She took from the grip and shook out a rose-colored flannel robe. In a sudden gush of vanity she held it up to her, wishing for a mirror here on the sleeping porch. Hugh would tease her about her red cheeks when she wore it—"The Rose from Tolby," he'd say.

Hurriedly she tumbled into the suitcase the sweaters and the warm woolen dress and heavy brogues that were necessities in the mountains. And on top of them she folded the robe, weighted it down with the book of poems—

Just then the front door opened and a swirl of gusty, talky youth and excitement came in. Grandma Leydie came out of her room. She called in, "Nell, they've come home." Martha was calling out, "Hey, mom, guess what!" While Nell was halfway down the stairs Martha tossed the news up to her: "Oh, mother, we're going on a honeymoon—Jim and I are. We're going to finish off that skimpy little one we had at Martindale in the Pines. Can you imagine! We always said that when Jim came back, we would. Only the buses aren't running up there yet, and we didn't see how we could on account of gas, and then— Honest,

(*Continued on page 52*)

The cast watches attentively while, on stage, a grisly fate menaces Red Ridinghood. And, for a startling instant, Mrs. Proctor seems a giantess.

IT'S FUN

HANSEL and Gretel had just incinerated the wicked witch, and all was well.

"And now," said the natural voice of Romain Proctor—until then the voice of Hansel—"I'd like you to meet the largest of the puppets—Mrs. Proctor!"

The head and shoulders of a giantess were thrust onto the stage from the left wings, a blonde smiling giantess who—

"My heaven!" whispered the woman beside me. "She's so huge I can count the pores on her face!"

Which was no reflection on Mrs. Proctor's complexion, but an involuntary tribute to the unfailing magic of marionettes.

There they are: small jointed figures of wood and cloth with fixed painted features. They walk stiltedly. Their few gestures are simple. No voice actually issues from their wooden throats.

Watching a marionette show, you are well aware of all these things for the first minute or so. Then you lose sight of the sweeping threads which energize the figures. Their walk becomes fitting and natural. They are not moved: they move. You see them frown, smile, grow pale with fear and flush with anger. The voices you hear are their own voices.

The little figures have become real; their scale has become the normal scale. For an instant the figures are not miniatures; the human is a giant.

"It's a queer thing," Proc commented later—"that trick of appearing in person immediately after a show is so old that it's really traditional, but it never fails to make them gasp."

"Never," agreed Mrs. Proctor, deftly wrapping the tail-coated announcer's strings around his controller. "Each time, I think, Maybe *this* time the trick will fall flat, but it never does."

The Proctors should know about such things. Proc has been working with puppets for more than thirty years; professionally for fifteen. He has shown puppets and lectured on them throughout the Middle West. He's lecturing, as this is written, in Chicago's Field Museum. His puppets, old and new, American and foreign, make up one of the largest and most complete private collections in this country.

Many famous men and women who have worked with puppets have written of them and for them. Goethe loved marionettes from childhood; he wrote and produced many a play for them. Charles V of Spain was a marionette fan, and so was Dickens; Ben Jonson often mentioned them in his writings; Haydn composed music for them; and Maeterlinck wrote several plays for puppets. George Sand had her own puppet theater for thirty years. Shakespeare often alludes to puppets, and is said to have got the idea for Julius Caesar from a puppet show. One enthusiastic writer even claims that A Midsummer Night's Dream was actually written *for* puppets. This is doubtful, although demonstrably it makes a delightful vehicle for puppets.

In many countries, for more than 2,000 years, puppets in one form or another have played important cultural, religious, and even political roles.

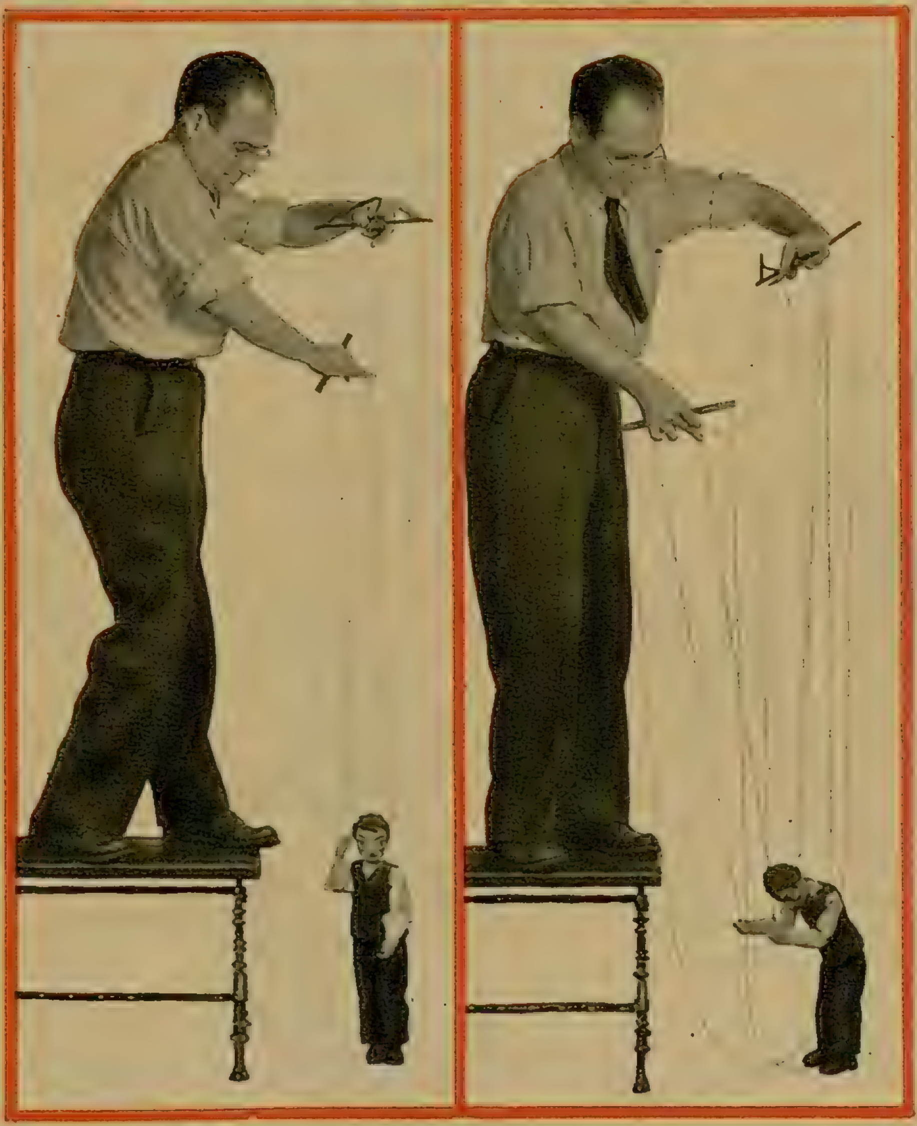
Right now they are proving valuable in occupational therapy, and there are signs that interest in the art, already high, will be even greater after the war.

Perhaps the matter of nomenclature should be cleared up at this point. The term "puppet" embraces the whole family: rod puppets (worked by slender rods from

TO PULL THE STRINGS

Don't start playing with puppets unless you're prepared to surrender to them. They'll run your life. A fascinating visit to a miniature world

BY SEWELL PEASLEE WRIGHT



Proctor's deft fingers, operating the controller and the nine magic strings, put an actor through his agile paces.

above or below); hand puppets (remember Punch and Judy?); shadow puppets (flat figures behind an illuminated screen, worked by both rods and strings); and the marionettes operated by strings manipulated from above.

But let's hurry back to Proc and Mrs. Proc, packing up after the performance.

"Limp little things, aren't they?" I ventured as I gingerly handled a clown.

"Look at it this way," said Proc. "They're as limp as you'd be with all your muscles completely relaxed. A figure's muscles are all in his strings. Otherwise he's a pretty good imitation of a human being. His joints are capable of the same movements your joints are capable of; no more, no less." He pulled up the clown's loose trousers and exposed his knee. "See? He can bend his lower leg back but not forward. Same with the elbow joint: it goes forward but not back. He has, in effect, the same physical structure that you have—but his muscles won't work. We have to take care of that little detail for him with strings."

Nine strings are considered standard; additional ones are used for special effects. The figure really hangs from two head strings, attached close to the ears, and from the shoulder strings. With only these strings, the marionette can be made to perform many movements.

Proc, to demonstrate, picked up the controller—shaped like an airplane—to which the strings were attached. The head strings dangled from the two wing tips, the shoulder string ran from one shoulder up through a screw eye on the under side of the controller and on down to the other shoulder.

"Now," Proc went on, "when I crook my finger around the shoulder strings and pull back on them, the effect is to shorten them. That relieves the head strings of their job, and the head drops forward. Thus the figure can be made to nod. Right, Jo-Jo?" The clown nodded emphatically, and then glanced sidewise at me, to see if I had noticed. Proc had simply tilted the controller; one wing was high, and lifting it had pulled the head around.

"Jo-Jo is very happy about the whole thing," said Proc. He twitched the shoulder strings gently and the clown shook with laughter. "But he can cry, too." Jo-Jo's left arm came up and crooked, his head dropped into the hollow, and he sobbed like any child.

"Bravo!" I said, and instantly the clown acknowledged the praise with a low bow.

The back string enables the marionette to bow. It runs from his back, at the waistline, up to the tail of the controller. When the controller is tilted forward—dropping the hand a trifle to keep the figure's feet on the floor—the back string takes on the load. The head and shoulder strings slacken, and his upper torso bends forward. That takes care of five of the nine strings.

The other four are the hand strings, which run through a screw eye in the front of the controller; and the knee strings, which go to the ends of a removable crossbar.

PROC lifted the leg bar from its supporting pin and, pivoting it between thumb and forefinger, tilted first one end and then the other, walking forward as he did so. The clown walked too, in that gay cocky manner which is pure marionette. A marionette walks like nothing human; his walk is a slaphappy travesty of a human gait.

"Which is exactly as it should be," Mrs. Proc commented. "It's important to remember, I think, that a marionette is intended only to symbolize a human being. A marionette can do many things which a human being cannot do at all, or cannot do so well. But there are heaps of moves which a human being can make infinitely better than a marionette. Don't compare marionettes with living actors; that's not fair to either. Compare each of them to others in his own category."

Transformations, so called, are done better by marionettes than by human actors. They are traditional marionette tricks. Sometimes the front of the figure is a hag, and the back a lovely princess. Better yet, the upper part is one, and the lower part is the other. The figure is up-ended; the weighted dress turns inside out—it's covered with rags on one side, and fine lace and satin on the other. There are no legs, of course; just two figures joined at the waist. The long skirt conceals this anatomical peculiarity.

Then there's the man of normal marionette size who walks onstage, shrinks to midget proportions, and then grows to something like twice normal size. Undressed, he's largely head, hands, and feet, connecting strings and weights.

The lady who changes into a balloon ascension is another traditional transformation. Her voluminous skirts go up over her head to form the bag of the balloon, revealing a dangling basket where her legs should have been. She drifts up and away with a flag flying from the basket, and everyone cheers.

Proc has a fat colored mammy who changes, at the crack of a gun, into a red automobile which goes honking and backfiring offstage while everyone wonders how come. The elements of the car are hinged and held up to form her ponderous body. When released, they drop into place, and mammy triumphantly drives away.

"Then, of course, there's the breakaway skeleton," said Proc. "No marionette show would be complete without one." He took down the grinning figure from the rail behind the bridge, and gave me a close-up view of its operation.

An arm released itself and danced off sinuously to one side. Both legs fell with a clatter. The head popped up a foot or more from its normal position. The other arm loosed itself and joined the first in wild gyrations.

Then the head dropped into place. One after another, legs and arms rejoined the assembly, and the skeleton completed its macabre turn with a wild clattering jig.

Impossible as it looks, it's really quite simple. Instead of being jointed, the members are held together by strings. When one is released, the member drops away and performs by the aid of still other strings. Simple in principle, but more than a handful for a tyro. I know, because I tried it. I created almost instantly a most unattractive heap of carved-wood bones.

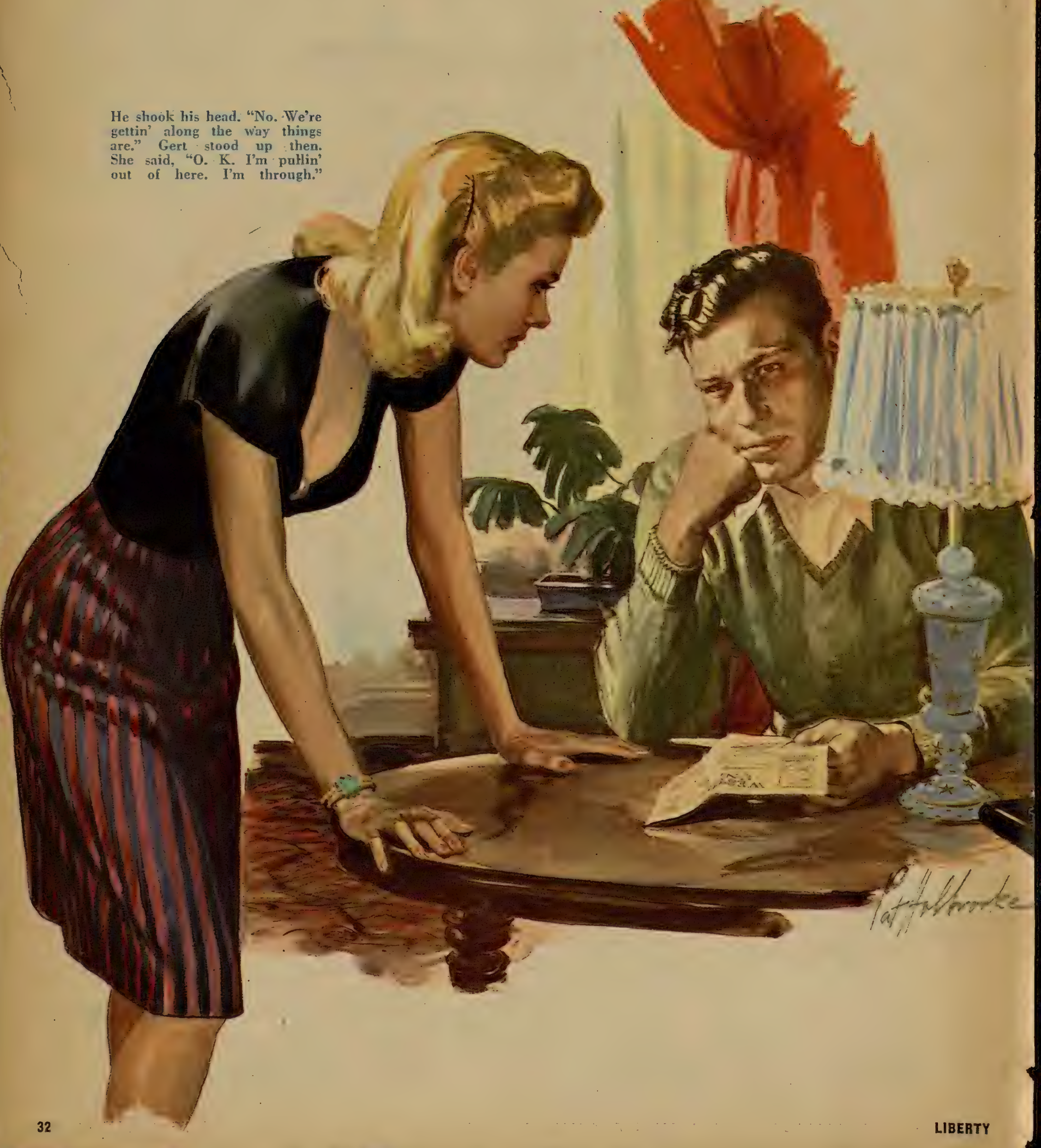
"How about the marionettes that take things out of boxes, look at them, and replace them, or answer the telephone? Don't tell me you do that with nine strings!"

Proc admitted he didn't. The nine basic strings take care of ordinary routine run-of-the-boards acting. Dancers, naturally, have extra leg strings, a set for the toes as well as one for the knees. Indeed, a rumba dancer illustrated in a recent issue of the Grapevine, publication of the Puppeteers of America, had no fewer than

(Continued on page 78)

Trading too many punches in the ring leads to a tragic end, and Jimmy knew it. But Gert, his wife, wanted money. Well, for her sake he tried once more. But then he knew it was ● ● ●

He shook his head. "No. We're gettin' along the way things are." Gert stood up then. She said, "O. K. I'm pullin' out of here. I'm through."



Time to Quit

BY JOHN WELLS

ILLUSTRATED BY PAT HOLBROOKE

JIMMY CORD looked at his wife, his beautiful golden wife, and his heart climbed slowly into his throat. It happened every time he looked at Gert. He lowered his eyes and said, "I just don't want to fight the guy. No one should fight Maxie. Besides, I'm all through." He hadn't fought in three years.

The wispy telegram seemed heavy in his hands, and he fumbled with it. His wife indicated it with a motion of her head. "Fifteen thousand to fight Maxie Berg. First they say ten thousand, and you said no; then they upped it five. You think they'll pay any more? Is that it?"

He shook his head. "I just don't want to fight him, Gert. He shouldn't be fightin' at all. Most states won't give him a license. That louse Murphy he's got managing him keeps findin' spots. Maxie ought to be in a hospital, and Murphy ought to be in jail. One of these days someone will hit Maxie and he won't be able to walk again or talk again. His head is full of feathers now."

The lithe blonde woman shrugged and Jimmy felt a little shiver run through him. Every movement she made was beautiful, exciting. She said, "O. K. You take the fight and you coast with the guy. You hold him up. You don't hurt him."

Jimmy shook his head. "You can't do that with Maxie. You try to coast with Maxie and he'll kill you." He remembered how it was to fight Maxie. The guy was always right there in front of you, forcing every moment of the fight, slashing and hammering, tireless and terribly punishing. You had to hit Maxie to keep him off. "You ease up on Maxie and he'll murder you," he said. "You gotta keep beltin' him."

His wife lit a cigarette and her eyes bit at him through the smoke. "You afraid of him? You afraid to fight the guy?"

He shook his head. He had beaten Maxie twice. Once for the welter championship and once later. Maxie was no older than his own thirty-four years, but had been fighting longer. Maxie had been fighting since he'd been a kid.

Gert sat down. The movement was fluid, animal-like. Her eyes were like cat's eyes as she looked at him. "Let me get this straight. You can get fifteen thousand to fight a guy you figure you can beat, and you don't want to fight him." Her voice thinned and quickened. "Fifteen thousand could get us out of this dump, put us on our feet. I'm sick of living in the sticks."

Jimmy was puzzled. She puzzled him frequently. "We're doin' O. K. We ain't starvin'. We got money in the bank. This job I got ain't gonna die on me."

They lived on the Coast now. Jimmy had a foreman's job in the big plane factory in town. He was good at his job. He liked it.

Gert made an inclusive motion with her hand. The gesture indicated the room, the house, the town. "I'm sick of this. I feel like a fly in a corked bottle."

The house was new. They'd built it a year and a half ago and they had paid for it. Whenever he walked into any of its six rooms, Jimmy felt a pride he had never known before.

Gert's voice was cold, suppressed. "I sit in this box all day, until I think I'm gonna scream. On Tuesday nights the O'Briens and Folandos come over and we play cards and drink beer. On Thursday nights we go to the movies. On Saturday nights we go down to Willy's and listen to that stinkin' band and have a few drinks. Jim O'Brien gets stewed and Lily Folando gets the giggles." She ground out her cigarette with vicious jabs. "I'm sick of the sticks and these small-time jerks."

She turned her eyes on him fully and her voice was suddenly softer. "You know what we could do with fifteen grand? We could go back East where we belong. We could open another place. We could be alive."

Jimmy said, "Yeah. Open another place. Like the last one. Fifty thousand bucks that cost. Just a little bar and restaurant."

Gert seemed to read his mind. She said, "O. K. I was wrong about that one. All the blue mirrors and the fancy lighting and fixtures and the enlargement for the band was a mistake. So we'll know better this time."

Except that Jimmy didn't want to try it again. This was what he wanted. A good job that wouldn't slide from under him. A nice little home. Friends he liked and who liked him. A feeling that he belonged here, right in this town, and would be here for a long time. He'd never had any roots. He liked the feel of them.

AND he had Gert. He knew he didn't rate a beautiful woman like Gert. He'd met her the last year he'd been fighting. Gert had been dancing in the chorus of one of the big musicals. She was eight years younger than he. She was a smart woman. He knew it was the luckiest break he'd ever had, getting her to marry him.

He said, "I didn't know you didn't like it here, hon."

She'd been against coming out to the Coast, but they had lost all that money, and Jimmy had heard about the good money in the kind of work he knew. It had panned out better than he had hoped. He had been happy until a few hours ago.

The cold regularity of her features was disturbed by the slight twist of her small mouth as she said, "Well, you know it now. You been walkin' around with your head full of fuselages and bowling teams is why you haven't noticed it before this." She leaned toward him, and the clean line of her throat merging with the shadowed softness of her breast stunned him slightly, as did everything about her. He could never get used to her. He knew he had never really touched her. He didn't quite expect to. Ever. Her voice was soft. "You're going to take the fight, aren't you, Jimmy? Just this one?"

He became mindful again of the telegram in his hands. He thought of poor Maxie Berg, still working in leather, years past his time. Maxie was half blind. He thought of the advice a good doctor had given to him, Jimmy Cord, when he'd had those headaches, his last year in the business. The doctor had told him to quit, that the human head isn't meant to be punched and will suddenly cease to perform most of its functions when too many blows have been absorbed.

He looked at his wife and shook his head. "No. I've had enough. We're gettin' along fine the way things are."

Gert stood up then. She drew a deep breath and her body was beautiful and proud. She said, "O. K. I'm pullin' out of here in the morning. You can get somebody else to do your cooking an' keep your bed warm. I'm through. I'm getting the noon train East."

HE watched her lovely legs through the banister rails as she went upstairs. He heard the bedroom door slam.

He sat at the table in the living room, his head in his hands, and when he got up he did not know how long he had been there. He went out and walked in the cool night, and his mind was filled with the lonely horror that would be living without Gert.

He thought of Maxie and his addled brain and his half-blind eyes, and suddenly Maxie was not important. And the job, the job that he liked and knew, was not important. And the house was not important. He thought of how Gert looked in the morning, stretching the sleep from her lovely arms and shoulders.

He let himself into the house quietly. He went to the phone and called Western Union and almost whispered the telegram he wanted to send.

The bedroom door was not locked. He undressed silently, got into bed carefully, every nerve of his body conscious of the still form on the other side of the bed. His head had barely touched the pillow when he felt Gert's hand on his face. Her voice and her body were warm and tender. She whispered, "I heard you on the phone. I knew you wouldn't want me to go."

The month passed quickly. He got himself transferred to the night shift and had his workouts in the morning after he came off the job, then slept in the afternoon and evening. He worked at Eddie Gleason's gym, downtown.

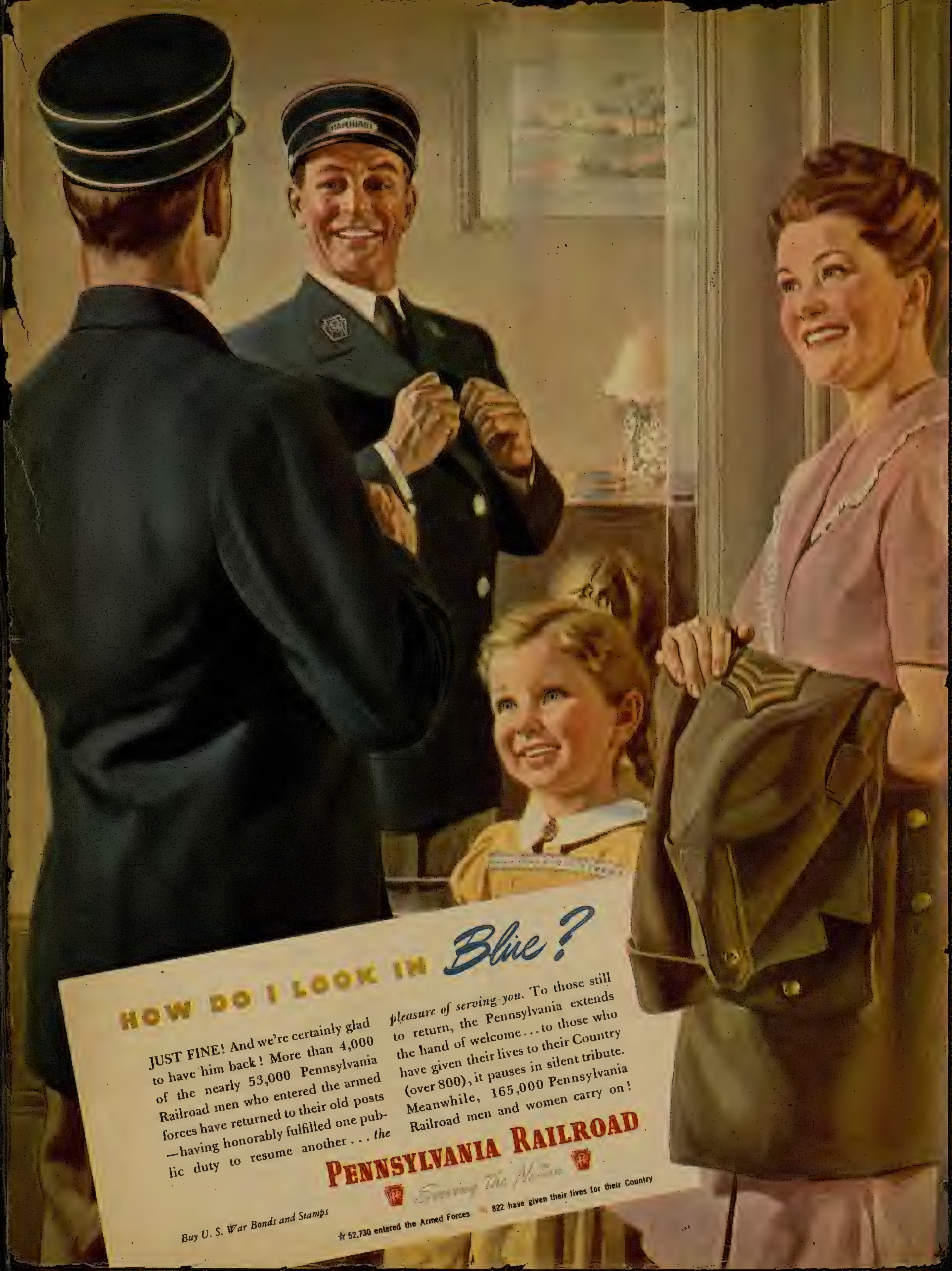
He had never really been out of shape. His legs were good and his wind was good, and he found a couple of good boys to work with. His timing was far off for the first week and a half, became gradually sharper, and four days before the fight was as nice as he wanted it.

Jimmy felt no pleasure in the work. It was laborious and monotonous and for years he had not liked it. The canvas was familiar beneath his feet, and at his back the ropes were where he knew they would be. He weighed a hundred and forty-five even, and three days before the fight he went a couple of rounds with a middleweight to sharpen his punching and had to carry the guy the last minute of each round. He had apparently lost nothing; he was working fine.

The way things were arranged, he didn't see much of Gert. She was usually just going out shopping when he got in, a bit after noon, and she awakened him at ten in the evening. That was the good part of the day. She had a meal prepared for him, and he could eat and listen to her talk and look at her. She had her hair fixed in a manner new to her. She looked like a schoolgirl until she stood up and walked across the room, and then she was all woman.

The fight would be right here in the city, for the local angle. Joe Bremis, from Frisco, was running the thing. The ball park would hold thirty-five thousand, with seats in the infield, and the fight was a sell-out. There was plenty of money, plenty of enthusiasm in the city.

(*Continued on page 72*)



HOW DO I LOOK IN *Blue?*

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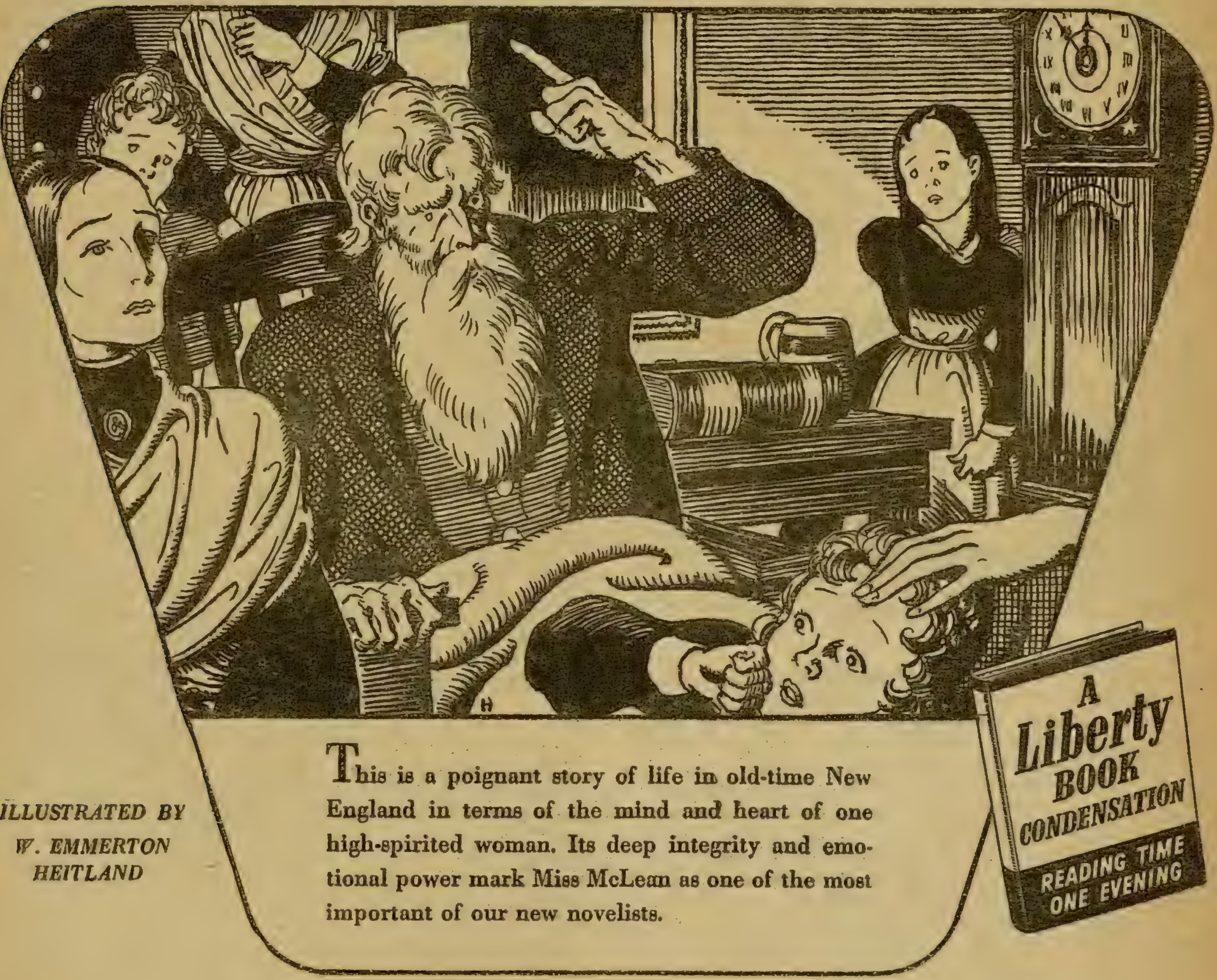
Buy U. S. War Bonds and Stamps

★ 52,730 entered the Armed Forces ★ 822 have given their lives for their Country

A MOMENT OF TIME

BY SYDNEY R. McLEAN



ILLUSTRATED BY
W. EMMERTON HEITLAND

This is a poignant story of life in old-time New England in terms of the mind and heart of one high-spirited woman. Its deep integrity and emotional power mark Miss McLean as one of the most important of our new novelists.

A Liberty BOOK CONDENSATION
READING TIME ONE EVENING

IT WAS nearing twelve on the last night of 1799, and Elder Ebenezer Whitney, aged ninety-four and a fraction, sat by the fireside of his parlor, talking. The house was full of his descendants; nothing would do but that they should be with him while the eighteenth century died. So from the farms roundabout, at his summons, they had gathered that evening to listen to their ancestor. This sprawling neighborhood, up hill and down dale, was full of them; Ebenezer and his first two wives had been prolific, and few of the family had ventured away to other parts of the world. A hundred and more, they crowded in his house to watch the old century die. They sat on straight chairs in his parlor, and they sat on the floor, bundled in homespun and wool to keep the freezing cold out of their veins; they sat in the hall and they sat on the stairs, and some who were fortunate sat in the kitchen where the fire blazed high and where the Elder's harsh quavering voice was somewhat muffled and what he said not so clear. They could drowse off, those who were not in the room with him; many times before they had heard what he was saying. But they came at his bidding, whether they wanted to or not. Through the snow they came, and those from a distance resignedly closed their houses and prepared to stay overnight with relatives near by, for they knew that the roads would be wicked before morning.

Submit Huntington sat in a corner of the parlor, with her youngest—Ebenezer—on her knee and her bright-haired Jeanie on the floor at her feet. Mary and Dorcas were with cousins of their age, and James, at thirteen beginning to feel almost like a man, was across the room with his father and an uncle or two. Submit's glance wandered affectionately to her two oldest men; Isaac and James, father and son, both black in their coloring, both reliable and strong. How solemn they looked now, James with his arms folded in imitation of his father, and how

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attentively they listened to the old man! It was well they were attentive, and Submit was thankful that small Eben slept peacefully. From the hall came suddenly a young girl's half-suppressed giggle, and Elder Whitney, who could hear anything he wasn't intended to and nothing he didn't want to, launched upon one of his favorite reminiscences.

"When I was a young man," he said, raising his voice so it would be very sure to reach the hall, "I went down to Northampton once to hear Parson Edwards preach. That was the time of the Great Awakenin'. He was a great preacher, was Parson Jonathan Edwards. He knew the ways of the Lord, and he followed them, like I've followed them, all the days of my life, after I got converted when I was sixteen years old. Oh, my children, that was a wonderful moment when the light broke forth in my soul and I saw how sinful I had been theretofore. But I thank the Lord I got converted." For a moment his thin and shriveled face was illumined in the firelight, and he was silent, thinking far back into the past. His third wife, Sarah, sat behind him with his only daughter who stayed at home, Freelove, daughter of his second marriage. These two were of an age, in their middle forties, and they were both childless, save for this old man whose needs they served and whose whims they humored. Submit saw them exchange looks, and thought swiftly, They're tired of hearing about his conversion, and then gave herself over to listening again. She was fond of this stern old patriarch, Isaac's great-grandfather, in spite of his harshness and his perpetual demands. Sometimes, through his words, she caught a glimpse of a forgotten time, and it came alive for her. She could almost see the Indians who lurked around Duffield, Massachusetts, when Ebenezer first arrived and built his combination house and fort. She could see the painted savage killed by Ebenezer Whitney—strong young Ebenezer—lying dead in the sunlit cornfield. Ever since she came here from Shoreham, Connecticut, fourteen years ago last summer, Isaac's wife and an outsider, she had encouraged him to tell his stories and had listened. The old man liked her, though he thought red no decent color for a woman's hair to be and told her so.

He brought himself out of his silent memories and returned to Jonathan Edwards and Northampton. "And that day I heard the pastor," he said, "he preached to the little children. They was goin' straight to hell, he told 'em, lessen they got converted and prayed to the Lord to save 'em. He told 'em about the fire down there, and I vow you could feel the heat. And those children listened. Yes, sir, they certainly did. Hundreds of 'em there in the meetin'house, it seemed like, and they never took their eyes off the parson. I saw one little tyke, about twelve—'bout your age, James Huntington, you there, over there with your father—I saw this little tyke cryin'. And I saw a little miss not more'n eight or nine—like you, Betsy Graves. She shrieked out, and then she fell down off the bench in a kind of fit. Yes, sir, those children they knew what he meant. 'Suffer little children to come unto me,' he said. Yes, sir, those children got converted."

Those poor babies—those poor babies of Northampton! Submit touched her sleeping Eben's cheek softly with her finger, and then put her hand quietly on Jeanie's shoulder. Jeanie was frightened; Jeanie was always frightened when Great-Grandsir preached about hell, as he often did. Jeanie was only seven, but her blue eyes were alert and she understood a great deal of what she heard. She looked up at her mother, and Submit smiled down at her reassuringly and let her hand rest on the small shoulder. This, she sometimes admitted to herself, this is the child of my heart—this child who had bronze hair like hers and bore her great-grandmother's name, Jean MacIntyre Huntington. This was the child who would one day have Jeanie of Aberdeen's tartan scarf, which her grandfather had given her years ago on her sixth birthday. Jeanie leaned her head against her mother's knee, and Submit kept her hand on the child's shoulder until she felt it stop trembling.

Over in the opposite corner the tall clock struck ponderously, and Elder Whitney counted the strokes in his rasping voice. "One . . . two . . . three," and so on until he and the clock said together, with equal impressiveness, "eleven."

"Eleven," he repeated. "Eleven in the evenin', December the thirty-first, seventeen ninety-nine. One more hour of the old year, one more hour to the new century. Children," he said, "s'pose it was one more hour to eternity?

"S'posin'," Elder Whitney went on, shaking his finger at the room, "s'posin' Gabriel's trumpet should blow at the stroke of twelve and the Lord Hisself should descend in His chariot of fire? Now I know the preachers say the Lord won't come till after the millennium, but who's to tell how long the millennium will be? Some say 'twill last for centuries, some say not's long's that. *I* say nobody knows. The Good Book don't say, and I've read it through thorough. I never been to college, like your boy Alvin down to Williams, Martha Graves. District school, four terms, was all his great-grandpa got. Yes, sir, that's all the schoolin' I ever had. But I can read the Good Book, and I have read it, and I say it don't tell how long the millennium's goin' to be. Mebbe a hundred thousand years, mebbe a hundred, mebbe an hour—mebbe *one second.* Mebbe the Lord'll come *one second* after. Mebbe an hour from now, when the new century begins. Children, would you all be ready? How 'bout you, Timothy Phillips? And you, Abby Gould? Didn't like that bonnet you wore to meetin' on the Sabbath day last summer, and I wager the Lord didn't like it neither. Saw you oglin' the young men from under its posies, saw them oglin' you back. Such bonnets have a savor of the devil to 'em."

Pretty Abby Gould, a great-grandniece, who was at the moment stealing a sidewise glance at a handsome second cousin, gave a small gasp and reddened violently.

ELDER WHITNEY, beholding the satisfactory havoc he had wrought, prepared to continue.

"When I come here, back in seventeen and thirty, I and my good wife and my young ones, there wasn't more'n twenty people hereabouts. Duffield wasn't even a town then, just province land. Didn't have no preacher, no meetin'house, no school, nothing but Injuns comin' down through the forest and wolves howlin' at night up in the hills. We fit 'em, and we licked 'em too."

The parlor was stuffy in spite of the cold. Submit's head nodded with the close air and with the drone of the Elder's voice. She hoped frantically that she wouldn't be sick. Always before, during those long weeks and months before a child left her body, she had been strong and well and able to do her work almost to the very last moment; she had always felt peculiarly alive during those times and had gone through the days with a singing in her soul. Now, listening to the Elder's voice and fighting away her faintness, she had a brief pang for the child she had lost six years ago, the one she never knew, the one they had not let her see. "To bear and lose," her heart had said then, six years ago, and said it again tonight, in the undercurrent of her thinking—"to bear and lose is worse, I know, than never having borne at all. To bear and lose—to bear and lose—"

She fastened her eyes on the Elder's face and gave his words her whole attention.

"Wasn't no parson in Duffield," he was saying, "no meetin'house neither. Folks had to pray their own prayers and preach their own sermons. I and my wife and my young ones prayed in our own home. Right here in this room. Wasn't nothing to this house more'n this here room I'm settin' in now. Built the rest of it later, bit by bit. We prayed right here at this hearth. You mind, Freelove?"

The woman behind him, his daughter, with the thin intense face and the burning eyes, answered him quietly, "I wasn't born then, Father."

Submit looked at her with pity and a deep comprehension. She loved Ebenezer's daughter; they could talk together, these two, and did whenever Freelove had an afternoon to spare and could climb the long hillside to Submit's house. Once they walked up the winding trail to the rocky crest, and here, where the wide sky was ringed around with mountains, while they stood looking far into the distance, Freelove's passion broke through in words. "I want to go away," she sobbed. "I want to go away. All my life—all my life—all my life—" She said no more, nor did Submit reply, but each understood the other.

"So you wasn't, so you wasn't," the old man said placidly to his daughter over his shoulder, not looking at her. "Got seven daughters," he added to the household conversationally, "three livin'; five sons, three of 'em dead. Freelove here's the only one still to home. You're a good girl, Freelove, a good daughter. The Lord bless you and keep you!"

SUBMIT alone saw Freelove's face tighten and guessed that her hands were clenched, and Submit glanced quickly away. Sometimes she was afraid for Freelove—Freelove who watched over her father so devotedly (strangers often confused wife with daughter), Freelove who composed epitaphs to be engraved on the family headstones, Freelove who had even written a religious tract which had been printed in Greenfield. Submit knew that Freelove's heart was wild and rebellious, and was afraid for her friend.

"Well, anyhow," the old man resumed, "we worshiped here right at this hearth, I and my wives and my young ones, for many, many years seems like, till we made bold to think, I and my brother Saul, who's dead, that we could build a meetin'house, and oh, what pain it cost me when other folks come to Duffield and said we was heretics because we didn't believe in baptizin' infants! Oh, what troubles we had! But we fit the interlopers. They persecuted us and they reviled us. They said we hadn't no right to our land, bein' we was heretics. But we fit 'em, I and my brother, and we licked 'em. We sent a paper to England over the sea, and we told the King how we was persecuted and reviled, and the King sent a paper back sayin' they wasn't to persecute us and revile us and we had a right to our lands. Oh, we fit 'em and we licked 'em."

Elder Ebenezer Whitney, aged ninety-four and a fraction, chuckled in a thin high voice. He was gloating; he always gloated at this point when he told the story. Some of his descendants looked bored, others amused. This dead struggle was the stuff of legend now. They knew the whole thing—how Saul had fallen out with Ebenezer and gone over to the "Interlopers" at last, how self-righteous members of the other church had tried to burn Ebenezer's meetinghouse and how Ebenezer, putting out the fire, was scarred for life on his hands and chest. They were bored or amused, but they clung to his church: apathy, loyalty, conviction, whatever their motives, they went Sabbath after Sabbath to the austere shabby little meetinghouse which Ebenezer had built.

He fell silent, sunk in the past, and everyone moved gratefully on their chairs or the floor. Jeanie, Submit was thankful to see, had gone to sleep against her knee, and Eben had not wakened. James, over there beside his father, was hard put to it to keep his eyes open.

"What time is it?" Elder Whitney asked suddenly.

His son, Elder Caleb, who sat in the corner by the clock, answered him in his mild gentle voice: "Twenty minutes till twelve." Elder Caleb was greatly loved in the neighborhood, but tonight, as always, he was overshadowed by his father.

"Twenty minutes left of the old century. Twenty minutes to the new. Mebbe twenty minutes to eternity. We'll just set here right quiet," Ebenezer announced, "and we'll think quiet to ourselves and we'll pray in our own souls. Everybody set still now. And pray to the Lord, all of ye," he commanded, "to forgive ye your sins, and them as needs it pray for the light of His countenance to shine unto you."

The fire on the hearth made hardly any sound, and the assembly drew its breath as lightly and evenly as it could. Elder Ebenezer leaned his head back against his chair—he was tired, Submit thought—and shut his eyes. His third wife, patient, uncomplaining Sarah, rose unobtrusively to draw his blanket over his knees and then sat down again, her gray head reverently bent. Silence held the whole house close, as the hundred and more people within its walls thought and prayed, or merely thought, each after his kind.

The great clock in the corner, with the sun and the moon and the planets on its face, solemnly ticked the century away, growing louder as the seconds passed till its sound engulfed the room. "Time—time—time," it said to Submit. "Time—time—time—e-ter-nit-y—e-ter-nit-y. Sleep—sleep—sleep—sleep." The baby on her lap moved slightly and whimpered. She leaned down until her long lashes brushed his cheek; he wanted his song, she knew, and he should have it. Let old Ebenezer glare at her if he liked; little Eben should have the song she had made for James and had sung for all her babies in their turn. "Sleep, sleep, time to sleep," she sang in a whisper lighter than her own breathing. One or two of the women near her heard and nodded their approval; this was right, that a young mother should think first of her child. Freelove looked at her and smiled her strange tight smile. Elder Whitney, lost in prayer or, perhaps, dozing, never heard. The clock and Submit's singing made the only sound in the parlor, and she sang in rhythm to its slow grave measure:

"Sleep, sleep, time to sleep.
Baby, close your little eyes.
Lullaby in slumber deep,
Wake when dawn is in the skies."

Little Eben sighed contentedly and was still, his arms flung out on his mother's breast. Her heart turned over within her. This was life—a child at her knee and one at her breast and another to come. Her eyes filled with tears, and she looked toward her husband across the room as her throat swelled with the pain of the love she had for him. "O God," she prayed silently, as Ebenezer had commanded them to pray—"O God, I thank Thee." She tried to tell Him why she was thanking Him, but her heart gave no words to her mind, so she went on saying over and over again, "I thank Thee—I thank Thee—I thank Thee," so deeply and so profoundly in her soul that she no longer heard the clock, no longer felt any presence but God's.

THEN the clock began to tell the hour when one century passed into another, the hour when time and eternity might conceivably meet. There was a soft rustling as here and there in the house a woman fell to her knees, and out in the kitchen a boy gave a frightened sob. No one said anything until, after what seemed a long time—two minutes or so—Elder Whitney spoke solemnly.

"O Lord our God," he prayed, "we offer Thee our thanks for Thy great mercies on us, Thy children, sinful though we be. We thank Thee that Thou be lettin' us live into another century. We ask Thy forgiveness for our wickedness, and we humbly ask Thy blessin' upon us. A-men." There was an echoing chorus throughout the house, "Amen," and he lifted his right hand. His thin face, bearded and lined with age, had taken on a sudden beauty in the firelight. "The Lord watch thee," he said. "The Lord watch between me and thee, when we are absent one from another."

The kneeling women stood up, and Ebenezer's voice resumed its usual rasp. "Now ye can go," he said, "all of ye, except such of ye as are stayin' the night in this house. Sarah, Freelove, help me to bed. I'm all tired out. I want to go to bed."

There was a commotion of leaving, soft and subdued; no one cared much to talk, for everyone was tired, children and grown-ups alike. His wife and his daughter, one on either side—he would have no help from any of the men, being used to these two—half carried, half led the Elder into his bedroom off the parlor, and very soon the room was emptied, with the fire banked carefully by young James Huntington.

Submit and her family were staying overnight; their house was too far away. Isaac was worried lest Peter, the hired man, neglect the stock; he was not too bright. "Don't fret," Submit said absently. "Ira Griswold will come over—you know he will—he promised he would. And we'll get off right away in the morning, snow or no snow. Bessie will make it." She thought lovingly of the sturdy mare out in the stable, and blinked sleepily. "Isaac, come to bed. The children are tired."

The girls, Dorcas and Mary and Jeanie, were to have a room together, James would have a pallet in the kitchen—lucky James, where it was warm!—and little Eben would lie with her and Isaac in the room where Isaac's grandfather had slept as a boy. Jeanie hugged her hard when she stooped to kiss the little girls good night, and whispered into her mother's ear, "Ma, is it all right? Ma, it scares me—you know, ma."

"It's all right, Jeanie," Submit murmured, bending over Dorcas, who was already asleep, to hold Jeanie close. "Don't you fret, Jeanie. It's all right. God will take care of you."

Thankfully she felt Jeanie relax, and then, smiling at the three heads on the pillow, tiptoed from the room and down the hallway to Isaac and Eben.

When she herself was ready for bed, shivering in her long nightdress in the middle of the floor, and Isaac was asleep with the baby beside him, there was a quick knock on the door.

It was Freelove, standing with a candle in her hand. "He's in bed," she said, "asleep. Submit, let me take him—the baby, I mean." Her eyes were lost and lonely and her thin mouth was tight.

"Let me take him," she begged. "He'll be all right with me. He knows me—he likes me. You know he does." It was true; Eben did like her. "There's plenty of room in my bed—plenty of room," she added bitterly.

They were in the hall talking in low voices, with the door half shut behind them. Submit pressed a kiss on Freelove's cheek, and tears filled the older woman's eyes.

"You can take him," Submit said gently. "I'll get him."

She went into the room and picked the sleeping child up from the bed, while Isaac did not wake. She brushed Eben's cheek with her lashes, in the gesture of affection she kept for her babies, and carried him out to Freelove.

"I'll take the candle," she said, and gave the child to Freelove. Together they stole along the narrow hall to Freelove's room, and when Eben was covered in the bed she went back to her husband.

Lying beside him at last she whispered, "Isaac!"

It was a shame to wake him, but she had to; she had to know that he was with her through speaking to him. At her third soft call he woke, slowly, drugged with sleep. She could not see him, the room was dark, but she stretched out her hand to touch his face.

"Where's Eben?" he asked drowsily, feeling for the child between them.

"With Freelove. Oh, Isaac!"

He was fully awake now and drew her head over to lie against his shoulder.

"Submit!" he whispered. "Submit!"

"Oh, Isaac," she said, "I'm glad you came back to Shoreham!"

He said nothing, but kissed her; and with the knowledge of his love secure in her heart she fell asleep.

THAT was a cruel winter, the winter of 1800. High on the hillside Isaac Huntington's small house shook in the wind, although sheltered by trees and by the crest of the hill which rose over it, and though its walls had been built snug and tight long years ago by old Ebenezer Whitney. Morning after morning Isaac and James and Peter, the hired man, dug their way out to the barn, through the bare-branched apple orchard, and fed and watered the stock. Morning after morning, if the wind did not blow too hard or the snow drift too deep, the three little girls, led by the eldest, eleven-year-old-Dorcas, trudged a mile along the winding mountain road to the district school, for Submit was determined that they should know their letters. James' schooling was finished last year, because he certainly was required on the farm; but he knew his Bible and he could do simple sums, and Submit was more or less satisfied. How could she be otherwise, when his father had need of him?

THE January afternoon was gray and bleak. The morning had been bright, but now the sky was darkening and snow would certainly fly before nightfall. Submit was uneasy. The three little girls were not home yet, and she kept peering out of the window to see if she could spy them.

The baby was asleep in his cradle over in the warmest corner of the kitchen, and Isaac sat by the table with James.

This was Submit's time of rest. She made herself rest in the afternoon for a while, although she felt so strong and well before a baby came. Winter was a time for rest, when farm work, indoors and out, was slack. So she sat in her rocking chair with her knitting needles clicking busily, her eye occasionally on the cradle. The fire on the hearth burned steadily, and the kitchen was quiet, save for the two men's voices, one low and masculine, the other now up and now down, for James' voice was changing.

She still smiled to hear it waver as he asked his father a question. They paid no attention to her; it was as if she were not present. But she was there to them, she knew, for without her they would be lost indeed. How alike they were, these two men of hers, she thought, as she often did, each face so earnest, their hair and their eyes equally black.

The clock struck three and Submit said, "Isaac, they should be here by now."

He looked up from his pencil and paper and smiled. "They'll be here soon," he said. "Don't fret, Submit."

"But Jeanie," she said uneasily. "She hasn't been well. She's had a cold for two or three days now. Maybe I shouldn't have sent her to school today."

He smiled again. "She'll be all right," he said. "Don't you fret now."

She smiled back at him and returned to her knitting. But her mind was still on the girls. Jeanie had not been well; she should not have let her go to school. Only she was anxious to have them learn. She was vaguely aware that James was uneasy too. After a time, while she knitted resolutely, he spoke.

"Shall I go fetch 'em, ma?" he asked.

She shook her head. "No," she said. "They'll be here before long. You go on helping your pa."

He said, "Well—" uncertainly and resumed his task.

Submit heard their talk without following it—"Now we'll put corn in the east ten this year;" "Potatoes—a good crop this fall—" But her mind was on her daughters, particularly Jeanie.

The clock struck the half-hour before they came, pushing the door open and closed against the cold, scraping their boots on the mat in the entry. "Girls!" she cried, and the three of them came into the kitchen, their cheeks red and their eyes bright. Jeanie ran to her at once and flung herself against her mother's knee. She was shivering, poor child, and her teeth were chattering. Submit raised her up on her lap, and began gently to take off her hood and her cloak and her mittens.

"Why, Jeanie," she said, "why, Jeanie! Your cold must be worse, poor lamb!"

With a long sigh Jeanie leaned her head against her mother's breast. "My head hurts, ma," she said petulantly, "and so does my throat." She could hardly get the words out, her teeth chattered so.

Submit caught her breath with fright. She looked up at the other girls. "What's the matter with her?" she said.

They came over and stood at her knee, looking down at their little sister. Dorcas was tall for eleven, almost as tall as her mother; she was competent too, somewhat self-important. Mary was the quiet one; Mary was nine, and went quietly about her own affairs on every occasion.

It was Dorcas who answered. "She's sick," she said. "That's what I think. She just sat and shook all day in school, and she didn't eat any dinner in Aunt Hepzibah's house and Aunt Hepzibah didn't like it. And she cried in school. Maybe she's got croup. Dan'l Sprague's got it."

Isaac rose and came over. "You two go get on some dry things," he said, "then help your ma."

They went reluctantly, and he put his hand on Jeanie's hot forehead. She had fallen into a light doze, and lay flaccid in her mother's lap, breathing in harsh difficult gasps and coughing painfully now and then.

"Has she got a fever, Submit?" he asked.

"I think so. Isaac—Isaac—if it's croup—Oh, Isaac, it *can't* be."

He was silent a moment, and then turned to James, who was waiting anxiously. "You run fetch Dr. Allen," he said, and the boy sprang to his feet.

"Oh, Isaac," Submit said, "can we afford to pay the doctor?"

"We'll manage," he said briefly. "You hurry, son."

"I'll hurry, pa," James promised. He ran into the front entry where his outdoor things hung, and shortly they heard him leave the house. The room was growing dark, and snow beat against the window. Dr. Allen lived four miles away, down in the Hollow.

"You put her to bed," said Isaac, keeping his voice low. "The girls'll get supper."

BUT Jeanie roused when her mother moved. "Don't want to go to bed," she said hoarsely. "Want to stay here with you, ma."

"It's warmer here, Isaac," said Submit. "I'll just sit and hold her."

So for the rest of the afternoon, while snow whirled faster and faster from the sky to darken the windows and to bring shadows into the room, Submit sat rocking her daughter. The baby cried in his cradle, and she gave no heed, besides motioning Dorcas to care for him. The potatoes boiled over on the stove, and she was content to let Mary tend them. Isaac woke Peter from his sleep in the loft, and the two crept out to the barn, but Submit did not notice when they left. This daughter of hers was at the time her whole life. Jeanie would stir and rest again when her mother sang softly to her, so all afternoon Submit rocked and sang as she rocked.

Isaac and Peter and the girls ate supper silently. Dorcas fed Eben and put him to bed, and afterward the two sat by the table with their schoolbooks.

Isaac said, "Let me take her, Submit. She's too heavy for you."

But Jeanie through her sleep heard him and said querulously, "No, you, ma. I want you." And Submit strained her daughter closer to her and shook her head at Isaac. He wandered away after a moment to place a log on the fire and then sat looking into the flames, helpless and alone in his strength.

The clock ticked its way to seven, and Submit said absently, "Time to go to bed, girls." Dorcas and Mary looked up from their books. "Can't we help, ma?" asked Mary.

"No. You and Dorcas go to your room."

They all spoke in whispers, and very quietly the two girls undressed in front of the fire, stealing a glance now and again at their sleeping sister, and tiptoed into their room. Then Isaac and Submit were alone with Jeanie, waiting for the doctor.

He came at last, just after the clock had struck the half-hour. They heard the jingle of his sleigh bells swinging up the road, and Isaac went to the door, a lantern hung high above his head, to show him the way. James came with him.

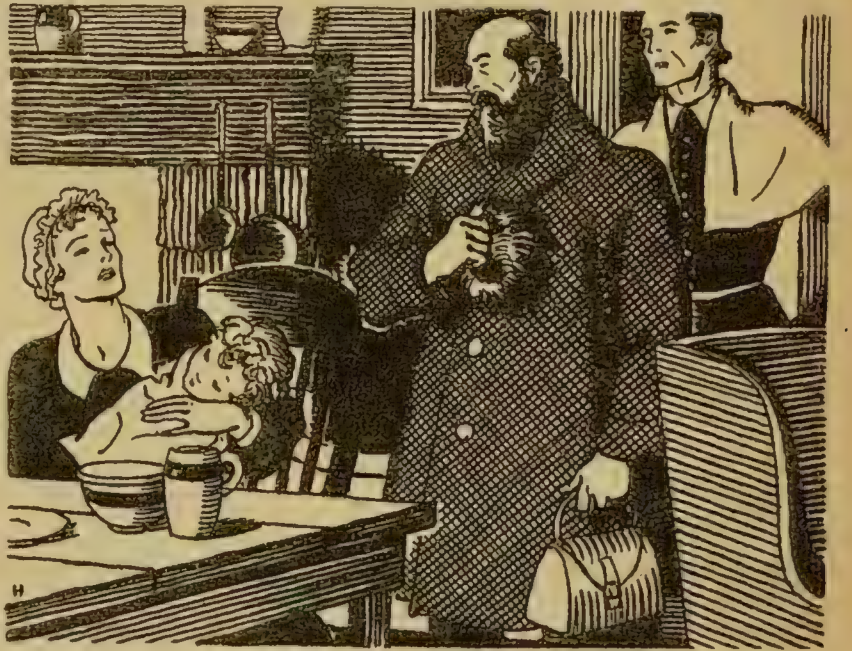
Dr. Allen, brusque and kind and elderly, shaking the snow from his coonskin cap and heavy coat as he took them off, brought hope with him.

"Submit, Isaac," he said in greeting. "Sorry to be so long. Lots of sickness roundabouts just now. Goulds' child down in the Hollow died this afternoon. What's the matter here? Jeanie's sick, James tells me."

Ice froze in Submit's breast as she heard about the Goulds' child; that was their only son, a seven-year-old, just Jeanie's age.

"She wouldn't go to bed, doctor," she said. "She wanted to stay here, with me." The doctor, whose wife was a grandniece of Ebenezer Whitney and who was a familiar figure at meeting and at family gatherings, seemed a stranger now to her. She felt very formal as she outlined Jeanie's symptoms to him. He nodded several times as he listened, and then said, "Um-um." He bent over the sleeping child and touched her forehead lightly and then opened her mouth to look at her throat. She woke and began to cry, and he said very gently, "That's all right, Jeanie. I won't hurt you, little girl."

Her cheeks were flushed, and she sobbed, "It hurts—my throat hurts. My head hurts. Oh, ma, my head hurts, it does." She looked up at her mother and her blue eyes were vague and vacant, not alert as they usually were. "Hold me, ma. Don't let *him* take me."



Dr. Allen laughed dryly. "There, there," he said. "I'm not going to take you, Jeanie."

She went on sobbing as if she couldn't stop and flung her arms around her mother's neck. "No, no," she cried. "Don't let him take me, ma. I mean *him*. You know, ma. Hold me tight."

"I will, Jeanie, I will." Dear God, she prayed, dear God!

She raised her eyes to Dr. Allen's. "Is it—" she asked, and could not say the dreadful word.

"It's croup, Submit," he said gravely. "What the Goulds' child had. Melinda Sprague's boy has it too, I'm afraid."

"Dear God!" She said it aloud this time.

"Put her to bed," the doctor said. "Where does she sleep?"

"With her sisters—with Dorcas and Mary."

The doctor looked thoughtful. "Some say it don't make any difference whether they sleep alone or not. Some say if one child has it in a family the others are bound to, so you might as well put them all in one bed and let those that haven't got it catch it from those that do and have it all over with. That's not my idea. I like to see folks that are well stay well. Put her in the north room, Submit, away from the others."

"I'll have to be with her," she said quickly.

He sighed. "Of course. Have you had it, Submit?"

"I think so. At least, that's what my mother thought I had when I was eight."

"That's good. I'd hate to have you getting sick right now. It's bad enough to have you all tired out."

He gave his orders matter-of-factly: "A fire in the room, Isaac. See that the windows are tight. Mustn't let the night air in. James, bring a big kettle of boiling water and plenty of vinegar. You got any old sheets, Submit?"

"Yes," she said wonderingly. "What—"

"We'll rig up a tent for her," he said. "Try to make her breathe better with the vinegar and hot water."

"Oh," she said. "That's what ma and Dr. Goodale did for me. I remember now. But that's so long ago. I thought maybe you'd have some newer way nowadays."

He smiled at her. "'Twasn't so long ago at that, Submit," he said. "You're a young woman still, my girl. And you got well, didn't you?"

She smiled back at him tremulously, trying to take heart from what he said. "Yes," she said. "I got well."

"You carry my bag, Submit. I'll take Jeanie." The child protested a little when he lifted her from her mother's arms, but finally relaxed. Then at last they were in the cold north room, which was separated from the kitchen by a drafty hall. James had sped before them with a lamp, and its soft glow cast a light on the wide bed. It was a bleak and cheerless room, with only a bed and a chair and a chest and a stove in it.

Isaac had made a fire in the stove, and very soon the chill began to go.

Submit settled Jeanie in bed, and Dr. Allen gave her medicine from his bag. It was hard for her to swallow, but she did so patiently when her mother bade her. Then Submit brought a sheet out of the chest, and when James brought the hot water and vinegar, Dr. Allen set to work.

Swiftly Submit followed the doctor's instructions, and then he held Jeanie under the tent made from the big sheet so she could get the fumes from the mixture of hot water and vinegar. She had no strength to struggle, though she moaned faintly, and when he brought her out after a while her breath still rattled in her throat and her teeth still chattered.

Submit looked despairingly at the doctor and saw him frown as he laid Jeanie gently back on the bed. "She's so little," she said. "She's so little, doctor." Her voice broke.

"You sit down," he commanded. "I'm going to hold her under again in a few minutes. You see," he explained carefully, "we've got to try to let the breath in, Submit. She's all choked up—that's what croup does."

SHE sank into the one chair at the foot of the bed. "Will she get well, doctor?" she said, dragging the words out of herself because she had to ask.

He was sitting on the edge of the bed, his fingers on the little girl's wrist. "I don't know," he said slowly. "I don't know, Submit. I don't want to deceive you. You're a strong woman, and you wouldn't want to be deceived."

"No," she said, and her voice seemed to come from a long way off. "I wouldn't want to be deceived."

"You can always pray," he said abruptly, and she glanced at him with surprise. It was well known that he came to meeting only because the neighborhood demanded church attendance from its physician. Sometimes, it was said, when he had had a drop too much at the tavern on a cold night after he had been on his long rounds through the hills, he jested at Elder Whitney's particular brand of piety.

"Pray?" she said.

"Yes," he answered. "God is good, they say."

Ah, now she understood! He would not deceive her; he didn't know whether or not Jeanie would get well, but he feared she would not. He was warning her.

She rose from her chair. "I know what to do now, doctor," she said. "I can hold her. You're all tired out. Aren't there other children you've got to go to?"

He hesitated. "Well," he said, "there's Melinda Sprague's boy. He's pretty sick. I've got to see him again tonight on the way down. You sure you understand, Submit?"

"Yes," she said, "I understand."

"Want I should call Isaac?"

She shook her head. "No," she said. "He's tired. He needs his rest. He has to get up early."

"Afraid he won't rest much tonight, Submit, if I know him. He's a good man—a good husband."

She felt her eyes grow wet with tears and she nodded without speaking. He was a good husband, oh, he was, he was! How blessed she was in him and in her children. If only—if only—

"Keep up those inhalations, Submit," the doctor went on. "They're the best chance. I'll tell Isaac to bring in more hot water soon. I'll come back in the morning soon as I can, and I'll bring some woman with me if I can find one. You need help."

"I don't need help," she said.

"If you don't, Isaac and the others do," he said. "You keep well for the sake of your next child, Submit. That's only— How long off is it?"

"May," she said.

"You'll need your strength," he said. He felt the little girl's wrist once more, then rose, and picked up his heavy bag. "Good night, Submit," he said. "I'll be back in the morning."

She said "Good night" without looking at him, for her mind was on the child.

James came to the door of the north room and said, "You want anything, ma?"

"Don't come in!" she said. "You keep out, James. I don't want you sick on my hands too." She was almost fierce in her anxiety, and he backed away into the small dark hallway. "I wa'n't coming in," he muttered.

"I know, I know," she said. "I'm all right, James. I don't need anything. Tell your pa to bring more wood in. Then you go to bed, son."

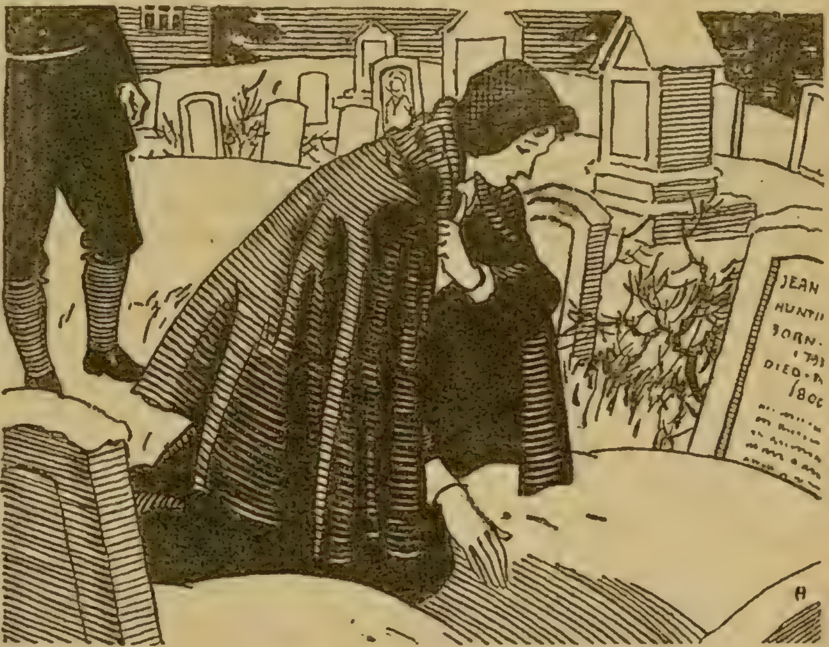
She knew he was hurt, and she looked up at him, half seeing him in the shadows. "You didn't get too cold going for the doctor, did you?"

"No."

"You're a good boy, James. I'm very grateful to you for going so fast."

"It wa'n't nothing," he said. He paused and then said in a rush, "Jeanie's going to be all right, ain't she, ma?"

"I hope so, son." Oh, dear God, what else could she say? "You go to bed, so you can help your pa in the morning."



He said, "All right, ma," and she heard his slow footsteps cross the hall into the kitchen, and a few minutes later Isaac stood at the door, a pile of wood in his arms. Silently he brought it into the room and put another log in the stove, then laid the rest carefully in the corner.

"I'll bring more hot water when you need it," he said. "Dr. Allen told me what to do."

His voice awoke the little girl and she looked up and saw him standing at the foot of the bed. The glow from the fire made his black eyes shine and threw his face into gaunt lines.

Jeanie shrieked aloud. "Oh, save me, ma! Save me. *He's* come for me."

Isaac, startled, drew back, and the little girl cried out again and flung her arms around her mother's neck.

"Ma, I don't want to burn in hell-fire. Oh, ma, hold me tight, hold me tight!"

Submit clasped the child in her arms, and, sitting on the bed, rocked her back and forth. This terrible fear was worse than death.

"Hush," she murmured softly. "Hush, Jeanie. That's your pa, Jeanie, your dear pa. Come closer, Isaac, so she can see you better."

He crept to the side of the bed and put out his hand to touch the child, but she shrank back. "Go away," she said. "Go away. I know you. You're the devil. I don't want to burn in hell-fire, like Great-Grandsir talked about. Go away. Pa!" She raised her hoarse cracked voice and cried aloud. "Pa! I want my pa. He'll make you go away. Where's my pa?"

"He'll come, Jeanie, he'll be right here, daughter." Submit looked up at Isaac. "You leave the room," she commanded, "and then come back. Bring more hot water with you, Isaac." Her heart ached for him. "Pa'll be right here," she said to the child. "You try to sleep, daughter."

"Hold me tight, ma."

"I will, lamb." She pulled the bedclothes around the small thin shoulders and sat there rocking her child. This dreadful fear must be driven away, this fear which was worse than death. When Jeanie was quieter she would hold her under the tent again. Dear God, help Jeanie to live. Dear God, give breath to my daughter.

"Shall I sing for you, Jeanie?" she said, her eyes anxiously following Isaac as he made himself leave the room.

"Yes, ma," Jeanie whispered. "And Tabitha— Can I have Tabitha, ma?"

"Of course, Jeanie. Isaac!" she called, and he turned back from the hall into the room.

"Fetch my old doll from my grandmother's chest, will you, Isaac?"

He nodded and went off, and Submit, holding Jeanie in her arms, said comfortingly, "Tabitha'll be here in a minute. You just wait and see."

When Isaac returned with Tabitha, Jeanie looked up at him and smiled and murmured, "Pa!" and held out her arms for Tabitha—the doll with the limp body and the stiff china head and the clothes that came on and off. Tabitha, dearly cherished from Submit's young days, lived in Tabitha Sanderson's marriage chest now and was brought out only once in a while for Submit's little girls to fondle very respectfully indeed. Jeanie cradled the doll in her arms and whispered, "Sing again, ma. Sing for Tabitha and me."

Over and over Submit sang her lullaby, more and more slowly, more and more softly, till Jeanie slept. Isaac sat on the straight chair and waited, and at last Submit laid Jeanie gently on the bed and motioned to him. "Now!" she said. "Now!"

They mixed the hot water and vinegar, and Isaac lifted Jeanie to hold her under the steamy tent made by the sheet. She did not wake, but she did not relinquish Tabitha. So all night Jeanie's mother and father stayed with her in the north chamber, working together to try to save their daughter's life.

JEANIE was going to die. The next morning Dr. Allen, haggard from a sleepless night, came in his sleigh up the hill and told them. There was no hope, he said; she might last the day and a few hours more. He brought Freelove with him, and silently she went about the necessary routine of cooking and cleaning, of caring for the baby and comforting the bewildered Dorcas and Mary.

After the doctor had gone, Submit sat once more alone with Jeanie. She had neither slept nor eaten, and she would not leave the room. Vaguely she knew that Freelove was there and that she need not worry about the household; vaguely she realized that Isaac had been prevailed upon to lie down, since his strength was needed. She did not care what was happening in the house outside this small north room, where the light was always at dusk because the snow was piled high outside the window.

She sat looking at her child, who slept uneasily, with her breath coming in harsh painful gasps. The delirium of the night hours had passed, and she no longer woke to moan, "I'm afraid—I'm afraid—I'm afraid."

Submit studied her face, memorizing its features against the time when Jeanie should live no more. Full red lips which had often smiled, open now for her difficult breathing; straight nose with a slight turn upward at the tip; small chin and a laughing dimple; gently rounding cheeks; eyelids closed against the blue and long dark lashes sweeping down—a child's face, dearly loved and now without expression. Jeanie's hair, deep bronze like her own, spread itself in long tangled waves on the pillow, and her slender body lay very still under the bedclothes. Poor baby! She had been so cold; she who was used to sleep with her hands curled loosely on either side of her head kept them close to her body now under the blankets. Tabitha lay on the pillow beside her, the doll's black eyes on the painted face staring impersonally at nothing.

Submit leaned down and stroked Jeanie's tangled hair, and with the touch it seemed to her that her heart broke.

"My baby is dying," she said to herself. "I can do nothing for her. She's dying, my child, my Jeanie—she's dying." She drew her hands back and clenched them against her breast in powerless anger. "Oh, God," she said— "Oh, God, save my child." She whispered the words under her breath, and found that they meant less than nothing. She could not pray, for God, she knew, would not hear her prayer. He had turned His face from her; and her child, the daughter of her heart, was going to die.

AS IF she had heard her mother, Jeanie opened her eyes. They were clear with understanding, not dulled as they had been since yesterday afternoon. There was surprise in them, and a kind of peace.

Submit sat down on the edge of the bed. "Jeanie!" she said. "Jeanie!"

Jeanie smiled a little. "I'm going to die, ain't I, ma?" she said quite contentedly.

Submit's hand flew to her lips. "Why, no," she said. "Why, no, Jeanie. You're just a little sick, is all."

The bronze head moved slightly on the pillow. "No," the child said petulantly. "I'm going to die. I don't care, ma. I want to. Only—only I don't want to go to hell and burn up, like Great-Grandsir talked about."

Submit's heart rose in her throat, and she had to wait a minute to speak before her lips would stop trembling. "There is no hell like that, Jeanie," she said steadily, with a great gentleness in her voice. "God loves little girls. He don't want to hurt them."

Jeanie's eyes searched her mother's, and for a long moment the two looked directly at each other. Submit's gaze did not falter, and she leaned forward to brush the hair back from her daughter's forehead. Then Jeanie gave a profound sigh. "That's good," she whispered. "I'm glad, ma. I feel better now. Where's pa?"

"I'll call him, Jeanie." She rose swiftly and went to the door. "Freelove!" she said, not too loud but loud enough to bring Freelove speeding from the kitchen, with Dorcas and Mary behind her.

"Get Isaac," said Submit. "Jeanie's awake. She wants him. Oh, Freelove—Freelove!" She longed to throw herself on that thin shoulder and weep, but she dared not. It was necessary that she be calm and steady and sure. For Jeanie's sake.

Jeanie spoke, her voice weak but clear, from the pillow. "Hello, Aunt Freelove. How are you?"

"I'm fine, Jeanie, fine. You get well quick, Jeanie, so you can play in the snow."

"Why, didn't you know, Aunt Freelove?" Jeanie asked. "I'm going to die."

Freelove gave a startled gasp, and behind her, standing in the dim hallway, Dorcas and Mary began to sob. Submit, as if seeing them for the first time, said automatically, "Hush, girls, be quiet."

But Jeanie heard them and said, "I want to see them, ma. I want Dorcas and Mary and the baby and James. Where's James, and the baby?"

Submit looked at her two older daughters, standing huddled together for comfort. "All right," she said, suddenly deciding. "Come in, you two. Don't go near the bed. Stand against the wall. Get the others, Freelove, will you?"

Freelove Whitney nodded. "Isaac and James are in the barn," she said. "I'll fetch them. And the baby." She sped back to the kitchen as Dorcas and Mary stumbled into the north room and stood side by side.

Jeanie smiled at them. "You look so funny over there," she said conversationally. "I can't see them very well, ma," she complained.

"Well," said Submit, "I told them to stay there, Jeanie. You lie quiet now. Pa's coming, and James and the baby."

"That's good," Jeanie sighed. "See," she said to her sisters, "I have Tabitha with me. Ma let me have Tabitha." She patted Tabitha and then cuddled her into her arm. "I'm a little tired, I am," she said.

She closed her eyes, and for a few moments there was no sound in the room except the low sobbing of Dorcas and Mary. Submit sat on the bed and watched her daughter. Then Isaac came in, and Jeanie heard his step.

She looked at him and stretched her arms up. "Pa!" she whispered, "Hold me, pa."

He stooped down, his black eyes full of sorrow and his thin face lined with pain, and held her against him. Submit heard him mutter, "My daughter! My little girl!" and knew that a father's heart could ache too. But not like a mother's, she told herself passionately, not like a mother's. To bear and lose, her mind said over and over again in the old refrain, to bear and lose is worse, I know, than never having borne at all. To bear and lose—to bear and lose—

James came in. Freelove followed him with Eben in her arms. The baby was awake and smiling and his plump hands waved delightedly in the air. Silently Freelove gave him to Dorcas, and then with a backward glance left the room; this sacred time belonged to those who were nearest Jeanie.

Then they were all together, Submit and Isaac and their children. Isaac settled Jeanie gently on the bed again, and the child lay there very quietly with her arm around Tabitha.

"It'll be nice in heaven, won't it, ma?" she said suddenly.

"Very nice, Jeanie," Submit answered her. She had abandoned all pretense; Jeanie was happy. What did it matter that her own heart was broken? Jeanie, dying and not knowing what it meant to die, was happy.

Jeanie sighed. "I'll tell God about all of you," she said. "Pa and ma. And Dorcas and Mary and James. And the baby. I wish—I wish someone else was going with me. Maybe Tabitha could go?" She looked at her mother questioningly, and Submit nodded; she could not speak just then.

Isaac had his head buried in his hands, his face averted. Submit tried to answer, and then all at once saw that Jeanie's face had changed. Her blue eyes were vacant once again, and her breathing was harsh. "Go!" Submit commanded. "Get out—get out of the room." They must not see, for the delirium was coming again. "All of you." Even Isaac must not stay. Especially Isaac. Jeanie might not know him again, and that would be too terrible to endure. "I'll take care of her. Get out of the room—get out of the room," she kept repeating until they departed together in a group, Eben's baby laughter rising incongruously in the air. Isaac lingered at the door, with James waiting too. They were dazed, and Isaac said, "Submit, you oughtn't to be here alone. I'll stay."

"No!" she said. "No, Isaac. I know what to do. You go rest. You'll be needed later." Anything, anything to make him leave. "You go too, James. Do your chores. We've all—we've all got to go on."

Dully she heard Dorcas and Mary in the kitchen break into loud crying, and she added hastily, "Take care of the girls, James. They feel bad."

Without a word her son turned on his heel, and Isaac followed him, his face contorted with sorrow.

JEANIE did not die till early evening, and she died alone with her mother, behind a bolted door. For Submit would have no one else there, though Freelove and Isaac knocked at intervals. Submit heard their voices in the hallway once or twice and said, "Go away—everything's all right. I'll call you when I need you." But when the final moment came she did not ask for help. She wanted no one else to see the child in her extremity, least of all Isaac. There was no peace in Jeanie's dying. She died struggling for breath in her mother's arms, and in a delirium of fear where devils and fire lurked in every corner of the dusky room. When she ceased to breathe Submit closed her blue eyes and molded her agonized small body into composure, crossed the warm hands upon her breast, and drew the blankets up to her white throat. Afterward she stood, exhausted and limp, gazing down at her daughter's face, and Tabitha, lying on the pillow, stared back. It was in Submit's heart to cry out against the Lord. Then she unbolted the door and went into the kitchen to tell the others.

Late that night, after she had slept for a few hours, Submit rose from Isaac's side with a sudden thought that had come with a dream into her mind. In her dream she was a child again, a happy child whose grandfather sang to her. She could not see his face in her dream, but she could hear his voice; she could hear him say, "Jeanie of Aberdeen, Jeanie of Aberdeen." She woke with tears in her eyes for him and for the child she herself had been, and then as she came into full consciousness wept for her own daughter who lay dead in the bleak north room. Isaac slept heavily beside her, and she rose very quietly, not to disturb him. There was something she must do, and she must do it at once. Tomorrow morning Ira Griswold, who lived across the fields and was the joiner for the neighborhood, would come to measure Jeanie for her coffin, and next day they would bury her under the snow in the graveyard by Elder Whitney's meetinghouse. Tomorrow Submit would be very busy. She must do what she had to do tonight, at this very instant, now that the idea had come to her in her dream.

SHE wrapped herself in her long gray shawl, and stole out into the kitchen. Freelove sat crouched in a chair by the fire, bent over something in her lap. She started violently when Submit spoke and sprang to her feet, the paper she had been writing on falling to the floor and her pencil clutched tightly in her fingers.

"Submit!" she whispered. "I thought you were asleep."

Submit raised her hands and rubbed her forehead, to ease it of its aching. "I was," she said.

Freelove put her arm around her shoulders.

"Are you sick, Submit?" she said tenderly.

"No, I'm not sick." Not sick? When there was death at her heart? "I have something to do, Freelove."

"What is it, my dear? Let me do it for you."

Submit shook her head slowly. "No," she murmured. "I have to do it myself. It's in the chest, my grandmother's marriage chest. We brought it all the way up from Connecticut, Isaac and me, when he came back for me that time. We'd only met each other once, and he said he'd come back, and he did. 'And when he comes again next year, I'll still be here—I *will* be here.' " She spoke in a low monotone, and Freelove, very anxious, stood holding her loosely and did not interrupt. "I never thought my mother would let me take it, my grandmother's marriage chest. She was going to get married herself, you know. She's married to Joseph Chapin, the miller, now, you know. But I thought she'd want the chest herself. I wanted it bad, I did, and I was so surprised when she let me take it. It's pretty, isn't it? Isn't it, Freelove?"

Her wandering eyes slid searchingly to Freelove, and Freelove murmured, "Yes, Submit, it's very pretty." Gently she guided Submit to the wall where the marriage chest stood, graceful and beautiful in its carving, with the initials of Submit's grandmother in a flowerlike scroll, T. S.—Tabitha Sanderson. "Is it in here, Submit, what you want?"

"Yes, it's in here." She stooped down and raised the lid on linen which gleamed faintly in the half-dark. "Down under these sheets." Her fingers very carefully explored the depths and brought out what she sought, the tartan scarf her grandfather had given her when she was six years old. Sitting back on her heels, she held the soft wool against her cheek. "It was always to be hers, my Jeanie's," she said. "It's got to be with her—when she goes, and Tabitha. Shall I take it to her now, Freelove?" Freelove shook her head.

"Not now, Submit. Not now. We don't want to wake the others."

Submit gave a long sigh. "No. They feel bad too. They need their sleep."

"So do you, Submit. Hadn't you better go back to bed?"

"Not yet, Freelove." She shivered. "I'm cold. Let's sit by the fire a little while."

She spoke naturally now, and Freelove breathed more easily.

"All right," she said. "I'll poke it up a bit. It is cold tonight."

"It'll be cold for Jeanie down there—down there—" Submit could not bear to say "in the graveyard," but Freelove understood.

"Jeanie's happy now," she said. "She's with the Lord, Submit."

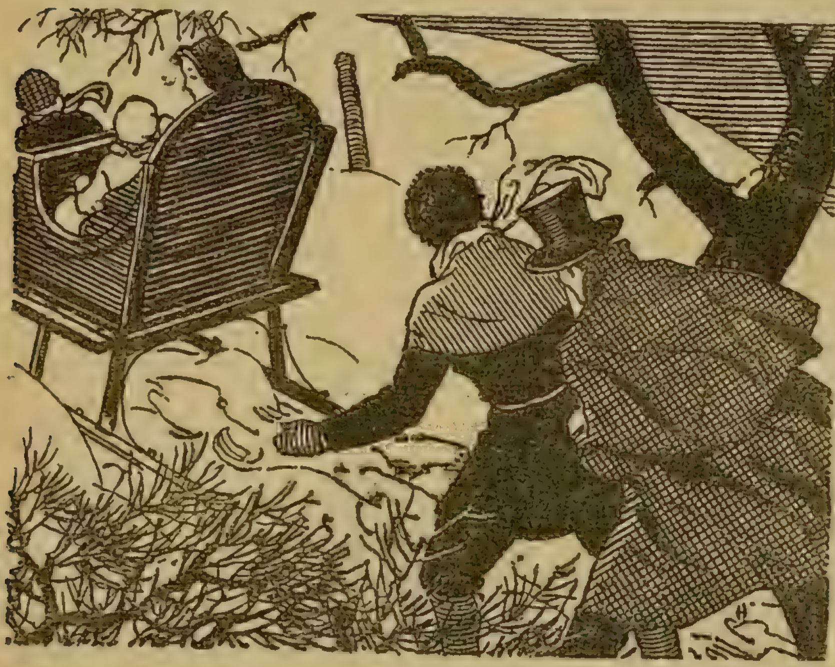
Submit looked at her very strangely, her blue eyes clouded. "Is she?" she said. "Is she?"

"Of course," Freelove said tenderly. "Come here, Submit." She raised Submit from the floor and led her to the fire, and Submit sank tiredly into a chair. Freelove put another small log on the fire, and then sat down beside her friend.

They sat together there for a while, Submit stroking the wool scarf lovingly with her slender fingers.

Then Freelove said hesitantly, "Submit, I have something for you, if you'll take it."

Submit, gazing into the fire, murmured, "Something for me, Freelove?" They both spoke in whispers, so the baby in his cradle would not wake.



"I've been writing a verse to put on Jeanie's marker, Submit."

"Her marker, Freelove? But we can't afford anything like that, Isaac and me. She'll just be—she'll just lie beside the baby. The baby that didn't live. We can't afford a marker for Jeanie."

"But, Submit—" Freelove paused. She was leaning forward eagerly, her hands clasped between her knees. Her brown hair was growing gray above her temples, Submit noticed impersonally, and her thin face was drawn with fatigue. I must be kind to her, thought Submit; she has never had a child; she has never borne and lost. And she has so much wasted love in her heart. I must be kind to her.

"What is it, Freelove?" she asked gently, and smiled into the gray eyes.

"When Dr. Allen came for me," Freelove said, very low, "father said I must certainly come. And he said, 'If she dies, the little girl, she's got to have a marker.' He's very fond of you and Isaac. Sometimes I think he must have loved Isaac's grandfather best of all his sons. They never got along. Maybe that's why my father loved him."

Submit stared thoughtfully into the fire, and then she said, so low that Freelove could hardly hear her, "He frightened my Jeanie with all his talk of hell-fire."

"Ah, Submit, I know. He used to frighten me too. But he's an old, old man, Submit. Forgive him."

"She was afraid—" began Submit, and did not go on. Not to anyone could she talk of those last terrible moments before Jeanie died. "I forgive him," she said. "He's an old, old man."

"Yes," said Freelove. "He's always been old to me. He was fifty, you know, when I was born." She said nothing for a few seconds, and then, "Will you let him get you the marker for Jeanie, Submit?"

Submit nodded. "Yes, I will, Freelove. I want a marker for her. It's good of him. I'll thank him."

"And my verse, Submit—"

"Yes, your verse, Freelove. That's good of you too. Read it to me, will you?"

Freelove stooped down and picked up her paper from the floor where she had dropped it. She held it close to the firelight and read aloud, her voice barely more than a whisper.

"Rest, little Jeanie, here under the sod.
Rest, little Jeanie, at peace with thy God,
Bright angels guard thee in heaven above,
Thou seven years' darling, asleep in God's love."

She waited a moment, and when Submit made no comment said anxiously, "It's not right, I know. I couldn't get what I wanted. I've written so many—so many. And I wanted a special one for Jeanie—for you, Submit." She spoke very fast, her eyes cast down. "I've never been able to say it before, Submit. Maybe I never can again. You see, you're the best friend I've ever had. I've always been lonely. My father—he wanted me to stay at home." Her sentences came jerkily, and the slow tears welled into her eyes. "When you came with Isaac, you with your beautiful hair and your beautiful voice and your beautiful smile—I could talk to you, Submit. At home it's always father, you see. Sarah's all right, but she's stupid—she's kind and stupid. And you've had so much, and I've never had anything. But I don't mind. I want you to have everything. So now, you see, I feel as if I'd lost Jeanie too."

She fell silent, and Submit put out her hand and let it rest on Freelove's knee. "Thank you," she said, "and thank you for the verse, Freelove. We'll have it carved on the marker for Jeanie."

AFTER a moment Freelove said, "I want to tell you something, Submit, but I shouldn't tell you now."

"What is it, Freelove? Tell me."

Freelove's face lighted up with an unusual joy. "I was happy yesterday," she said, "until Dr. Allen came. I had a letter when the stage came through the day before, and I wanted to come up and tell you. You know my book, the one that was printed down in Greenfield?"

Yes, Submit knew it. A copy of it stood on the shelf, in the corner by the clock, in an honored place with the Bible and the books her father had had on his secretary in Shoreham when she was a little girl. Freelove had read it to her three years ago when it was published: *A Discourse on The Man Who Hid His Talents in the Vineyard, with Certain Observations Appropriate to Our Time.* It was a thin little paper pamphlet, and it bore the name Freelove Whitney on the front.

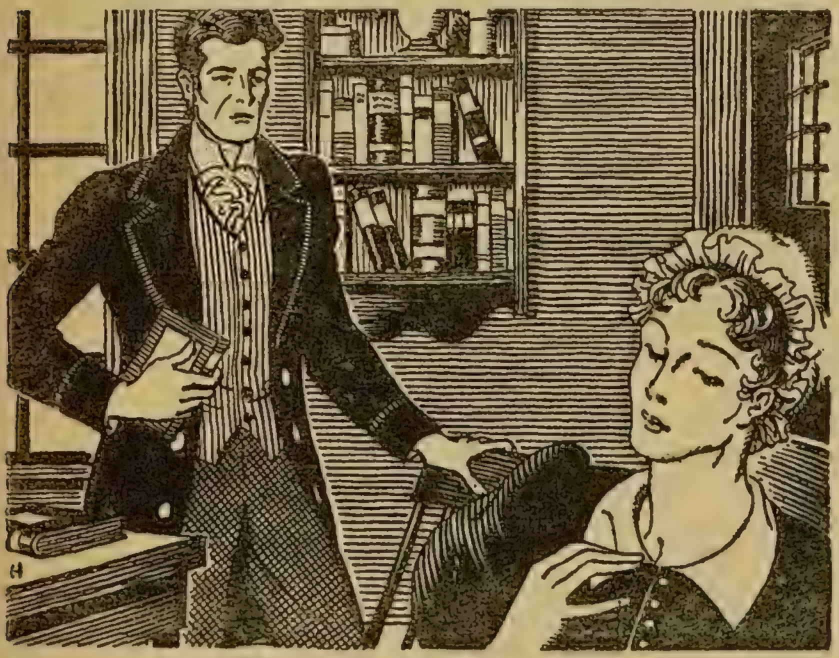
"The man who printed it has been writing to me, Submit." There was excitement in Freelove's voice. "We've been writing letters for three whole years now. I've never told anyone. I—I couldn't even bear to tell you. I was afraid—I was afraid." Her voice trembled and she went on. "He wrote me first because he liked my book. He wanted me to write more. His name's Henry Fuller. He's been everywhere—everywhere. He's a printer. And now he's decided to go west, to York State. He's bought land out there, and he's going to start a newspaper. And on his way, when the roads are clear, he's—he's coming to see me. Submit—oh, Submit—"

Submit smiled. "I'm glad," she said. "And you will write more, won't you, Freelove?"

"Perhaps I will, perhaps I will."

A log fell from the fire, and Freelove rose to put it back. Submit looked at her wonderingly. Ah, poor Freelove, she thought, poor woman, so barren in her life that she had to borrow living from others. She must accept the verse for Jeanie's marker, and there the words would stand forever—forever—forever. How did it go? She leaned her head back against the chair and closed her eyes; she was tired of talking and wanted to retire into the privacy of her own grief, where no one else could intrude. How did the words go? She heard the echo of Freelove's voice in her ears: "Thou seven years' darling, asleep in God's love." She moved her head restlessly.

Why was there nothing in graveyards but resignation? Why was there no room for despair? Somewhere in her own mind words began to stir, and with their motion she raised her hands to her breast, clasping the tartan scarf to her. She shuddered with the memory of Jeanie's dying, and a convulsion of sorrow racked her body. The wheels of her mind moved slowly, and very slowly she heard words burn into her brain; Hugging my bitterness close to me—hugging my bitterness close to me. But nothing else followed, and so she sat there pretending to sleep, while hard tears squeezed through her eyelids.



THE month of March provided no flowers, so Submit and her family had to go empty-handed down the hill to church on the first Sunday after the new marker had been erected over Jeanie's grave. There was no time for a pilgrimage before the service; there was only time to leave Eben in the Elder's house across the road, where he would be safe and happy, since either Sarah or Freelove always stayed at home to pray with the old man by the hearthside while his son, Elder Caleb, preached in the meetinghouse.

This morning neither Sarah nor Freelove was going, and Elder Ebenezer was in bed. His quavering voice rose shrilly from his room as Submit, with her baby in her arms, came in. "I'm sick," he was saying, and Submit paused uncertainly in the parlor. "I need ye both here, I do. My own wife and my daughter—I need ye both. You bide here with me this mornin', and we'll pray together. I'm cold. Freelove, you fetch me a hot brick. I'm cold. I'm an old man, and I'm cold."

Freelove came into the parlor and saw Submit standing there. She went to her and took the baby into her arms. "He's too heavy for you to hold, Submit," she said. "You oughtn't to, my dear."

"He's not heavy, really he isn't," Submit protested. "But, Freelove, should I leave him? Your father—he's sick—I heard him."

Freelove laughed shortly, but lowered her voice. "Sick!" she said, almost scornfully. "He's no more sick than I am. He's stronger than all of us put together. You know what's the matter with him?"

Submit shook her head. "What?" she said.

"Mr. Fuller came yesterday from Greenfield. He's staying at the tavern, but he came to see me last evening. Oh, Submit, we talked and talked. I've never met anyone like him. He knows everything. He's been everywhere—to New York and Philadelphia and Boston. And he talked to me—to *me*, Submit. He wasn't interested in father. So this morning I can't go to church. He'll be there. You'll see him. He's tall and—"

The old man's hoarse voice rose querulously from his bedroom. "Who's there, Freelove? I want my hot brick. Who's out there with ye?"

"You go," said Freelove to Submit. "Go right away. Meeting'll begin soon. I'll take care of Eben. Don't you fret." She turned her head toward the bedroom door. "I'm coming, father."

She motioned vigorously to Submit, and after a moment Submit left.

There was a stranger in the meetinghouse. From where she sat with Isaac and James and the girls, she could see him, in the pew with the tavernkeeper's family. She looked at him surreptitiously—a tall man with hair that could be either yellow or just growing gray. Once, during the sermon, he turned and gazed directly at her, and she saw a glance as of recognition in his eyes. She flushed and looked away.

This morning she could hardly wait for the end of the service. Perfunctorily Submit joined in hymn and in prayer, but she did not feel God's presence and there was no music in her heart. Here in this small chill meetinghouse, surrounded by her loved ones and her friends, she was alone, with a terrible solitude of soul. She pressed her hands hard together in her lap, and her body bent forward in impatience for the service to end. She must visit Jeanie's grave.

Afterward, when they were released at last, she could hardly make herself speak to anyone, could hardly respond to Elder Caleb's gentle "Grace be unto you, my daughter." She could barely answer Melinda Sprague's greeting—Melinda's child had lived. She could not linger in front of the church, and when Isaac stopped to exchange farm news with some of his cousins she murmured impatiently in his ear, "I'm going to the graveyard." He followed her at once, and with the girls and James trailing them they came to Jeanie's resting place.

Submit saw no one; she saw nothing but the new marker.

She knelt in the snow and touched it lovingly, fingering the letters that made Jeanie's name—Jean MacIntyre Huntington. She looked up at Dorcas and Mary, who stood abashed and shy, their hands twined together in misery.

"Read it," she commanded. "Read what it says. All of it. So you'll remember your sister. Read it out loud."

Isaac frowned and put his arm around James' shoulder. But he said nothing, and the two little girls obeyed.

"'Jean MacIntyre Huntington,'" they read together slowly, with Mary's soft voice almost inaudible beside Dorcas'. "'Born August 9, 1793. Died January 21, 1800.'" They hesitated a moment, and Submit said fiercely, "The verse too. The verse your Aunt Freelove wrote for your sister."

They went on, their young voices jingling with the meter.

There was a long pause, and then Mary sobbed. Submit's throat was tight, but she could not weep. She knelt there, caressing the letters with her fingers, till Isaac said, "Come, Submit, you mustn't catch cold." He stooped and raised her to her feet and led her toward the gate, the girls and James walking hand in hand behind them.

THE stranger, Henry Fuller, stood outside the gate in the roadway, and when they approached he stepped toward them.

"Mrs. Huntington?" he said. His face was very serious but his blue-green eyes were alive and eager. He had a deep pleasant voice, and his lips, although they did not smile now, looked as if they could very easily indeed. He was tall and rather heavily built, and the cape of his greatcoat made his wide shoulders even wider.

Submit, her hand on Isaac's arm, said, "Yes, I'm Mrs. Huntington. Freelove told me you were here."

He smiled slightly. "I came yesterday. It seems I may not see her again today. She has told me of you, and"—he smiled at Isaac—"of you, Mr. Huntington. I am Henry Fuller, sir. I was wondering—I am a stranger here, and I must stay until I see Miss Whitney again. And I may not see her today. Mrs. Huntington, may I call on you this afternoon?"

Submit hesitated, and Isaac said suddenly, "Come with us now. We're going home to dinner and would be honored by your company since you are a friend of Miss Whitney's."

Submit glanced sidewise at her husband, surprised and pleased at the formality of his manner. He looked very handsome, standing there in his best greatcoat, old-fashioned now but saved from long-ago days in the city, when he was young. No matter how hard he worked at his farming, no matter how tired he was, he always dressed neatly for Sunday and insisted that James should do the same. Knowing that her hair was not smooth and shining because the brush was heavy in her hand these days, realizing that her black coat was wrinkled, she had a vague feeling of shame.

"Do come," she murmured. "Isaac, wait here with Mr. Fuller. I'll fetch Eben."

She sped across the road as fast as the weight of her awkward body would allow, and found Freelove sitting on the kitchen floor with Eben in her lap.

She looked up as Submit came in, and Eben raised his arms, with a small crow of delight, to be taken by his mother.

"Did you see him?" she asked instantly.

Submit nodded. "Yes. He introduced himself. Isaac asked him home to dinner with us."

Freelove's eyes opened in amazement. "Oh!" she breathed. Some of the brightness vanished from her face, and her thin shoulders sagged. "He came this morning," she said, "and I told him I couldn't see him today. Father—father—"

"We'll take care of him, Freelove. He's staying to see you again. He told me so."

"That's what he said to me. But father—" She sat limp on the floor with her hands flaccid on her lap. Submit bent clumsily down and kissed her.

"You'll see him again," she said. "I promise you that, Freelove."

Freelove rose and clung for a moment to the younger woman. She put her mouth close to Submit's ear and whispered, "Submit—he's said nothing— We talked last night of books—of mine. He wants me to write something else. He thinks I'm like the man I wrote about—the one who hid his talents in the vineyard. This is my vineyard, he says, and I've worked long enough in it. He's going out west to York State and start a newspaper and printing office. He's going west. Submit, he said nothing else—nothing else—" She was half crying; she was a girl again, this woman in her middle forties.

"He's younger than you, Freelove," said Submit.

"Yes, he's younger—not much, I'm sure. He was married once when he was twenty, and she lived only two years after. That was in Boston, when he worked in a printing shop there. They had no children—he's been alone ever since. He's been everywhere, Submit—he knows so much."

The baby squirmed in Submit's arms and began to whimper a little. With the sound Sarah came in the room and said, "Oh, it's you, Submit. He wondered who was here."

"I came for the baby, Sarah. I hope he's better. Tell him I saw Jeanie's marker, will you?"

"You'd better tell him yourself," said Sarah shortly. She was kind, as Freelove said, but five years of marriage to the demanding old man were beginning to show on her temper. Submit, like others, had often wondered why Sarah Browne had married him, but she had been growing old and her schoolteaching days were ending, and she had nowhere to go. Elder Whitney's house had been her only refuge.

"I can't stop to see him now," said Submit. "Isaac's waiting. He'll want his dinner. I'll try to come down this week, Sarah."

Sarah looked at her speculatively. "Your time's coming," she observed. "Don't do too much. Freelove, your pa wants his dinner."

Freelove said, "Yes, Sarah. In a little while. Submit—" She stopped, and Submit nodded understandingly.

"It'll be all right," she said.

As she left the house, with Eben in her arms, for the first time since Jeanie's death the leadenness in her breast had a little eased its pressure.

NOW and again, on the trip up the hillside, the two men had to leave the sleigh and walk to lighten the burden for the mare, while Dorcas held the reins. Proudly Isaac pointed out the fence where their land began, and when they came to their house at last, he gave a great shout for Peter to come out and take the sleigh.

Mr. Fuller stood in the dooryard and gazed around him. "Who wants to live in the city," he demanded, "when we can have this—the hills and the sky? You should go west, Mr. Huntington. There's land out there for the asking—more land than in Massachusetts."

Isaac went to stand beside him, and Submit, going into the house with Eben and the girls, turned to hear what he would say. "No," he said deliberately. "I came far enough for this, Mr. Fuller. I came from the city, and this has been my home for fourteen years and more. Here I live and here I die."

Submit saw Mr. Fuller nod thoughtfully, and heard him say in his deep voice, "If you've found your home, stay there. But I have no home. I'm still seeking, Mr. Huntington." There was loneliness in his voice; Submit recognized its sound.

He stayed all afternoon. He enjoyed the good cold dinner, and James and the girls listened avidly to his stories. He told them about Boston and New York, and when he mentioned Philadelphia—why, he knew where father's mother's bakery shop had been, and the children's mouths fell open to hear them talk of Front Street and the tall-masted schooners that sailed back and forth between the Philadelphia docks and strange ports overseas. Mr. Fuller had been a printer on Dr. Benjamin Franklin's Post, and he had seen President Washington once. Submit listened silently. How rich a life he had led! But she knew that he had not had enough; she knew that he was lonely.

WHEN the mantel clock struck four, he began to talk of going, and Isaac said heartily, "Can't hear of it! You'd never find your way, Fuller. You wait till we've milked the cows, James and me. We'll walk down with you. That all right, son?"

James nodded eagerly. He loved the talk he had heard this afternoon, and the little girls nodded too.

But when James and Isaac and Peter vanished to the barn and the girls hovered close to this fascinating stranger, he muttered to Submit, "I want to talk to you, Mrs. Huntington." He gestured toward Dorcas and Mary, and Submit said quickly, "Girls, learn your Psalm in your room today. Wrap up well—it's cold."

Mary looked sad and Dorcas pouted, but they went as they were told, and after they had left, Submit and Mr. Fuller were free to talk.

They sat together by the fire, and Submit folded her idle hands in her lap. She had brushed her hair until it shone, and she wore a loose dress the color of her eyes. For a moment the two said nothing, content to absorb the silence of the small room. Then Mr. Fuller spoke.

"Do you think," he said, "she will go with me?"

"I don't know," she said. "I don't know at all." She hesitated a second and then added, "Her father—"

"Her father!" he exclaimed. "I've never seen anyone like him before. But he can't stop her, can he? He can't possibly, Mrs. Huntington!" He was bending toward her in his eagerness and she looked into his eyes.

"I don't know," she said, her voice uncertain.

"But she must come with me," he said, "she must. For two years now, ever since I read her book and set it in type with my own hands, I have had an image of her in my mind. And now that I've seen her, it's as if that image had come to life. She's not beautiful. I know that, and she's not young. But—it's hard to explain, even to you, Mrs. Huntington." He paused and she knew that he was staring at her, although she kept her eyes lowered to her hands. "Even to you," he went on oddly. "She has written to me of you, you see, and I feel as if I had known you for a long time."

"She did not speak to me of you," she said, "until—until the night my daughter died." Her hands trembled but her voice was steady and she did not weep.

"She wrote me of that too," he said gently. "I think it was when I had that letter from her I really knew I loved her. She was heartbroken for you, Submit. May I call you that?" he asked gravely.

She nodded. "Yes," she said.

"She is a fine woman," he said, "and she has been very lonely. I could tell that from her letters." He gazed around the small kitchen wonderingly, and then motioned out of the window toward the hills. "To think that far away in the country there should be such a woman! Why, when her book first came to my printing office, I could hardly believe it! You have it here?"

"Up there," she said. "On the shelf."

He rose and walked across the room and put his hand up to the shelf she indicated and then cried out in excitement, "These books! Whose are they? The Iliad, Piers Plowman, The Aeneid, Shakespeare. Are they yours, Submit?"

"They were my father's," she said. "He brought them from London, and I brought them here from my home in Connecticut when I married Isaac."

HE TOOK one from the shelf and came to sit down beside her again. "These are the true poets," he said. He riffled through the pages swiftly and found what he looked for. "This is real," he said. "Listen." He began to read, his low voice very beautiful, she thought:

"To be, or not to be: that is the question:
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them? To die: to sleep:
No more; and by a sleep to say we end
The heart-ache and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to, 'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die, to sleep;
To sleep: perchance to dream: ay, there's the rub;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause. There's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life;
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of dispriz'd love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin?"

His full voice sank almost to a whisper and for a moment he stumbled over the words. She looked at him and saw that his face was strained. He closed the book and rose to return it to the shelf, and when he came back to his chair he sat for a while in silence.

"Will she go with me?" he said again. "I need her. I —I have been unhappy, Submit. My first wife was hardly more than a child, and she did not live long. I have lived in many places, but—I have been unhappy. In York State we could be together, Freelove and I, and I think neither of us would be unhappy any longer. Will she go with me, do you think?"

The great words he had read to her filled her mind, stirring her to a profound sorrow and a high ecstasy. She brought her attention to him again with difficulty. "She'll go," she said. "She'll go."

"The old man—" he said.

"I'll manage him," she said confidently. She had no slightest idea how; all she knew was that Henry Fuller must go to York State and Freelove with him. "I'll manage him," she repeated.

"I believe you will," he said. "Submit, do you know you are beautiful?" He spoke very simply, but she shook her head.

"Don't," she whispered. "Don't."

He smiled. "A woman has a right to know," he said. "How old are you, Submit? Do you mind telling?"

"No," she said, "I don't mind. I'm thirty-one."

"Thirty-one," he said. "High noon of a woman's life. I wish I could know you better, Submit. You have been very kind to me."

She moved her head slowly from side to side in negation, feeling she could bear no more. Then she heard Isaac and James talking outside and got heavily to her feet.

"Isaac's coming," she said. "It's time for you to go now." She tried to say his name and could manage neither Henry nor Mr. Fuller, for neither one seemed right. "It grows dark early in the woods," she said.

He rose too, not looking at her, and when Isaac and James entered he was ready. Then shortly the three were off, starting on their way through the dusk down the long hillside, James holding the lantern so they could see the way.

I must be alone, thought Submit distractedly. Dorcas and Mary, released from their room to bid good-by to Mr. Fuller, were anxious to talk, but she left them, left the baby, too, in his cradle, and went to her room and closed the door behind her.

She paced the floor in an abandonment of feeling. "Oh, God," she said. "Oh, God." There was an old dim mirror hanging on the wall, and she lighted a candle to hold it high and stared into the reflection of her face. Her eyes were full of stars, and her hair picked up brightness from the small wavering flame. Then she blew out the candle and went to lie upon the bed.

Outside the window the snowy slope of the hill rose upward. She folded her hands upon her breast and tried to lie quietly. As she had crossed Jeanie's hands after Jeanie died and as Jeanie had lain in death. Tears sprang suddenly to her eyes, and she began to whisper those burning words that had come to her on the night of Jeanie's death, while she and Freelove sat by the fireside.

"Hugging my bitterness close to me—hugging my bitterness close to me." She said them, and then was silent, her brain working actively and with a hard intensity.

After a long while, when the strangeness had passed, she whispered all the words just above her breath.

"Hugging my bitterness close to me,
I live my endless round of days.
The moon and the stars I cannot see—
I cannot sing to my Lord in praise.

"I can hear naught but her well-loved voice
Speaking to me in the lonely night.
Lord, Thou hast made me a bitter choice,
Lord, Thou hast taken away the light.

"Give her peace where she dwells above—
She is the brightest angel there.
Embrace her close in Thy boundless love.
Lord, she is little and young and fair."

Lying there in the fast-growing dark, Submit Huntington smiled to herself. "God keep her safe," she said, and the words were the first prayer she had made since the night of Jeanie's death. There was a slow warm content within her, and she touched her body where the child lay waiting for its birth. Then she flung her arm across Isaac's pillow and fell asleep.

THERE was no one in sight early the next afternoon when she drove Bessie into Elder Whitney's dooryard and fastened the mare, carefully blanketed, to a tree.

She found Sarah and Mr. Fuller in the parlor, and when she came in, Sarah sprang to her feet with a gasp of relief.

"Submit!" she cried. "I'm so glad—so glad to see you. It's been dreadful here." Sarah was quite unlike herself, animated and flushed.

"What's happened, Sarah?" Beyond a brief smile of greeting, Submit hardly glanced at Mr. Fuller, and he went to the fire and stood there, his back to the two women.

"Oh, Submit, it was terrible!" Why, Sarah was half crying, and Submit patted her reassuringly on the shoulder, murmuring, "Hush, Sarah, hush," as one would to a child.

She looked toward the man. "What's happened?" she asked.

He faced her. "I told you yesterday what I wanted," he said. "This afternoon I asked Elder Whitney for the honor of his daughter's hand in marriage. He refused." He nodded at Sarah. "Mrs. Whitney will tell you what he said."

"What happened?" Submit asked again, and Sarah began to cry, her kitchen apron at her eyes.

"Dear God!" she sobbed. "Dear God! I can't tell you."

Submit shook her by the shoulders, trying to force her to calmness. "Yes, you can," she said. "Tell me, Sarah."

"He cursed her," Sarah said. "He said she didn't care for her own father, and she'd go straight to hell when she died. He was furious, Submit—he was wild."

To her own surprise, Submit laughed; she felt strangely exhilarated. She knew now what she was going to say to the old man. She leaned over and kissed Sarah lightly on the cheek. "Don't fret," she said gently. "Everything will be all right. You'll see, Sarah."

Mr. Fuller stared at her, and Sarah's eyes widened. "You don't know what he was like," she said hopelessly.

"I have some idea." Submit's voice was hard. Then, "Mr. Fuller," she said, "I think you had better go."

He bowed. "I shall be at the tavern," he said.

WHEN he had gone, Submit said, "Where is Freelove, Sarah?"

"In her room. Oh, Submit, it was terrible. You don't know—you don't know."

Submit smiled. "Don't fret," she said as she had said before. She put her hands on Sarah's shoulders and looked straight at her. "Sarah, do you want her to go?"

Sarah said, "Yes," and drew a long sigh.

"It'll be lonely for you here."

Sarah nodded her head slowly. "I know. But I knew what I was doing when I married. And it can't—" She halted herself abruptly, her lips tight and her face red.

"It can't be very long," Submit completed the sentence serenely. "No, it can't. Have patience, Sarah." She felt an unusual tenderness toward this weary woman, and kissed her again. "Have patience," she repeated.

Freelove was in her room, lying on her bed, and she was weeping the lost, miserable tears that should have been shed in her vanished girlhood, her thin angular body curved in anguish. When Submit sat down on the bed beside her, she stretched up her arms to the younger woman and for a moment they stayed close embraced in silence. After Freelove's sobs had quieted down, Submit said, "Do you really care for him, Freelove?"

Freelove broke into fresh sobbing. "Oh, I do, I do," she said. "These years when we've been writing to each other—I always hoped he would come—I always imagined what he'd look like—what he'd be like. And he's just what I thought he would be, tall and reliable and kind. He's my husband, Submit. In my heart, in my mind, in my soul, he's my husband." She could speak no further for her weeping, and Submit sat quiet, her slim fingers, calloused from hard work, stroking Freelove's forehead until the sobs died down and Freelove began to talk again, her voice low and monotonous. "Father's an old, old man," she said, "and he's had three wives. Wouldn't you think he'd remember, Submit, wouldn't you think he'd understand? *Why* does he want to keep me here? He's got Sarah. It's not as if he were poor. He isn't. He's got plenty. Submit, he said if I went I'd never get a cent of his money. He'd disown me. As if I care!"

Submit asked quickly, "Did Mr. Fuller mind when he said that, Freelove?"

"No, no. He said it didn't matter."

Submit smiled, "You're going, my dear. You must go."

Freelove moved her head restlessly on the pillow. "I can't go. I can't. *He* won't let me."

"My dear, you're forty-four years old."

"Forty-four. Forty-four." Her voice was very bitter. "And barren, Submit. No love in my life at all. I told you of that boy I sent away, didn't I?" Submit shook her head; Freelove had never told her, but she had heard rumors. "Well, I was only seventeen then. I didn't love him. I just wanted to be loved. I know that now. Because, you see, I do love Henry. I was falling in love with him before I ever saw him, while we were writing to each other. And now that I've met him, *I know.*" She paused and then went on, still in that same exhausted monotone: "And what am I here? My father's daughter. The men around here have always been afraid of me because I am his daughter, and because they think I'm a learned woman. I read books—I've even written one. I write verses for graveyard markers. Oh, they're all quick enough to come to me when someone's died. But no one—no one, Submit—has asked me to marry him since Jeremiah went away, until Henry came. Isn't that sad, Submit—isn't it?"

Submit looked down at her friend with pity in her heart. Freelove's hair was disordered and her dress crumpled. She looked old and thin and tired.

"No," said Submit gravely, "that's not sad, Freelove—it needn't be. For you have love now, and you must take it."

Tears welled into Freelove's eyes and ran down her cheeks. "I can't," she whispered. "I can't go without his consent. It's not in me, Submit. Don't ask me why—I don't know. I don't care about being disowned—that's not it. But his curse would haunt my dreams. And he'd curse me. He said he would. And he's a man of his word." She laughed feebly. "Isn't it foolish, Submit? But I can't go without his consent. Isn't it foolish?"

Submit stood up suddenly. "No," she said. "I think I understand." She leaned down to draw the patchwork quilt at the foot of Freelove's bed over her. "I must go now," she said. "I wish you'd try to sleep, my dear."

Freelove was all at once drowsy with that strange lassitude of spirit which follows weeping and sorrow. "I think I will," she murmured.

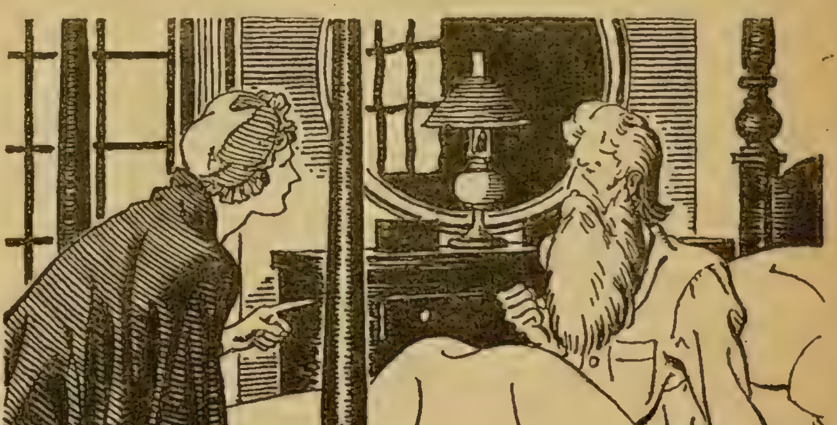
Submit gave Freelove's shoulder a fond little pat such as she would give to one of her own children. She felt old and very wise—very much older than Freelove and infinitely wiser. Then she crept silently from the room.

Sarah, thank God, was not in the Elder's bedroom. His door was open, and he lay in bed, propped upright against the pillows, and he was staring straight in front of him. He did not see her at first, and, briefly, her heart stirred into a kind of pity and comprehension of his great age and his fear. She had a revelation as she stood there, unseen, watching him. He was afraid, that was it, she thought. He was old and afraid, and he did not want to be alone, with no one of his own blood in the house.

She went in his room and stood silently at the foot of his bed. "Great-Grandsir," she said softly. So many around the hills called him that. "Great-Grandsir," she repeated, and he looked up. His bony scarred hands were folded on the quilt, and his eyes were sunk far down into their sockets.

"Eh?" he said, and roused himself to contemplate her. "So it's you, Submit. Well, come to thank me for the marker? Sarah said ye'd be here afore long."

"I've come to thank you for that, Great-Grandsir," she said steadily, "and to say something else. It was a generous thought, that marker, and Isaac and I—we appreciate it, and thank you very deeply, from our souls, we do. But I have sometimes thought," she added, her voice very low, "that I should not have taken it."



"Eh?" he said. "What's this? Why should ye not?"

"I think," she said, gripping the footboard of the bed to make herself stand straight, "I think I should have cursed you instead, Great-Grandsir."

He made a vast effort and raised himself from the pillows to sit bolt upright. His thin mouth began to fall into those hard lines which all of his tribe had learned to recognize. "What's this?" he said. "What do ye mean? Speak out, girl."

"I mean to," she said. She spoke very slowly, her voice cold and level. "For fourteen years I've been here in this country," she went on, "and for fourteen years I've known you and heard your talk. I've liked you, I've been fond of you. I've respected what you've done here. This was wilderness when you came, and you've made it into land people can live in. You're the oldest man I've ever known, Great-Grandsir, and one of the strongest. But you're hard too. I had a grandfather once, when I was a little girl—like my Jeanie. He was strong too. He'd been a soldier when he was a young man in Scotland. He'd fought against the King. You know what that means, Great-Grandsir. But you didn't fight with guns—you fought with a paper, sent over the sea. My grandfather was an old man too. Oh, not so old as you are, not nearly. He should have been strong and well, but he died too soon because he'd fought against the King and suffered."

NOW she was speaking rapidly; she could not talk fast enough to please herself. And the old man was listening, his faded eyes boring into her face.

"I remember my grandfather," she went on. "I—I have even dreamed of him. I've heard his voice in my dreams. The night my Jeanie died I heard it. It was a kind, deep voice, and he used to sing to me in it. He never frightened me as you frightened my Jeanie, and have frightened other children with your talk of hell-fire."

He moved against the pillow, but she gave him no chance to speak.

"I have not finished," she said. Her hands were gripping the rail of the bed so hard that whiteness spread around their knuckles, and her eyes were blazing at him. "She died in terror," she said. "I have told no one that, and you are not to either." Her voice commanded, and so did her eyes. "No one around here talks of hell-fire but you," she said. "Elder Caleb is kind and good and wise. He does not. What kind of wisdom is that," she questioned scornfully, "to frighten babies with hell-fire? That last night of the old year you frightened my Jeanie. But that wasn't the only time. You've done it before—you've always done it. Elder Whitney," she demanded, "why do you do it? You say that children should not be baptized till they reach the age of understanding, and then, before they can understand, you frighten them. It doesn't make sense. You frightened my Jeanie, and I let you pay for her marker. Oh, God!" She drew her breath in sharply. "I should curse you instead."

She was trembling all over, and she realized she had to stop. Her child—she must remember her child.

For a few moments neither of them made any sound. She could hear Sarah moving about in the kitchen, and she knew, by the light in the room, that the March afternoon was slowly, almost imperceptibly, beginning to darken. She must hurry—hurry. Mary would be out of school soon, and she must be there for her. Mary would have to drive home; she was getting very tired. Her child—her child—

The old man gave her a long searching look. "What do you want?" he asked shrewdly.

She answered him directly, with no pretense: "Give Freelove your consent to marry," she said.

"I'm like to die if she leaves me," he said.

"Maybe you will," she said. "Maybe you will. Though I don't see why."

Again he looked at her, and then his thin chest rose in a feeble sigh. "Ah, well," he said. "She should 'a' gone without me tellin' her she could. Your husband's grandpa did. Come here, girl."

Very reluctantly she went to the side of his bed, and he put out his shriveled hand and took hers in it. "I like spunk," he said. "Took spunk to fight Injuns." Suddenly he chuckled, and she drew her hand away in petulance. He pulled it back and held it for a moment between his own. "She'll go," he promised.

"With your blessing?" she inquired ruthlessly.

He chuckled again. "With my blessin'. Tomorrow, if she's a mind to. Send her in to me."

She felt very weak and a little afraid. This was a terrible thing she had done. She had never spoken like this before to any human being. She wanted, somehow, to ask his forgiveness, and knew she must not. She was silent in the relief she felt, and her shoulders sagged a little.

"Bring the child to me when it's born," he said. "When is it comin'?"

"May," she whispered. "The end of May. Two months off, Great-Grandsir."

"Bring it to me," he repeated. "I'll be here, my girl."

On a quick irrepressible impulse she stooped and kissed him on the forehead, and he held her face between his dry hands and returned the kiss. "I vow," he said, "I'd admired to've had a daughter like you, Submit Huntington. Or a wife—better yet, a wife."

At the door she turned and said, "I'll send Freelove. Good-by, Great-Grandsir. I'll be back in June, with my child."

She got out of the room, head up and shoulders erect. But when she came to the foot of the stairs leading to Freelove's small bedroom on the second floor, she found that she could walk no farther without resting. She sat down heavily on the lowest step and, leaning her head against the wall, began to weep, silently, with exhaustion.

BEHIND the house the land sloped gradually upward, and here, under a maple with the sun filtering through its full green leaves, Submit sat on a Saturday afternoon in June. Freelove, her baby, her darling, three weeks old tomorrow, slept peacefully on a quilt at her feet, and Eben, who was at the early walking stage, tottered adventurously away now and again, and then cautiously back to his mother's knee. Submit looked down wonderingly at her baby. Was this the child carried so long in bitterness and sorrow, this small thing perfect in feature and in body? She tried to remember the feeling and could not; she could remember only the fact, and marvel at it. Why, Jeanie's death had nothing to do with this child, nothing at all! Jeanie slept as gently as this child at her feet, and more safely now, removed from danger and from fear. God would take care of Jeanie.

A swift unreasoning happiness suddenly flooded Submit's whole being, and everything around her seemed brighter and cleaner and more intense. The sounds of summer became very sharp in the warm June air. Dorcas and Mary were playing just out of sight in the brook.

She wanted to get up and run—to run as she had done when she was a child. But she could not leave her babies. She looked at them fondly, and then lay down full length on the grass beside them, staring up through the leaves of the maple to the patches of blue sky. She raised her arms above her head, and her body reveled in its contact with the green earth. "Summer," she whispered, "summertime. June—flowers and birds and blue sky and grass. And my children. O dear God, I thank Thee that I am alive."

She turned her head and saw that Freelove was awake, regarding her solemnly out of her deep blue eyes. Freelove seldom cried; she was a good baby.

"Why, lamb!" exclaimed Submit, and sat up. "Was she awake, and mother didn't know? And was she hungry?" She picked up the baby tenderly and opened her dress, and the small soft mouth nuzzled at her and then fastened greedily at her breast. Submit leaned down and brushed the little cheek with her eyelashes, and then gently touched the fuzzy down on the baby's head. Oh, was her hair going to be red like her own, like Jeanie's? She hoped so; she prayed that it would.

Dorcas and Mary dashed up suddenly, giggling and happy, their feet wet from wading in the brook. They sank down on the grass and rolled over like two cheerful puppies. "Oh, ma," Mary cried, "the water's so nice and cool! And the baby's awake. Sweet thing!" She touched the baby's cheek delicately with her forefinger. "Oh, I do love her, I do."

"She's a little pig, isn't she, mother?" observed Dorcas. "Hasn't she had enough yet?"

"Just enough." Submit put the baby away from her and fastened her dress, and then held her gently against her shoulder, patting the small back. "Yes, she's a pig—a sweet darling little pig."

"Can I give her her bath tonight?" asked Dorcas, and Mary cried instantly, "No, me, let me!"

"Both of you," declared their mother. "We'll all do it together. She's got to be *so* sweet and clean tomorrow to see Great-Grandsir. For the first time. And she'll stay with him and Aunt Sarah while we go to meeting, you and your pa and James and Eben and me."

"And can we go see Jeanie?" said Mary softly.

Submit nodded gravely. "Yes," she said, and her heart was peaceful as she said it, "we'll go see Jeanie."

Freelove's eyelids drooped until they closed and she slept again, her small mouth curved into a half-smile. "My baby," murmured Submit, "my daughter. Freelove—Freelove," and fell to thinking of that other Freelove for whom this one was named. No word had come back from her yet, though nearly two months had passed since she and Henry Fuller had set out for York State. Submit never would forget Freelove's face when she was told of her father's consent to her marriage, or her face three days later when she stood by his bed and the old man married her to her husband. Submit had stood beside her, and after Elder Whitney said the final words of the ceremony he gave her a long look of triumph. "Didn't think I'd do it, did ye?" his glance said, and she smiled back at him understandingly. The secret they bore together gave each of them a sense of kinship with the other. Freelove was transformed that day, beautiful as she had never been before; and Henry Fuller, accepting her into his care and keeping, was very handsome. Submit wondered where they were now, and how they fared. York State was very far away, and in all probability she would never see them again. "Pray God they are safe and happy," she whispered.

Now it was time to go in the house and bathe the baby. Tomorrow she must be arrayed in her best: that fine white dress which all the children had worn for their first appearance in public, the one Submit had made before James was born.

LATER, when Freelove slept in her cradle at the foot of her mother's bed, they had supper, and then Mary took Eben to put him to bed in his trundle in his sisters' room. The sun was still high in the sky and the long June evening stretched ahead of them. Isaac sat in the doorway smoking his pipe contentedly, and James crouched at his feet reading a book.

"Read to us, James," said Submit suddenly. "Read to us while Dorcas and I wash the dishes."

James glanced up and rose slowly. "The Psalms, ma?" he said.

She shook her head. "No, no. Not the Psalms. Something else. What's that book you've got, son?"

"One of your father's, ma, from the shelf." He came across the room with the book in his hand. "Shakespeare, it's called, ma. I don't understand it." He frowned, greatly puzzled. "It's all people talking, and—oh, I don't know."

Isaac spoke from the doorway: "It's plays, son, Shakespeare was a writer. He lived a long time ago. He wrote plays in poetry, and people act them out on the stage. I saw one once when I was a boy in Philadelphia."

"Read one, James," said Submit. "Read one, do now, while we work."

"Any one? I was reading something called The Tempest. I liked the sound of the name."

"Read that, then, son."

So he sat down in the doorway at his father's feet and began, his boy's clear voice stumbling over the words, reading very slowly at first and then faster. Isaac smoked peacefully, gazing far off into the valley. Mary came back to the kitchen and put dishes away. And when the dishes were done Submit went to her spinning wheel, and the little girls to their knitting. The June light started to fade slightly and still James read on, and gradually the poetry took possession of his voice, and Submit's spinning wheel made a steady accompaniment. She listened with her whole soul, and once when he read "Beseech you, sir, be merry; you have cause. So have we all of joy; for our escape Is much beyond our loss" without the proper halt, she said impatiently, "No, not like that, James. Don't run it all together. Can't you hear, son? It—it sings." And, because the words engraved themselves on her mind like quicksilver, she repeated them after him, and their movement, in her lovely voice, was right. Isaac looked at her strangely but said nothing.

AFTER a while she spun the wheel no longer but sat with her hands idle in her lap, leaning forward a bit to hear the great words. Dorcas and Mary grew tired and ran out of the house to play, but James went on reading, and Isaac and Submit listened. The sun slipped lower and lower behind the hills, and the light dimmed until James had his head very close to the page. But he too was in love with the play and would not stop. And when it came to Prospero's farewell, he rose instinctively; Submit rose too and paced up and down the kitchen.

" 'Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes, and groves,' " the boy read in his treble voice, " 'And ye that on the sands with printless foot Do chase the ebbing Neptune and do fly him When he comes back....' " He read through the speech and pronounced the final words: " 'I'll drown my book,' " and then turned to his mother. "Why, ma," he said wonderingly—"ma, that's—that's—" He could say nothing more, and she said commandingly, her eyes shining, "Read it again."

So he read it again, and when he reached the end of the play and closed the book she was silent and there were tears in her eyes. Isaac and James were silent too, and after a moment Submit said, "Thank you, son."

He came up and kissed her and carefully returned the book to its shelf. Then he climbed the stairs to his loft.

Submit went swiftly about her task of setting the kitchen in its nighttime order, and called the girls from their play and sent them to bed. Then she said to Isaac, "I'm going to bed, Isaac. You coming soon?"

"Right away," he said, and knocked his pipe out against the wall.

Freelove was safe and sleeping in her cradle. The last light of evening came in through the window, and Submit undressed rapidly. Her fingers trembled with excitement, and the nerves of her body tingled thrillingly. She brushed her long bright hair, and then, in her white nightdress, got into bed.

The words raced over and over in her mind—"Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes, and groves ... call'd forth the mutinous winds ... I'll drown my book." She could remember nearly all of them, and she said them again and again, both to herself and then aloud. Then, while the long summer evening became night and moonlight began to steal around the corner of the house and in through the window, and still Isaac did not come, she heard herself saying new words, "The fair moon visited my lonely room—the fair moon visited my lonely room."

But that was all, for then the door opened and Isaac entered, her black-haired black-eyed husband, the same Isaac who had come back for her to Shoreham, older now, but still kind and thoughtful and gentle. She felt suddenly very shy when he approached the bed and stood looking down at her, and then she put up her arms to him.

THE END

BOOKS IN REVIEW

By JOSEPH ANTHONY

THE sunlit quality of a happy marriage gives great charm to **All Our Lives**, an informal biography of the late Alice Duer Miller, by her husband, **Henry Wise Miller.**

Henry Wise Miller

The felicitous touch that Mrs. Miller had in her writing is revealed by well-chosen snatches of her conversation as the by-product of a sparkling personality. On one occasion, says the biographer, an Englishman commented to her: "We English seem a slow-witted race when we are with you Americans."

Alice's reply was: "That was not what I was thinking, but of the period we go through with an Englishman when he withdraws, at our approach, behind reserve after reserve; dives deep beneath the surface. You can only tell he is there at all by a few cautious bubbles. Then he pops up your friend—one of your best friends for life."

Readers of Mrs. Miller's The White Cliffs (which, Mr. Miller tells, was rejected by the publishers of her novels—and then proceeded to sell 700,000 copies) will find here the story of the lifelong ties with England in which that poem was rooted.

Published by Coward-McCann, N. Y. Price $3.

NOVELISTS and playwrights love to deal with adolescence as a quaint and charming ailment, a subject for indulgent humor. There is nothing necessarily wrong with this approach, but it has become so standardized that it's a welcome relief when a novel comes along that presents youth through the eyes of youth—its deep emotional hungers and the unforgettable intensity of its moods. **The Folded Leaf**, by **William Maxwell**, is such a novel.

William Maxwell

Mr. Maxwell tells of the friendship of two boys drawn together by their contrasting temperaments—one of them shy, lonely, sensitive; the other arrogantly self-confident. The story takes a dramatic turn when both of them are attracted to the same girl.

This is a wise and sensitive study of the integrity of youth. Occasionally the author digresses from his story to pick a few posies in the field of psychoanalysis. But this is done with a light touch and doesn't break the spell.

Published by Harper & Brothers, N. Y. Price $2.50.

BLAIR NILES, author of **The James**, the latest book in the Rivers of America series, offers this explanation of the spirit with which she tackled the job:

"A certain African explorer . . . came upon his Negro porters seated quietly on the jungle trail.

"Asking an explanation, he received this reply: 'We have come so far, and so fast, that we have left our souls behind. We wait now for our souls to catch up with us.'

"Similarly, in the material world, the world of science, man has come so fast, and so astoundingly far, that it is vitally necessary for him to pause so that his soul may catch up with him. . . . The writing, and the reading, of the story of a river is such a pause."

It isn't necessary to be a dweller in the James region to enjoy this book. Like its companions in the series, it is written with a combination of amateur enthusiasm and professional skill that breathes new life into history.

Published by Farrar & Rinehart, N. Y. Price $2.50.

QUIZZ-ICAL CROSSWORD

BY TED SHANE

HORIZONTAL

1 What have Troy, Lucknow, Valley Forge, and Stalingrad in common?

7 Complete: First o'erturn the German worm, Then step upon to make him ——!

13 Where in Germany did the Yanks and Russians first meet?

14 What's a G. I. from Down Under called?

15 Paid plug

16 What town in England has given its name to a cheese?

18 Chemical symbol

19 If you were "good geschtoonk" you'd be what?

21 Steda, meaning studhorse in Anglo-Saxon, has become what modern word?

22 What would be the Hymenoptera River of Russia?

23 Scotch singles

25 Name the spoil reapers

26 Name the world's most cracked-up Basin

27 Mangers (anag.)

29 The choicest seats in a theater are those on the what?

30 What family is synonymous with the circus?

32 Landing places in India

34 A shadow is what sort of augury?

37 According to the Democratic wag, what kind of talk should be avoided?

38 Translate "I am" into Latin

39 Name an old game in which the declarer must make his bid against two or three others

40 What is it women never do after thirty?

41 Name an old-fashioned jowl carver

43 Palindromic negative

44 Name the Granite State (abbr.)

45 Name one of the riskiest plays in football (coll.)

47 Grammaw called it animal magnetism: grandotter calls it what? (abbr.)

48 What vegetable is said to be a nerve food?

50 C_9H_7N, the base of coal-tar dyes, is called what?

52 What Hebrew queen averted a terrible anti-Semitic massacre?

53 Vilest anagram

VERTICAL

1 The Germans call —pardon, called— a P. W. camp a what?

2 What antiseptic, found in food, is a cure for goiter?

3 Stutterers say to what is human?

4 Hayburners, or nags, are also called whats? (Shane sp.)

5 According to the Bible, he who works not, —— not

6 Cloth for a gent's outer habiliments is called a what?

7 Demi-tasse satisfies diner (anag.)

8 The Q. in Q. E. D. (—— Erat Demonstrandum) stands for what?

9 Kearsarge and the Sullivans are associated with what? (abbr.)

10 Name an ancient city on the Euphrates (now Hit)

11 The six points of what are observed in the holy communion?

12 Margee is skinny (anag.)

17 Hollywood calls a ham who is a camera hog a what? (two words)

20 Turf bank

22 Name an ill woodwind that nobody blows good

24 Give the Biblical form of bopp

26 Places the dogtag on the dotted

28 Manly kind of elm

29 Ye olde keel-billed cuckoo

31 People who are amoral are often wrongly accused of being what?

32 What is absorbed in the twinkling of an eye?

33 Name a living ex-Chief Justice of the Supreme Court

35 The process of scar formation is called what?

36 Any letter that can be sounded at definite pitch is called a what?

38 Who had a pug nose, bobtail, hairy ears; loved booze, ribs, and hot spots?

41 Because of Shane's great brain, mistakes in his quizzicals are what?

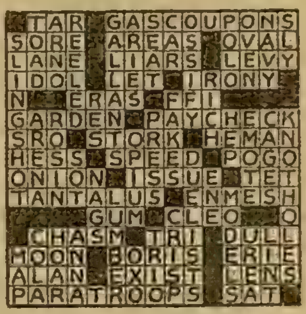
42 Mrs. Maharajah

45 Name the capital of Ladakh, India

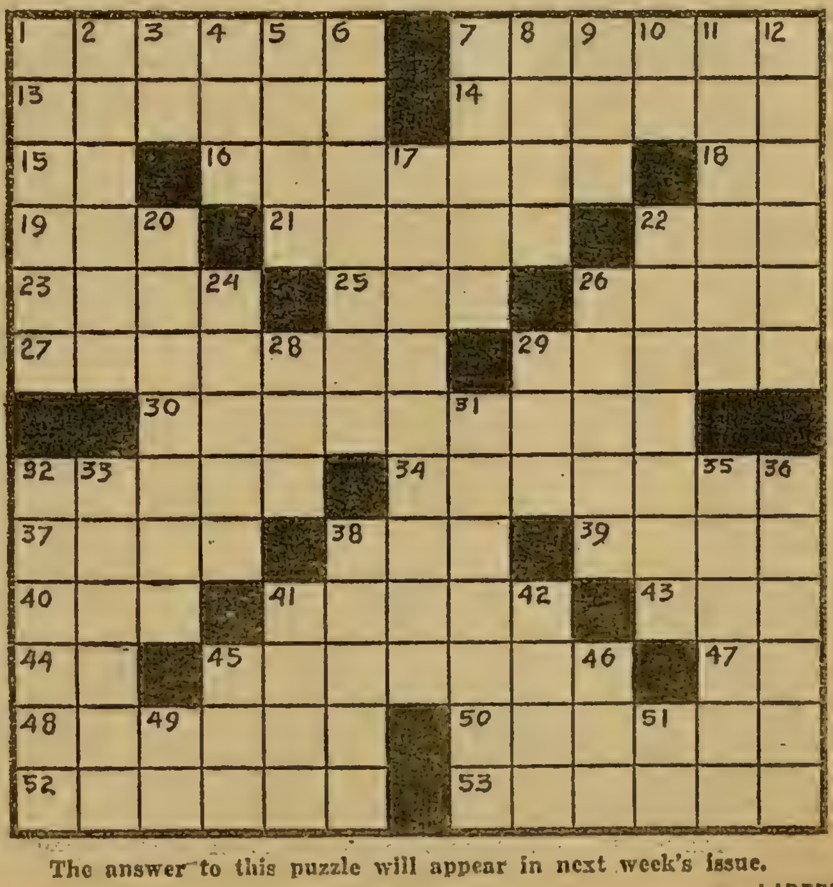
46 What's I/V of CCLXX?

49 Who in the Army is outranked by his Naval counterpart? (abbr.)

51 Complete: —— Temps, Paris newspaper



Last week's answer



The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

One
always
stands
out
HIRAM
WALKER
SINCE 1858
Walker's
DeLuxe
BOURBON

Walker's DeLuxe

Two words that mean Hiram Walker's Straight Bourbon

Straight bourbon
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CLEAN ENGINES

LAST LONGER

TO CLEAN OUT THE ENGINE

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Smooth running, long lasting power requires a clean engine—an engine free of sludge, gum and acid which accumulate in the lubricating system and cause the motor to become sluggish and unresponsive. These petroleum residues are a major factor in destroying engines.

LOOSITE and SILOO, swift-working solvents of petroleum residues act quickly and safely to eliminate sludge, gum and acid. LOOSITE cleans out the engine—then SILOO added to fresh crankcase oil keeps it clean. A simple, harmless, economical method of obtaining maximum performance and longer life from your car.

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If you heat with oil — write for information on SILOO FUEL OIL TANK SOLVENT.

PETROLEUM SOLVENTS CORPORATION
331 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

YOU CAN ALWAYS ELOPE

Continued from Page 29

mother, it happened just like a miracle!"

The miracle was that they were walking down the street and had met Mr. Martin of Martindale. And they'd told him how they longed to go back to round out that brief honeymoon, and Mr. Martin had said they could go back with him when he went. He had driven down to get supplies for opening the inn next month. He'd be going back tomorrow and they could load right in with him.

"Tomorrow?" Nell Cowdery repeated bewilderedly.

Jim put in, "He says there's still skiing on that peak back of them."

And Martha was saying, "We can't take the baby though. They haven't any fresh milk yet—and he said the nights were still freezing cold—"

They were waiting for her to say what a natural mother and grandmother would say. Nell stood there on the stairs, halfway between the young folks (for Althea had come in with them) and Grandma Leydie at the head of the stairs. And Nell thought, I'm just in between. Grandma Leydie's all old unselfishness because she's lived her life. And they're all young greediness. And at middle age you're pulled both ways—

Nell Cowdery heard her voice say, "The baby won't be any trouble here at home. We can all look after him."

And then Althea seemed to be tugging at her arm, though Althea, too, still stood at the foot of the stairs. "I've got some news, too—so I'm afraid you can't count on me helping very much with Small Fry.. Because I've just taken on a two-man job. I was telling Martha you'll probably just see me tearing off in the morning and dragging home at night. But that's the way I want it—right now. Because I'm just sure, from what Bruce said in his last letter, that he's flying B-29s now—and so I thought if I was so busy I couldn't even think—" Her thin young face contorted.

That brought Bruce's mother down off the stairs. She put a sympathetic arm around Althea's stiff shoulders. This job, Althea explained, is taking over the bond drive that was opening with such a bang tomorrow. The man who was to have handled it had gone to the hospital with appendicitis.

How could Nell hurl her own silly middle-aged longings against the strong tempest of young love, young tenseness?

Martha and Jim went scurrying up to the attic to dig out skiing togs packed away in moth crystals. Althea took her sheaf of notes and settled herself at the telephone in the back hall. She had to contact the soprano who was to sing America, the Beautiful.

In the midst of Althea's telephoning a call came for Nell. Nell backed into the hall closet and pulled the door partly shut, for it was Cousin Harriet calling her back, and Harriet's active mind had gone on with wedding-supper plans where Nell had left off. She had wheedled her housekeeper into baking a white cake in two tiers for the supper. And why couldn't they have it at her house? She wanted to be in on it.

Nell pulled the closet door tighter; said, low, "Hattie, I guess we'll have to put it off for a while—" She talked fast and defensively against the criticism she could picture in Harriet's black eyes. "Martha and Jim have a chance to go up to Martindale in the Pines. All the time Jim was gone Martha said that when he came back they wanted to go back there. You know you wrote a column yourself on how we can't expect these boys to jump right into civilian life—and he's right at the age where it's hard to change his milk—the baby, I mean."

COUSIN HARRIET let go with both barrels. Jim and Martha had had *one* honeymoon, hadn't they? Nell could only say, "But—but there's nothing else to do when the family—"

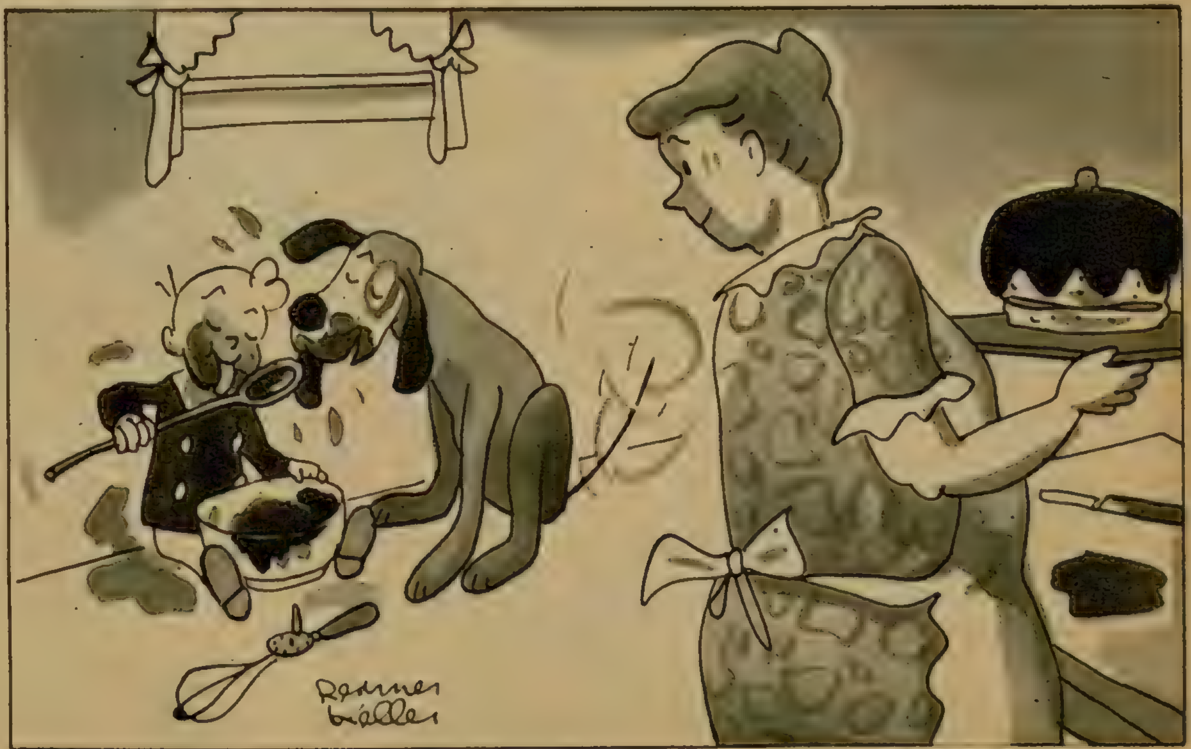
Harriet said grimly, "You can always elope!"

They laughed with rueful merriment at that. For Cousin Harriet had said that same thing to Nell and Hugh twenty-five years ago—when the Leydens and Cowderys closed their ears to any talk of marriage; when Nell's folks said, "You're too young," and Hugh's folks had snorted, "You couldn't even support a wife." So it had been Harriet, the intrepid, who had said, "You can always elope." Harriet who had telephoned out to Nell Leyden at Tolby with a trumped-up story that she was sick and wanted her, and arranged to have Hugh waiting with the marriage license.

But it hadn't come off. Not the way Harriet had planned it. Even yet Cousin Harriet didn't know the whole of it. Nell could never confess to her that at the very last, when her oldest brother, George, was waiting to take her to the station at Tolby, she

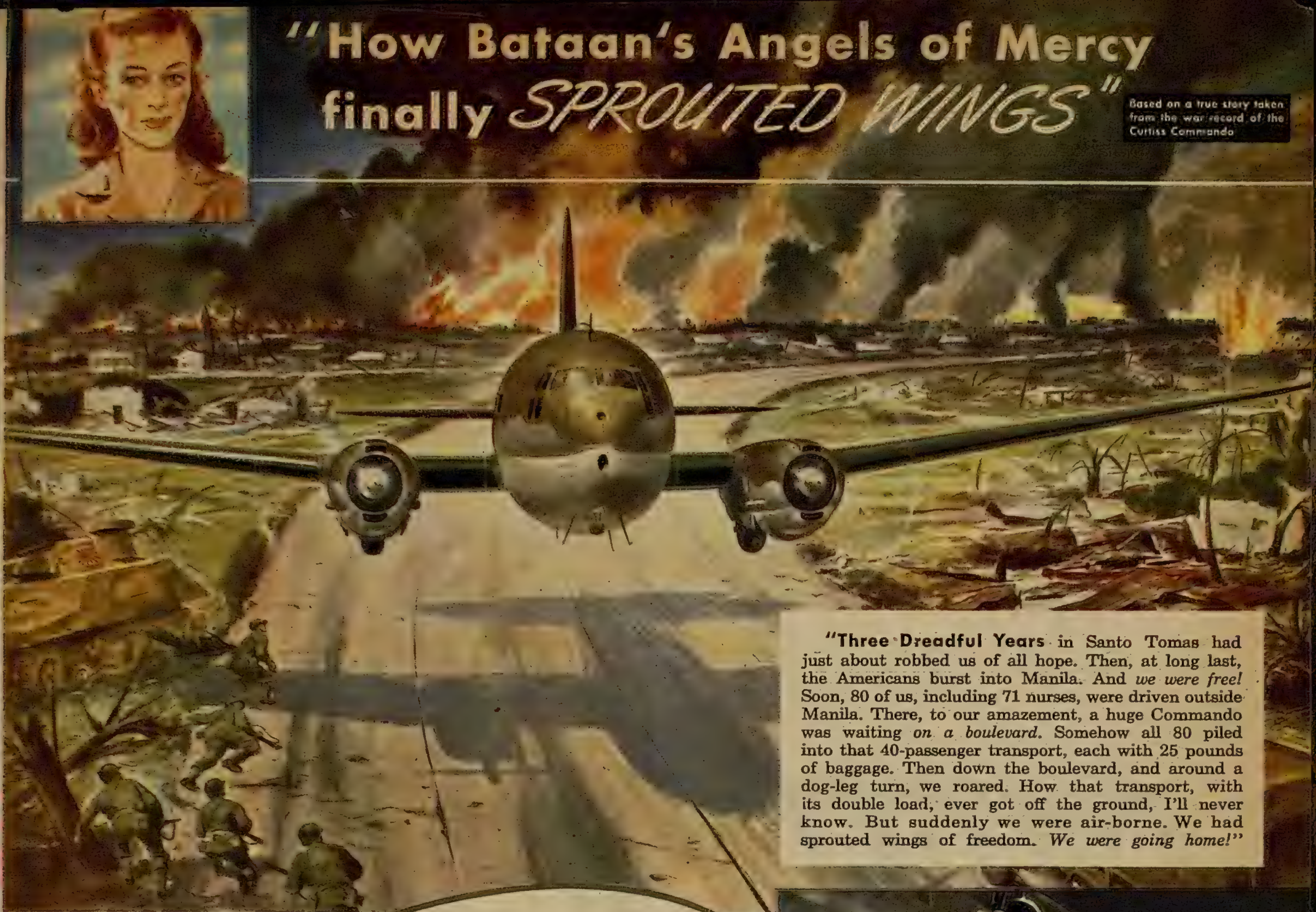
(*Continued on page 54*)

HARDTACK



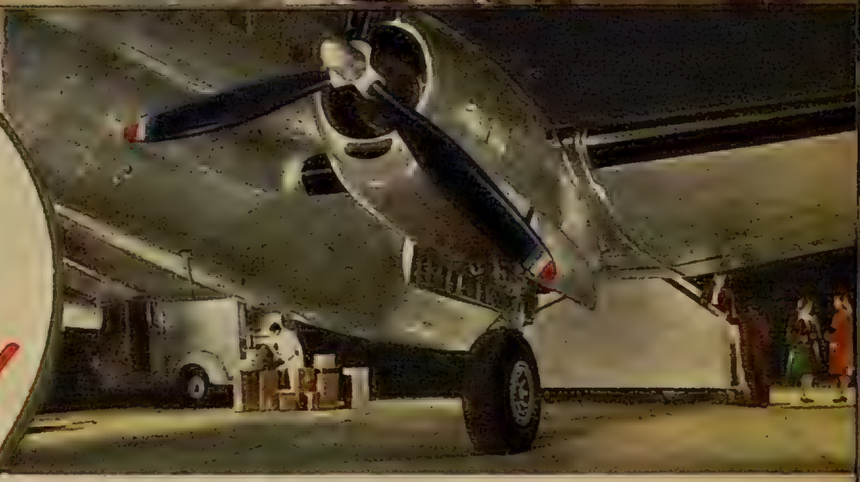
"How Bataan's Angels of Mercy finally *SPROUTED WINGS*"

Based on a true story taken from the war record of the Curtiss Commando

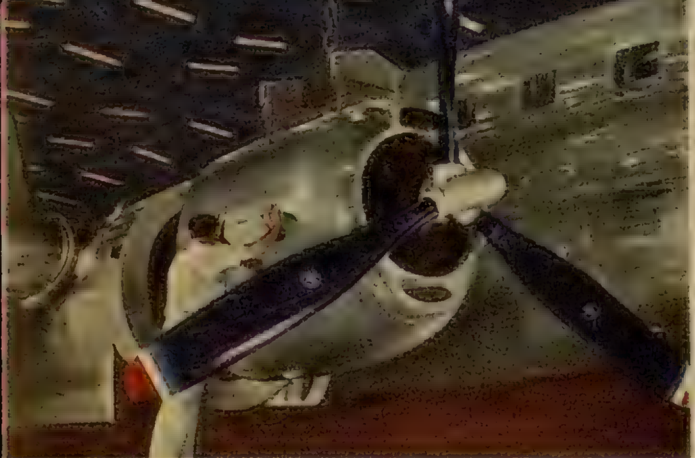


"Three Dreadful Years in Santo Tomas had just about robbed us of all hope. Then, at long last, the Americans burst into Manila. And *we were free!* Soon, 80 of us, including 71 nurses, were driven outside Manila. There, to our amazement, a huge Commando was waiting *on a boulevard.* Somehow all 80 piled into that 40-passenger transport, each with 25 pounds of baggage. Then down the boulevard, and around a dog-leg turn, we roared. How that transport, with its double load, ever got off the ground, I'll never know. But suddenly we were air-borne. We had sprouted wings of freedom. *We were going home!"*

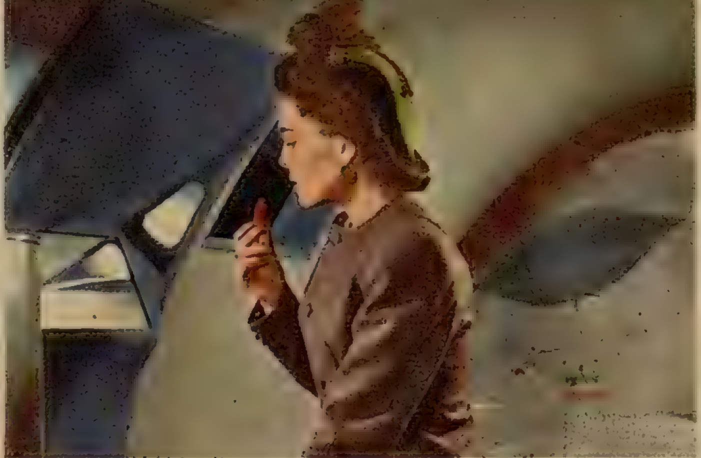
THAT'S WHY I'M FOR THE AIRLINES THAT *Fly Commando!*



The 10 Best-dressed Women will be as anxious as you will be to Fly Commando. There's room in its two spacious holds for all those extra dresses, hats and shoes that you had to leave at home before. And men . . . you won't have to leave your golf clubs or fishing tackle behind. A Curtiss Commando carries 3¼ tons of luggage . . . up to wardrobe-trunk size . . . and cargo!



Timesaver. The Commando is so much more accessible for maintenance that an entire engine unit can be changed in 20 to 30 minutes. And its faster flight stop maintenance, added to a top cruising speed of 251 mph., means you'll have more destination time on your vacation or business trips.



A Girl's Best Friend . . . the Commando's luxurious powder room! A well-lighted make-up mirror over a dainty boudoir table keeps you looking lovely. And imagine—there's a full-length door mirror! This is one of two, separate lounges at the rear of the roomy cabin. Up front is the streamlined sky kitchen.

THE CURTISS
Commando

Today's Great Lifeliner
Tomorrow's Great Airliner

CURTISS
WRIGHT
FIRST IN FLIGHT

(*Continued from page 52*)

had turned to him and said wretchedly, "Hugh is at Harriet's. And we're going to elope—because—because it's—it's the only way—"

George had said to her gravely, "Nellie, Nellie, no one in our family needs to elope. A suicide or an elopement casts such a reflection on the family. If your heart is set on marrying Hugh—then we'll do it up brown."

And they had. The family had gone in to Denver with Nell. They had been married at Harriet's big house because it was central. The Cowderys—even as now—provided the fried chicken, the Leydens the priest and the wedding cake. And there were tears and blessings.

Nell Cowdery laughed wryly. "Then the old folks thought we were too young—and now the young folks think we're too old. . . . We'll just skip it, Hattie."

She handed the telephone back to Althea and went stealthily up to where she had left the grip open on her bed. She had only a shamed desire to put it out of sight before the young folks saw it.

She slid the grip into the linen closet in the upstairs hall. But this bleak thought brushed her mind, "If we keep putting it off—and putting it off—maybe we'll get to where we won't even want to go."

The next morning when Nell Cowdery came into the kitchen during that "everybody fix what you want for breakfast" period, her heart leaped high with hope. Althea was standing in front of the big calendar over the kitchen range. She mused aloud, "This is the fifteenth—"

Nell Cowdery thought, Now they'll all say, "Well, for heaven's sake, mom, this is your anniversary! And here we never connected that with father coming home from Wyoming!" And Martha would say, "Why, we can't steal their honeymoon, can we, Jim?"

But instead, Althea was saying, "And day after tomorrow is Bruce's birthday. He's surely got the cake and candy we sent him by now, wouldn't you think? Let's see—we sent it the third—"

But Martha dismissed it all briskly, "Oh, but we wrapped that cake in three layers of oil paper, so it'll keep fresh." And Nell Cowdery, expectant silver-wedding bride, moved back into Mother Cowdery who had shirts soaking in the basement.

Supposing I stood up and said, "It's our anniversary—and we're in love, and we're going to take a wedding trip, let the chips fall where they may!" Well, the little chip that was young Butch would fall in Martha's lap while Martha and Jim were cheated out of going to Martindale in the Pines; and the kindly old chip that was Grandma Leydie would accept it; she'd even say, "God love you both"; and the very capable chip that was Althea could warm herself up some supper when she came home late at night, harried and jittery-tired.

But she couldn't say it. For she knew in her heart that the wedding trip would be haunted for her. She wanted them to want her to take it.

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So that at midmorning, when a parcel-post package was delivered and she knew it was the chickens from the Longmont Cowderys, she took them out of Bill's hands—Bill was feeling them, trying to estimate how many there were. She only murmured something about how nice it was of Hugh's folks to send them to help them out on their ration points.

The telephone rang for Nell Cowdery about noon—a very utilitarian phone call. It was from the Red Cross canteen, and they were so short-handed that they wondered if, even though it wasn't Mrs. Cowdery's day, she could help them serve the daily luncheon to all the workers. Yes, Mrs. Cowdery could.

At the canteen she put a thin slice of ham loaf, a square of lime jelly, a whole-wheat roll on each plate. And when they were on the table, she placed on a smaller plate a dab of sponge cake and spilled over it a coating of lemon filling. . . . She didn't realize she was thinking about the wedding cake Harriet had said she would wheedle her housekeeper into making until she felt a tear drop on her hand. She looked about the noisy dining room in sudden panic, feeling the sobs gathering inside her, and fled to the Ladies' Room.

It took a while to strangle back the sobs and wipe the tears away on a stiff piece of paper toweling. "Of all the silly, sentimental, driveling, selfish old fools," she lashed herself. And finally she patted her powder puff hard over her nose and cheeks and went back to clear away the tables.

IT was late afternoon when she pulled on her gloves and started out of the building on leaden feet. The telephone operator stopped her. "Why, Mrs. Cowdery, I thought you were gone! I had a message for you and I looked for you, but I didn't see you. Your Cousin Harriet called and wanted you to come on up to her house, she said. Somebody else called for you, but I told them you must have left for your Cousin Harriet's."

Uneasiness and fright pushed through her flat weariness. Maybe Cousin Harriet's heart was acting up today.

At Cousin Harriet's she went hurrying up the wide steps, stopped in the doorway of her room. "Hattie, are you feeling all right?"

Harriet's eyes were roguishly black. "Sure I'm all right. But what use is a bum heart if you can't make folks jump around a bit?"

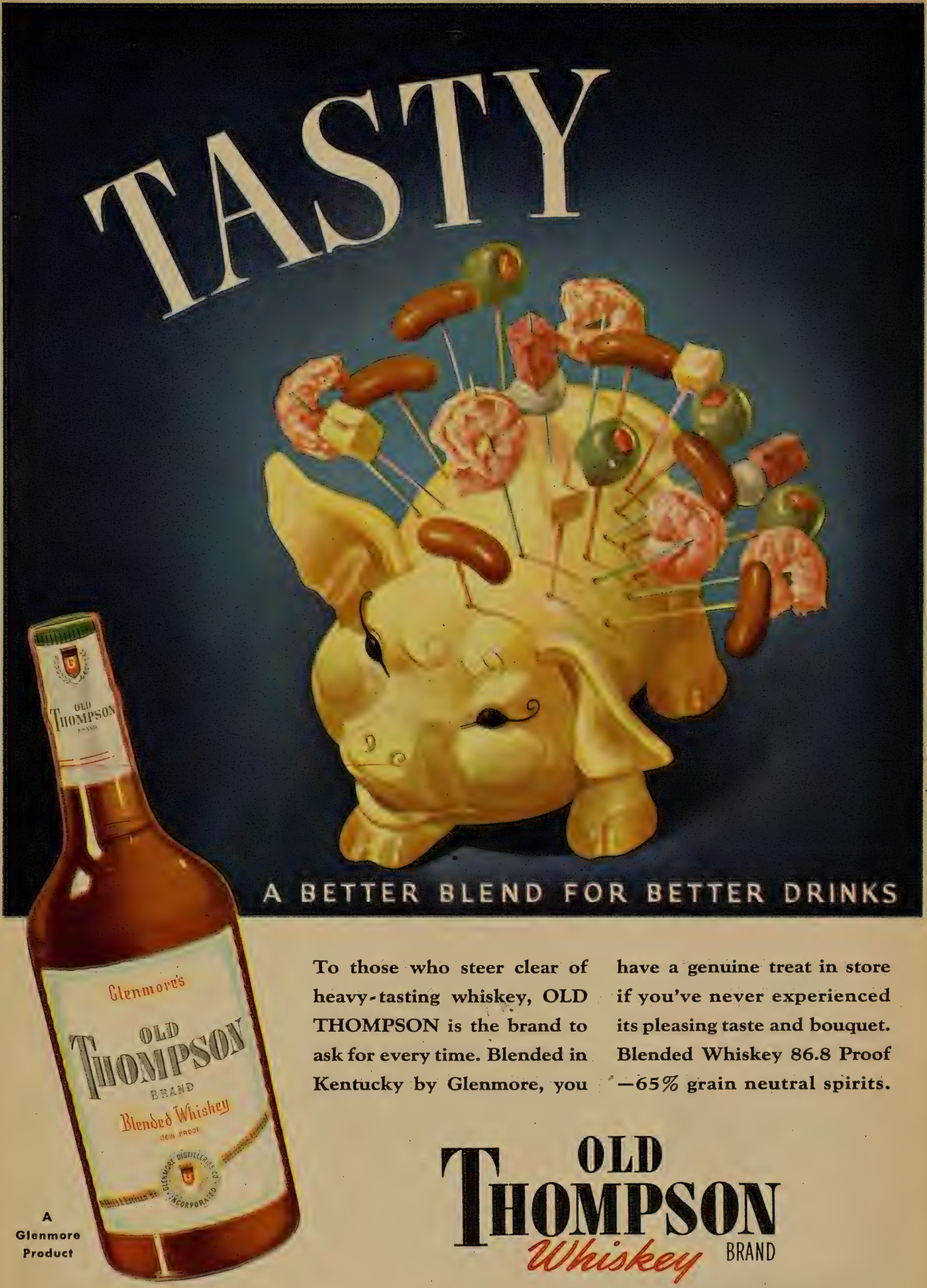
A man came into the room with a glass of water for her. Nell Cowdery gave a little scream. "Hugh—why, Hugh Cowdery, how did you get here so soon? You said about six."

And then she was in his arms. The blessed and familiar feel of his arms tight around her. The old familiar firmness of his lips and the nice scratchiness of his mustache. She had wanted all this so long and so hard and so tiredly.

Hugh was saying exultantly, "I couldn't wait to get here. Then Hattie told me that you were trying to back out of our trip that we've put off and put off. So we cooked everything up between us. We're going to elope—and no monkey business about it this time."

Cousin Harriet said triumphantly, "Martha and Jim are going to be the ones to postpone their jaunt. I've got a bag all packed for you with warm things—I wouldn't trust you to go home for yours and have that family grabbing onto your skirt tails. Mrs. Bates is making Hugh a pot of coffee, and just as soon as you down a cup, you're going. And when the front door closes be-

(*Continued on page 56*)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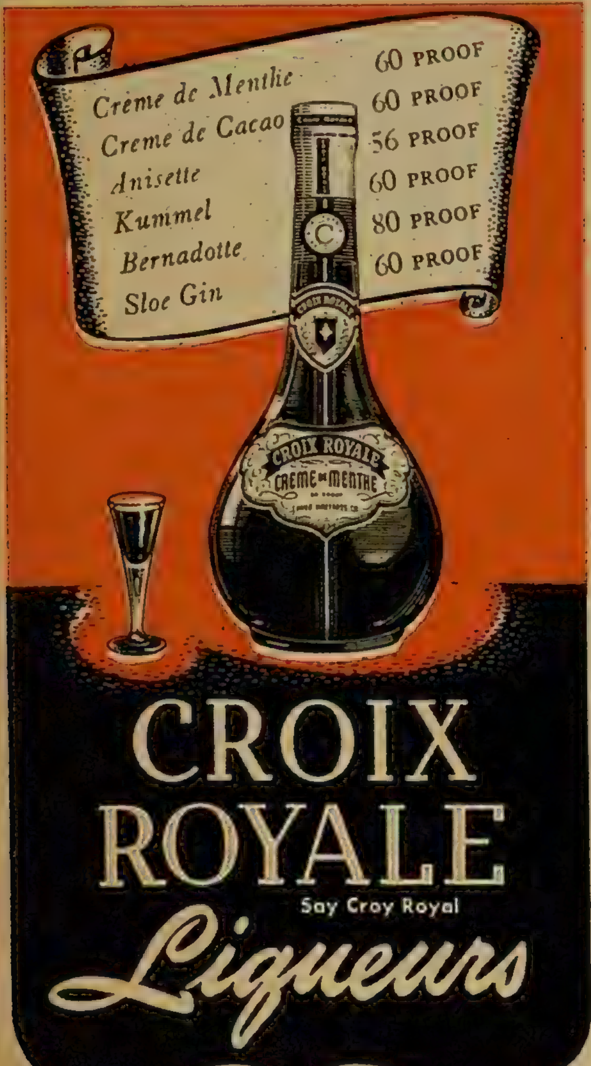


Creme de Menthe	60 PROOF
Creme de Cacao	60 PROOF
Anisette	56 PROOF
Kummel	60 PROOF
Bernadotte	80 PROOF
Sloe Gin	60 PROOF

CROIX ROYALE
Say Croy Royal
Liqueurs

(*Continued from page 54*)

hind you, I'll telephone and explain to the family and let them shift plans."

Nell Cowdery couldn't say anything. But she couldn't be carried along on Hugh's masterful excitement, nor stiffened by Harriet's grim-eyed resolution. She wanted to say, "But when you have a family, you *can't* elope. You want them to share things with you. You couldn't even enjoy a wedding trip without them waving you off."

They heard the front door open, and a boy's voice yelled up the stairs, "Hey, Cousin Harriet, mom's here, isn't she?"

The three conspirators waited while Nell and Hugh's son Bill clopped up the stairs and into the room. He was carrying Martha's baby under one arm and the baby's cap and a couple of diapers in the other hand.

Bill was plainly in a hurry to dump his burden and be off to his car-washing job. He said, "Well, hi there, dad, I didn't know you'd be here so soon," and he slid the twenty pounds of baby in his tight snow-suit onto Nell's lap.

"I couldn't wait any longer," he said, "and Grandma Leydie was lying down—she kind of burned her hand frying up all those chickens. She had to hurry them so. And so I just brought him over here because she had to lie down as soon as she was through. I knew Althea wouldn't be home till gosh knows when."

"Where's Martha?" Cousin Harriet demanded.

"Whew—but we sure did tear around—that's how Grandma Leydie burned her hand. Because they thought it'd be fun to take some fried chicken for when they went skiing or something. Cripes, they only left us the necks and the backs."

"Where's Martha?" father shouted.

"Oh, she and Jim left. Mr. Martin came earlier than they thought he would." And as abruptly as he had arrived, Bill went leaping down the stairs and out the front door.

THERE was nothing any of them could say. They were licked. Plans were only plans, but a year-old baby sitting on your lap that needed diaper changing now, and very shortly sieved carrots and mushy applesauce, was something else.

Nell said, without looking at either one of them, "You see, people our age have no business putting selfish romance ahead of—of other things. We'd better get on home, Hugh. I don't suppose Grandma Leydie can find the salve for burns, and Althea won't eat a bit of lunch downtown for managing the program, and she'll come home just bone-tired."

Hugh took the baby out of her arms.

Cousin Harriet only said dryly, "Maybe I'll learn some day to stop planning elopements in this family."

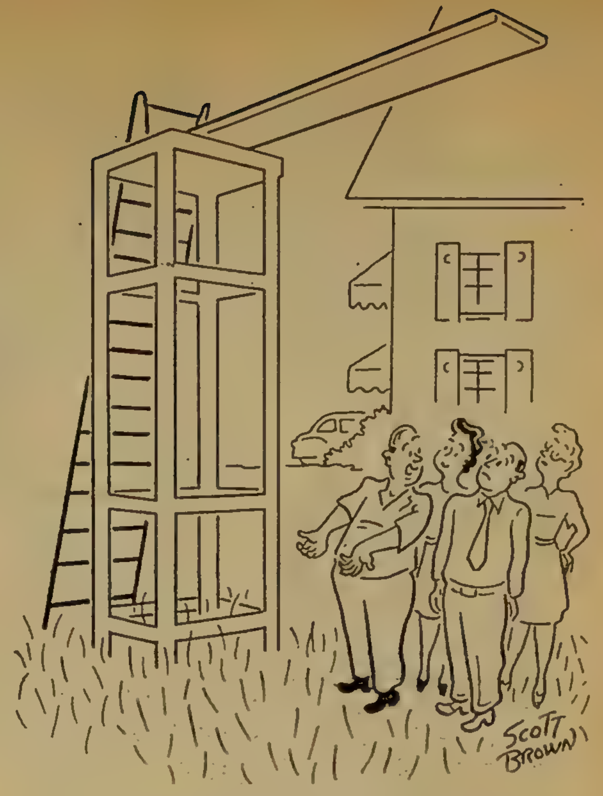
Again the front door opened. A lot of people were coming in—coming up the stairs to Harriet's roomy bedroom. One came in flying advance of the others. Martha. She was in her red slacks and her eyes looked red-rimmed. She threw her arms around her mother and said, "Mom, oh, mom—we made Mr. Martin bring us back. You blessed lamb, not saying anything to us about your anniversary—your letting us steal your wedding trip—and we were such heels—"

And then she had her head on her father's shoulder and it was a toss-up as to whether she was laughing or crying. "And I never realized, until Jim and I counted up—that you two have been separated as long as we have—"

Nell Cowdery said, "But, Martha, I thought you were gone."

"We did go—we got clear outside of town even—before we realized what day it was."

And then the rest of the folks pushed into the room. Jim standing there with his quiet smile, and Althea.



"Postwar plans call for a swimming pool right about here."

Grandma Leydie was standing looking at everyone reproachfully. "I just knew there was something I ought to remember on the fifteenth. But I asked Martha and that helter-skelter of a Bill—"

And then everything fell into a just-right, a familiar pattern. With Cousin Harriet calling down to Mrs. Bates to get the biggest coffeepot out of the back-porch cupboard. "We can have the wedding supper right here," she said. With Martha saying that the chicken was still warm.

It was all so beautifully hurried and festive. With father telephoning Uncle George to come a-running. With Bill appearing and grumbling that when Martha stopped at the garage, he was washing a car and had to finish it. With Jim saying, "I'll get the champagne."

Father said, "If the baby hadn't been foisted on us, we'd have eloped."

Martha turned to her mother with grave reproach. "Oh, mom, folks in our family don't have to elope. We just were so selfish we forgot about you. An elopement or suicide always gives the family such a black eye."

Nell Cowdery looked at the bottle of champagne in Jim's hand. She knew so well that red and black printing on the label. "Jim, isn't that the bottle I've been saving? How did you know about it?"

Jim came very close to her. "We got the wrong suitcase. It was such a flurry getting off, and Martha told me to get ours—and I don't know yet where she put it, because it wasn't any place I looked—and then I found that one in the linen closet. We were outside of town when Martha opened it to get out her mittens. And when she saw it was your honeymoon grip, she just sat there and looked at it—and looked at it—and tears began rolling down her cheeks. And she made Mr. Martin bring us right back."

"Oh, but, Jim," Nell Cowdery said contritely, "it's too bad to spoil your honeymoon."

"Now, look," he said earnestly. "I'll tell you something I haven't even told Martha yet. I've *had* a honeymoon—and now I want to soak up being a family man and have Martha and Butch—even a grandma—underfoot."

The cork popped loudly from the bottle of champagne. Someone—it sounded like Bill, for the voice had an unoiled creak—said, "Bless you, my children."

THE END

candy

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Each plays its part *in good nutrition*

Candy is a Delicious Food

The groups of foods pictured here tell a story of team play—indicating that widely different foods team up toward good nutrition.

Time was when folks ate things just because they *tasted good.* Only in modern times have scientists discovered that the cravings which make certain foods so appealing often go hand in hand with nutritional needs. Only lately have we grown aware that we all *need* certain amounts of body-building "*proteins,*" efficiency-building "*vitamins,*" and energy-building "*fats*" and "*carbohydrates.*"

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THEY DREAMED OF FOOD

Continued from Page 24

Only a sick man could make a parcel last a week. With a little self-control, its contents could be stretched to three or four days. After that, we went back to German rations until the next issue. The pangs of that period were eased by frugal groups who contributed materials out of their parcels to make a pudding or pie to tide them over the lean days. A case in point was my own newsroom group that turned out the camp paper.

There were four of us: Lieutenant Frank Diggs of Washington, D. C., the editor; Lieutenant Seymour Bolten of New York, head translator; Lieutenant Kenneth Goddard of Worcester, Massachusetts, art editor; and myself, who served as feature editor.

Each of us would forget all journalistic activities when we drew our parcels, usually Mondays. From them we contributed to a common store a quarter of a box of prunes or raisins, three or four plain crackers, several spoonfuls of powdered milk, some sugar and margarine.

Goddard, our baker, would carefully put these precious items aside until Saturday or Sunday, when we were back on German rations and roaring hungry. Then he would withdraw them from his hiding place and go to work.

He would crumble the crackers and make a thick dough with a paste of powdered milk. With this he lined a homemade baking tin, added the prunes or raisins, sweetened with sugar, put a top of dough on it—and baked it.

The ingredients were humdrum but the result was inspired. His masterpiece was a hard sauce made of sugar, butter, and lemon powder out of an Army can that had been keeping Bolten in vitamin C for a year. This sauce was much appreciated by the epicures fortunate enough to be allowed a lick. They were hard judges, too, for months or years of enforced abstinence from the good things of the table had made them hypercritical of nuances of taste.

ANOTHER successful dish of Goddard's was his chocolate pie, whose main ingredient was melted down D bars. The camp produced many masters of this delectable treat.

Other creations were in the field of spreads, where Bolten became a leader in the hunt for "taste sensations." Margarine, cheese, milk, liver or chicken pâté, and cinnamon from private parcels were variously combined to produce spreads that may not have been completely palatable, but certainly had a taste all their own.

No less fabulous than these délicacies were the cooking utensils Goddard and other artisans contrived. Baking and pie tins were made out of flattened milk cans. The universal stove was the so-called "smokeless heater," rigged out of milk cans and punctured with holes in bottom and sides to control the draft. The heaters produced smoke-bleared eyes and charred fingertips, but they also brought forth some miraculous concoctions.

Of all the "bashes," powdered milk was the most popular. The milk was stirred into water and sweetened with sugar or jam. After a good snowfall, the compound would fill with officers—up to lieutenant colonels—stirring fresh snow into a milk bash. Well churned, the snow produced a very tasty sherbet, as well as chilled fingers.

Prime reason for the milk bash's popularity was that it satisfied—even more than chocolate—the prisoners' craving for something rich to eat. One lad decided that he would glut this craving once and for all. Over a period of weeks he saved his powdered milk and traded everything he had in his parcel for it until he had gathered eight cans. Then he sat down unheeding before a ring of marveling spectators and proceeded to devour six before his stomach cried, "Enough!"

Some Kriegies preferred meat, chocolate, or coffee to milk. To enable prisoners to increase their stock of favorite food, brisk trading went on according to a well-defined system of point values. A can of milk topped the list at 150 points, meat followed at 120, and so on down the scale. A tin of jam was rated equivalent to a D bar, a cheese equal to a box of sugar. There were even brokers—none too affectionately known as "big operators"—who would locate a choice item in the can for you—if you had the wherewithal to trade for it.

The mild activity of this trading and cooking and the discussions they caused helped to fill out the monotonous days. No one ever tired of talking about food during the day or dreaming of it at night. Sometimes the dreams took odd twists.

There was the young lieutenant whose uneasy slumber in an upper bunk produced the nightmare that he was imprisoned in a can of meat. When he awoke suddenly, he discovered that he had fallen out of bed to the bunk below with only his head protruding through the wooden slats of his own bunk, like a prisoner in colonial stocks!

Much more pleasant were the daydreams. Lieutenant Larry Phelan, ex-New York copywriter who was two years in German hands, expressed the hopes and longings of the entire camp in a masterly opus entitled New Year's Sonnet, and "written to the loveliest girl in the world—who won't like it a bit":

I dream as only captive men can dream
Of life as lived in days that went before:
Of scrambled eggs, and shortcakes thick
with cream,
And onion soup and lobster Thermidor;
Of roasted beef and chops and T-bone
steaks,
And turkey breast and golden leg or wing;
Of sausage, maple syrup, buckwheat cakes,
And chicken broiled or fried or *à la king*.
I dwell on rolls or buns for days and days,
Hot corn bread, biscuits, Philadelphia
scrapple,
Asparagus in cream or hollandaise,
And deep-dish pies—mince, huckleberry,
apple.
I long for buttered creamy oyster stew,
And now and then, my pet, I long for you.

I think Larry's wife will forgive him when he gets home.

THE END

* * *

CRISIS

Woodrow Wilson died of a broken heart because his plan for a League of Nations to assure future world peace was not adopted by the United States. But he never gave up hope that it would be adopted some day. To critics who would scoff "Impossible!" he told the illustrative story of an alligator which was on the verge of devouring a live turtle. At the last possible moment, however, the turtle scampered out of reach and up a tree. At this point in the fable, Wilson's hearers invariably protested: "Why, that's impossible! How can a turtle climb a tree?" To which Wilson shook his head sagely. "Good Lord," he exclaimed, "he *had* to!"

* * *

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You may need a Hearing Aid if—

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- ★ **If you think people don't talk as clearly as they used to.**
- ★ **If people always seem to be mumbling behind your back.**
- ★ **If you find yourself not bothering to pay attention to conversation.**

CONSULT YOUR DOCTOR about your hearing difficulties. If you need a hearing aid, see your local Western Electric Hearing Aid dealer for a free personal interview. You will find his name and address under "Hearing Aids" in the classified telephone directory. Or you can write for information to: Western Electric, Dept. 380-E1, 195 Broadway, New York 7, N. Y.

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Western Electric Hearing Aids

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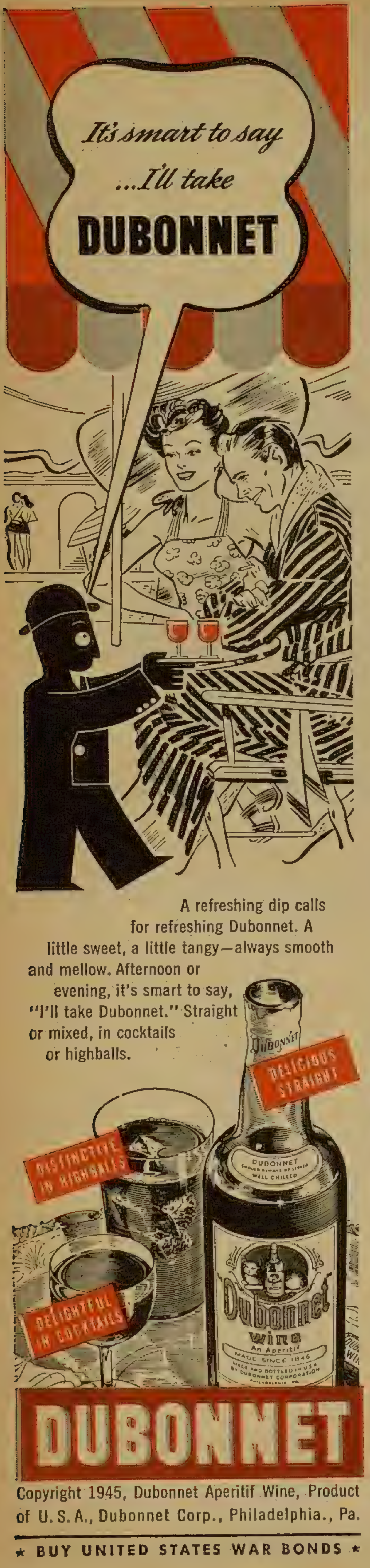

A refreshing dip calls for refreshing Dubonnet. A little sweet, a little tangy—always smooth and mellow. Afternoon or evening, it's smart to say, "I'll take Dubonnet." Straight or mixed, in cocktails or highballs.

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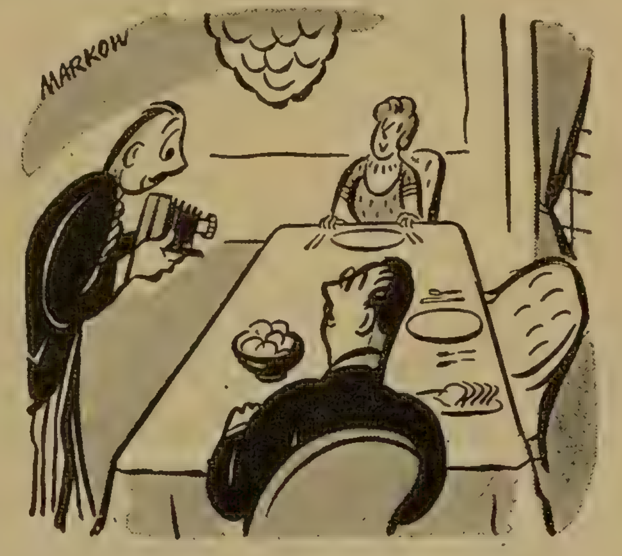
THIS MAN'S WAR

CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

William O. Jones, Jesup, Ga. An American Liberty ship can carry an amount of cargo roughly equal to the loads of 300 railroad boxcars. The submarine menace in the North Atlantic was beaten during 1944, not '43. In '43, twelve out of every 100 ships taking supplies to Russia, for example, were sunk. In '44, the rate dropped to fewer than one out of every 100. Uncle Sam has every right to be as proud of the Merchant Marine as of any other service.



For Jerry

Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Nash, Sr., Tallahassee, Fla. I recently received a letter from your son, Pfc. Jerry N. Nash, Jr., from somewhere in the Pacific, asking me to send him a picture of both of you at the dinner table with his empty chair waiting for him. It is obviously impossible for Liberty to take such pictures, but if you have a camera, why don't you have a neighbor snap one and surprise him with it?

* * *

M. J., S2c, Jacksonville, Fla. Yes, the Navy does have the largest passenger vessel ever built in the United States. It was the S. S. America, but when the Navy took it over to use as a transport, the name was changed to U. S. S. West Point.

* * *

P. L. Moore, Chicago, Ill. You are wrong about Liberty ships being built so fast that they fall apart at the seams in a rough sea. The Robert E. Peary, built by Henry Kaiser in the record time of one week, is now in her third year of war service. Two thirds of the world's merchant fleet now fly the American flag.

* * *

F. S. Terry, Portland, Ore. Eighteen Liberty ships have been named after Negroes, in contradiction to your statement. Each of the Negroes thus honored lost his life at sea while sailing on a Liberty ship in this war.

* * *

Pvt. Jack Bentley, Camp Hood, Tex. You're right, the Army Medical Department does an amazing job. Just as an example, at this writing Major Dwight Emary Harkin, at a general hospital in England, has completed his 328th operation on soldiers whose X-rays showed a "foreign body in the heart." Those foreign bodies were slugs, shrapnel, etc. Major Harkin worked so skillfully that of the 328 who were operated on, all 328 survived. Old Sarge is very happy to salute this major.

* * *

T/Sgt. J. L. Thomson, APO, San Francisco, Calif. The approximate cost of a battleship in the Iowa class is $85,000,000. That's a lot of war bonds, bub.

* * *

Mrs. Joe H. Coffer, Mount Vernon, Mo. You may receive the names of the survivors of the ship on which your son lost his life by writing to the Bureau of Naval Personnel, Navy Annex, Arlington, Virginia.

* * *

S. G. French, Indianapolis, Ind. If you are a veteran, discharged other than dishonorably, the OPA will see to it that you get a stock of rationed material to open a small business. Apply to your local War Price and Rationing Board on OPA Form R-1226. You must prove that (*a*) you can obtain the premises and equipment for the new business; (*b*) you are not acting as a mere "front" for someone else; and (*c*) the new business will be your principal occupation.

* * *

CWO R. C., Camp Swift, Tex. If you are discharged as an officer because of disability incurred while holding an officer's rank, you will receive officer's retirement pay. However, all warrants and commissions in the Army of the United States are for the duration only, after which time you'll revert to your permanent enlisted rank and retire as an EM.

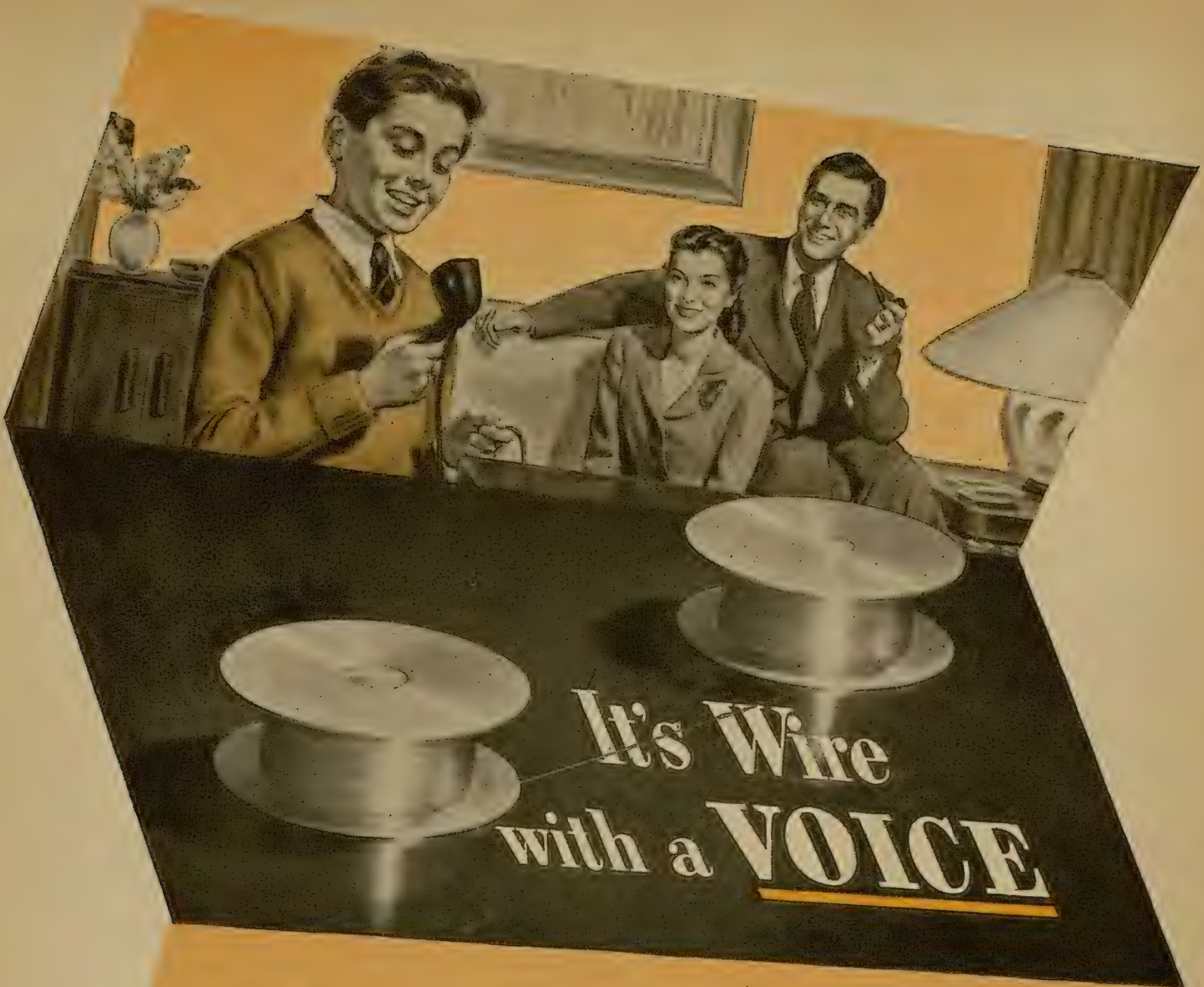
* * *

T/5 Orvil Dyer, Germany. Blue envelopes, used by men who wish to have their mail censored by a base, rather than by a company censor, are distributed by commanding officers upon request. There is a limit to the number any one man may request, said limit being set by the theater commander.

* * *

A Mother, Grantsburg, Wis. It would obviously be impossible for the Army to bring your son's body home now, since shipping space is at such a premium; but it is confidently expected by all that this Congress will pass a law similar to the one passed after the first World War, when legislation provided for the return and burial at government expense in national cemeteries at the request of the parents or next of kin. Nothing, as I say, can be done on this matter, though, until the cessation of hostilities.

This department of Liberty is for your convenience. It is here to answer your questions about the Armed Forces. No names will be used without express permission. Address your letters to: "Old Sarge," c/o Liberty, 37 West 57th Street, New York 19, N. Y.



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THE CAMEO MERMAID

Continued from Page 19

when we know what gives. Am I right, pal?"

"Don't you trust Echeverry?"

"To the hilt! Right here," he said, tapping his back.

Echeverry's launch was already chugging out of the cove. Cantu started his engine, and they followed, homeward bound.

John stretched out beside Laurie Hallam.

"I'm tuckered," he remarked.

"Listen," she said, her voice low and intense. "Diving isn't good for you. Get out of it."

"Oh, I'll be all right. When I get home, I'll soak in a hot tub, sipping a Tom Collins and reading a mystery novel."

"Wish I could, but I'll have to gulp some food and rush to my art class. So I'd better rest now."

And she turned away from him.

WHEN they tied up at the home dock, Echeverry called John.

"I want your home address and phone number, lad, and a couple references. Take just a minute."

John walked into Echeverry's house and wrote out the information. Echeverry thanked him and said good night.

Thoughtfully John walked to his car. He had given his real name and real address. And he really had been discharged from the Navy lately, as Echeverry would learn. If he probed any deeper, he'd find out that John Garrett had finished law school and then specialized in the legal technicalities of foreign trade. Because he was especially interested in Latin America, he'd spent two years in Mexico City and six months in Rio de Janeiro. Then the war had come along and he'd gone into the Navy and was becoming a radar specialist when Intelligence unearthed him and set him on a Caribbean base where his knowledge of Spanish was of vital help in handling native personnel. And that was *all* that Echeverry would learn.

John drove to his apartment on Third Street in Los Angeles.

He bathed, not leisurely but hurriedly. Watching the time, he ate dinner at Gaston's. Then he drove downtown.

Promptly at eight o'clock he walked into the Los Angeles field office of the Federal Bureau of Investigation and asked for the special agent in charge.

Mark Ainslee gave Garrett a warm handshake.

"How'd it go, lad?"

"All right, but I sure feel leery of Mr. Reuel Echeverry! You want me to keep on with the job?"

"I need you, John. Sikora is our only special agent with diving experience, but he thinks that Echeverry suspects him, so I'm taking him off the case. Tonight he'll get drunk and be too sick tomorrow to dive."

"Sir, you told me you'd explain things to me."

"I wanted to check with my superior first, lad. This much I can tell you: Couple weeks ago the Border Patrol picked up an alien near Jacumba, who'd just crossed the line without benefit of quota. He wouldn't talk. It happened that he had a boil on his neck and a bandage plastered onto it. Hidden in the bandage was a tiny piece of microfilm. We worked on it and found a message in Portuguese telling Reuel Echeverry that the bearer was trustworthy and to take him on. It didn't say please; it had the tone of an order. So we got interested in Mr. Echeverry. We got even more interested when we discovered that Pete Garcia, one of his divers, is also an alien who entered illegally."

"Why haven't you arrested him?"

"We will—when we find out exactly what they're doing and who's involved. That's where *you'll* help us, John."

Ainslee opened a folder on his desk.

"We've worked up some dossiers," he continued. "Nick Cantu is a fisherman. He's got a two-year stretch in San Quentin on his record, for burglary. Reuel Echeverry has operated a purse seiner out Newport Bay for ten years. When the war cut off supplies of agar-agar from Japan, he outfitted with diving gear for gathering Gelidium moss to make into agar for our hospitals. He made good dough at that, and recently bought two old launches and started this abalone fishing enterprise too. About Miss Colby—"

"You mean Laurie Hallam?"

"Laurette Hallam Colby." Ainslee set a newspaper picture and clippings in front of John. "Read that, lad."

John looked at the picture. It was of Laurie, looking very young and lovely.

The article read:

"The Darcy Galleries are featuring an exhibit of modern cameos by Laurette H. Colby, daughter of the late great naturalist, Arthur Hallam Colby. At present she is employed as an art instructor at Shinard's Academy night school. Miss Colby took up the carving of cameos as a hobby, and has managed to revive interest in an old art. Miss Colby calls her own cameos 'modern' because they are contemporary portraits and contemporary in spirit. She works in shell, and in her engraving achieves characterization far more revealing than mere photography. Not that Laurie Colby is all sharp intelligence; her cameos of babies show a tender, sensitive fidelity. . . ."

John looked up at Ainslee, frowning.

"Sir, Laurie Hallam may be working for Echeverry, but she's got no part in anything crooked he may be pulling!"

"Then why isn't she using her right name—Colby?"

"Maybe I better have a talk with her, sir. Tonight."

Ainslee nodded. "But be careful, John. Keep in touch with me, boy. Good hunting!"

"*Fishing*," John retorted. "I'll be seeing you."

AT Shinard's, John asked the receptionist where to find Miss Colby. She was teaching a life class, the receptionist said, and directed him to Room 244.

Entering, John saw some twenty-odd students working at easels. The model was a luscious nude, and John felt his face grow hot as he looked at her. He was a bit shocked, but no one else seemed to be.

He saw Laurie. She stood near by, examining a student's work. She wore a smock and her bright hair was upswept, and with a touch of make-up and blue amethyst earrings, Laurie was lovely.

As she moved among her students, John watched her. He liked the way she moved, the way her expressive lips tightened or quirked in concentration, the way her eyes narrowed thoughtfully or lit with humor. This was a different Laurie from the wary girl who'd been diving earlier in the day. She hadn't been herself, then. She'd been —scared, maybe?

Laurie saw him then, and started in surprise. She nodded and kept working.

But when the class was over, she came to him.

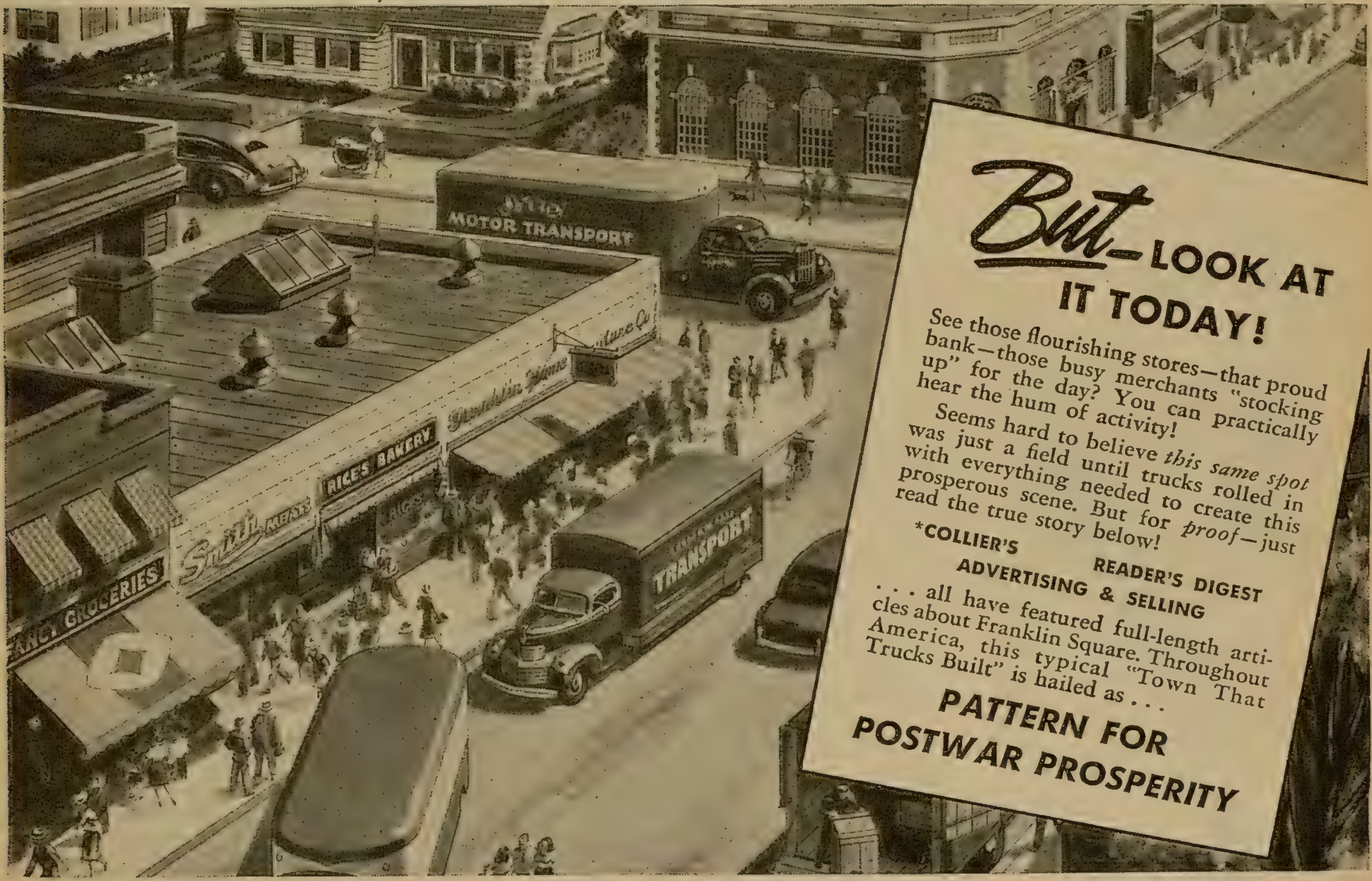
"Hello, Mr. Garrett. What brings you here?"

"Want to talk to you. Let's go somewhere for coffee."

She nodded and got her coat and put on

(*Continued on page 64*)

THIS FAMOUS TOWN* WAS ONLY A PRAIRIE until trucks came along!



But—LOOK AT IT TODAY!

See those flourishing stores—that proud bank—those busy merchants "stocking up" for the day? You can practically hear the hum of activity!

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VENUS

(Continued from page 62)

her hat. It was an expensive hat, a big floppy hat. He frowned.

"You should wear a little beanie that gives your hair a chance."

"You should smoke a pipe, instead of a cigarette that gets pasted to your lower lip and wobbles when you talk."

He smiled. "You're right, too," he said.

A block down the street, they found a neon-lit Ptomaine Tommy's and walked in to a back booth. A waitress came.

"Waffle? Hamburger?" John said. "Or—abalone steak?"

She shuddered. "Don't say that word. What I'd *really* like is spaghetti."

He gave the order, then leaned over the table toward Laurie.

"Speaking of abalone— How come you're working for Echeverry?"

"Very simple. I bought some good shells for cameo blanks from Echeverry. I told him I used to go abalone diving with my brother, before he went into the Army. Echeverry asked how much experience I'd had and then offered me a job."

"And you took it, without telling your real name. Why?"

She shrugged and said lightly, "Names make news. I did not want my school supervisor to know."

"You don't lie easily, do you?"

Her face warmed with anger, but she asked quietly, "Are you an investigator?"

"No."

"You don't lie so easily yourself."

This time it was his lean young face that reddened.

"Seriously, what do you know about Echeverry?"

"Only the obvious."

"Well, then, what do you suspect?"

"Talking suspicions about Echeverry may be nothing but malicious gossip. I can be wrong."

"You can be right, too."

She took off her hat. And then the waitress arrived with their spaghetti and hovered over them.

He said, "I watched you teaching, Laurie. You like it."

"I've got a strong missionary urge."

"I bet it's tough. Just use the word 'art' and right away people think of screwy things like Dali and long hair and free verse and swooning in the wilderness—"

"Beauty isn't phony and it isn't extravagance. It's useful and practical. The most streamlined plane flies fastest with the mostest load—and is the loveliest to look at!"

"How about a jeep?"

"It's *so* squat and *so* ugly! But even a jeep has its points. It does a beautiful job in a bog hole. And that's what I try to teach. In its proper setting, in its proper function, any truly useful thing has beauty."

"Except a nose like mine. In the Navy, the boys called me the Eagle Scout on account of my beak."

"It's a very handsome beak!"

"But big."

"You're a big-boned man. On you it's becoming."

"'Johnny,' the boys used to say, 'put a Santa Fe engine behind that nose and you got a snowplow.' They'd say, 'Johnny, the Coast Guard ought to build a lighthouse on that thing.'"

She burst out laughing. Contritely, then, she reached across the table and pressed his big hand.

"Forgive me, Johnny. I like you. Really I do!"

"So we're pals," he said soberly. "So I'm trying to tell you this Echeverry thing is serious. You know that he investigates his divers, don't you?"

She nodded, laughter fading from her blue eyes.

"He probably knows by now that your name isn't Hallam. It's Colby. Is that going to make any difference?"

Pallor came into her cheeks. She picked up her things.

"I've got to go home, Johnny."

She was scared. No doubt of it. But still, she wasn't going to tell him anything. He sighed, and helped her with her coat.

WHEN John Garrett reported for work next morning, he walked into a minor tempest of excitement. Echeverry was carrying on. But the first thing that John noticed was that Sikora had reported for work. The towheaded diver was supposed to fade out of the case. Yet here he was.

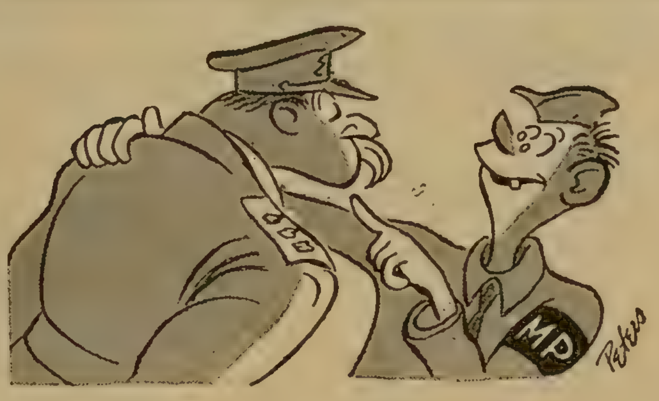
"Garrett," Echeverry demanded, "did *you* give this story to the press?"

"I gave no story to any papers. Why?"

"Read it!" Echeverry thrust the paper into Johnny's hands.

"SOUTH SEA BONANZA RIGHT OFF CALIFORNIA FRONT DOOR," said the headline. And the article, written as a sprightly feature, went on:

"Reuel Echeverry, abalone fisherman, is now revealed as a romantic trafficker in fine gems. Adventurers go to the South Seas for pearls of great price. But Mr. Echeverry stays home and plies his homely trade, and the wealth of rajahs pours into his horny hands. From the reefs off our



COLONEL STOOPNAGLE'S FICTIONARY

(Unabashed)

CHU M.P.: A dopey military cop.

LEI-BOR: To make Hawaiian wreaths.

DENTEST: An oral experiment.

PASHEN: White-faced rage.

JOBSTINATE: A guy who won't work.

PE-THREE-NIA: One more pe-two-nia.

POE-TATO: Edgar Allan's favorite vegetable.

COMEDIUM: A funny spiritualist.

SEMI-TERY: Half a graveyard.

CONDOCTOR: Frank Black.

own coast, his divers have been bringing up abalone pearls of a size and quality that has the gem trade catching its collective breath and stampeding to buy."

"That's the second article in two weeks!" Echeverry was saying angrily. "Somebody's telling the papers!"

John said, "But you are finding pearls, aren't you?"

"Yes, but damn it, I wanted it kept secret! Now there'll be parties swarming out to the reefs, diving for pearls!"

"Well, boss," Cantu said reasonably, "so long as they don't crowd us, we should worry."

"But maybe that'll happen! Because nobody is going to find any pearls to speak of. Not unless they *do* look in our own cove."

"Why's that?" John asked.

Echeverry hesitated, then said, "Well, I guess it's time I explained. You know what the Japanese have done with pearl culture? You kids have heard of Mikimoto's pearl farm on Shinjushima Island in Japan? Mikimoto really grows pearls. He forces the oysters to make 'em. The Japs take a young oyster and operate on it and put it in a tray in the water. They fix up hundreds of thousands of 'em, and the oysters wrap the irritant put inside them with layers of nacre. After seven years the Japs bring the oysters up and a big percentage of them are carrying pearls. Well, some years ago a man working at Scripps Institute of Oceanography figured out that the same stunt ought to work with abalones, because they secrete the finest mother-of-pearl there is. So he tried it. And it worked!"

"You mean," John demanded, "that we're bringing up abalones from a real pearl farm?"

"That's right, boy! That man got a short lease on this island from the state, and made a pearl-culture farm of this cove, using native abalones. Hardly anybody knew about it. Only trouble was, the poor guy never harvested the crop."

"Why not?"

"He died. And now that he's dead, there's no moral obligation for anybody to avoid fishing in this cove. So you see why I wanted to keep it secret that we're bringing up pearls here?"

"Sure," Cantu said. "You don't want anybody else horning in on your exclusive racket."

"Do you blame me? But I'm going to make it right for you kids," Echeverry said heartily. "The crop is just ripe, and we're reaping a harvest. By the time we clean up I figure to pay you each a bonus of three-four thousand dollars. Maybe more! How'd you like that?"

Pete Garcia's sallow face split in a grin. But Laurie Hallam asked, low-voiced, "How about the chap who started the pearl farm? Hasn't he any rights?"

"I've told you that the guy is dead and buried. All fishing waters are public domain and any accredited fisherman can take abalone anywhere in these islands as long as he obeys Navy regulations. Now come on, kids, let's get to work," Echeverry said briskly, "and remember, we keep our mouth shut tight! We're working for a big pay-off."

They shoved off on the trip to Santa Eulalie.

JOHN sat down beside Laurie in the stern of their launch.

She said, "You're an ingratiating kind of guy, John."

"So you've been thinking about me."

"And the questions you asked last night. Maybe I'm gullible, but— Look. Let's have dinner together tonight."

"Fine! You plan to tell me some malicious gossip?"

She nodded very somberly.

THE two launches anchored near each other in the cove at Santa Eulalie and diving began. There was a new quality in the job, John realized. When you pried an abalone loose and stuck the rough and ugly shell into your basket, the thought that inside this homely specimen might be a lustrous pearl that would fetch a dazzling wad of coin—well, it gave magic to the chore.

Just after the noon rest, when he was working new territory, his heart choked into his throat as a shadow loomed over him and he glimpsed reaching arms. Convulsively he scissored his flippered legs, whirling and raising his iron as the shadow followed.

Then he saw it wasn't an octopus or a shark; it was a man. It was lanky towheaded Sikora, who beckoned to him.

John rested on a knob of coral, and Sikora came to his side and put the plastic front of his face plate against John's ear and shouted, "Got to talk to you. I pried some dope out of Pete Garcia last night. We got drunk and he spilled a couple things. He stayed with me overnight, so I couldn't report to Ainslee. You hear me O. K.?"

John nodded.

"Echeverry is scared of the girl, Laurie. I really came back to work today to tell you that, so you would warn her. She's in your boat. Echeverry has just found out that her real name is Colby and that she's the daughter of the Arthur Hallam Colby who planted this pearl farm down here—"

"What?" John gasped.

Sikora felt his start of surprise.

"That's right. Laurie's father put these abalones to work for him, then kicked off. Echeverry has just found out. He acts smooth and easy, but that's because he saves the rough stuff for when he needs it. So Laurie better quit diving. I figure Echeverry aims to wind this business up fast and get out; so it's time we closed in. Pete Garcia is the weak link. We'll make a deal if we work on him. I'll report to Ainslee tonight. Meantime, you take care of the girl. Be seein' you, chum!"

Sikora's flippered legs drove him again, air hose trailing after him. John bent thoughtfully to his work again.

So that was why Laurie had gone to work for Echeverry and not used her right name. Likely he'd mentioned he was getting abalones from this reef, and she wondered if there were any pearls here. Maybe, as her father's heiress, she had rights. These pearls might actually belong to her!

John felt a cold roiling of consternation within him. Laurie was in danger. The more pearls Echeverry was taking, the harder he would fight to hold on to what he got.

And Sikora came back to work today just to warn Laurie. That was damn swell of Sikora!

John came to the surface at more frequent intervals, to reassure himself that Laurie was all right.

He had just come up for a rest and a cigarette, in mid-afternoon, when a hail came from the other launch.

"John! You, too, Laurie!"

Echeverry was calling, and there was an urgency in his voice that made John's nerves tighten.

"What's wrong?" he shouted back.

Echeverry held up an air face plate at the end of a hose.

"Sikora! He's been down way over an hour. Garcia went hunting for him, following his hose, and found just this mask. Sikora hasn't come up and we can't find him at all. He's down there without an air line!"

John heard Laurie gasp beside him. As he turned, she was already fitting on her air mask. He grabbed his own.

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"The Wheaties! I forgot them! Oh, speak to me, John!"

John's meal just isn't complete without a big bowl of milk, fruit, and Wheaties, "Breakfast of Champions." That widely-known essential whole grain nourishment, nut-sweet flavor changes breakfast from plain eating to deep down enjoyment. Remember the Wheaties—tomorrow morning!

Garcia led the way into the water, to show where Sikora had last been. They followed and spread out, searching.

And as the taut minutes passed, John worked along the craggy reef with a growing anguish of certainty within him. *Sikora shouldn't have come back to work today!* . . . John did not find Sikora. And when he came to the surface and shouted a question, he learned the others hadn't found him! Thinking hard, John dived again. Sikora was lean and big-boned; he would sink deep if there wasn't any life in him.

So John drove himself deep; down through sun-green water into graying depths that grew darker and darker . . . and John found Sikora, a grotesque and sprawling shadow in the sea night. John hauled him to the surface. There was no recognition in Sikora's bulging wide-open eyes and no grip in his splayed fingers. They reached the surface, and other hands pulled Sikora into the launch.

They looked for wounds, for injuries. And then John heaved with straining palms on Sikora's lean ribs, to force air into his lungs and out again, in frantic counterfeit of breathing, while the others watched in white-faced silence.

"The poor guy must've had a heart attack," Echeverry said.

But John worked on, for in him was a wild fury that had to have outlet. He kept his face down, afraid that he would betray himself. Sikora was dead. Not a wound, not a sign of violence was on him, except the bulging eyes and frozen anguish of the drowned. Sikora had drowned . . . and yet he had *not* drowned. Sikora had known too much. So Sikora had been murdered. Of that John was coldly, grimly positive.

The conclusion of this story will appear next week.

AMPUTEES' SPECIAL

Continued from Page 21

would wake up, see a beloved face—and I never saw any more than that, because the look in those guys' eyes made their reunions something sacred and intimate.

On that stop of several hours, every man from Chicago or near by had a visit from someone dear to him, thanks to the Red Cross workers aboard and in the city itself.

All across the country, people would wave at the train as it came in, thinking it was another troop train full of eager kids outward bound. Then they would sense that the drawn thin faces staring out at them were something different. Now they'd see a guy waving with his one good arm; a boy balancing on the vestibule platform with crutches—and they'd stop waving and just stare, not knowing quite what to do, but knowing enough not to point or make audible comments.

WE pulled into the Pittsburgh station about nine o'clock Tuesday evening—and don't forget we'd been riding almost continuously since 9 A. M. the previous Saturday. So, when the train stopped for servicing, pretty nearly everybody among the ambulatory patients—guys who could get along on crutches or were arm amputees—piled off the train and stood along the platform or went into the station proper.

Never have I seen anything like what happened there. That whole big busy terminal quieted down as if by magic. People waiting for trains moved about uncertainly. Mail-car specialists forgot to stuff their racks, porters dropped their bags, girls waved timidly at the fellows—and brightened instantly as the old familiar wolf call echoed through the quiet station.

Strangest of all, a westbound train full of soldiers and sailors pulled into the station next to our special. Our guys were staring straight into the other cars, and you could tell that those tanned healthy guys in the other train were seeing a side of war they hadn't yet thought too much about.

Our porters and waiters, galley cooks, brakeman, conductor—hell, let's get 'em all in! They deserve it—practically broke their backs to do everything in their power to make the trip pleasant and comfortable for the gang. And without any "angles," either. The porters and waiters knew they wouldn't get their customary tips when they volunteered for this special trip—but they'd never worked harder.

Here's a boost for the management, too. The train was pulled by extra-power engines, so that men lying in casts would not be jarred from their badly needed rest. Executives of each line rode the train themselves to ensure the finest service and efficiency. Our amputee special had the right of way over any train in America as we raced across the continent.

I talked with the Southern Pacific engineer who took the train out from Mare Island. He's a thirty-eight-year veteran named Dick Harry. I asked him what he thought about being up in the cab ahead of a train like this, and he said:

"Listen, kid. I've got two boys of my own in the Navy—both overseas. I'll pull this train out like a whisper at every stop." And, believe me, he did, and so did the rest of the engineers who followed.

The long ride was nearly over. East of Pittsburgh our Navy special thundered past miles of gigantic steel mills, and I wondered what these veteran marines and sailors were thinking about as they raised up in their bunks to see the flaming might of America's industrial heart. Did they see in this white-hot steel the guns and shells and tanks to avenge their sacrifices? I don't know. They only stared silently at the spectacle.

FINALLY one little sailor said, almost reverently, "Look at that, willya? And them Japs think they can lick *us!* Somebody oughta tell the bastards about Pittsburgh!"

Laughter in the night. Every car was full of noise, smoke, and talk as long keyed-up men suddenly let go and laughed easily as they used to do. Portable record players ground out Sinatra's and Crosby's latest efforts, and one-legged marines who used to be real hepcats on the dance floor were tapping away with one foot, sort of envious of the guys with nothing but an arm missing.

Yes, the long grind was coming to a close. For some, living still in huge casts the entire distance, it must have seemed forever, but even they were resting more easily, knowing the morning would bring a cool bed in a quiet hospital ward in Philadelphia.

In the morning we pulled into the Philadelphia Naval Hospital through the Navy Yard, where hundreds of people lined the tracks to see the train they'd heard was coming from far-off California. For some boys, like Private First Class Russell Williamson, twenty-one, this spur track was home; just six miles away his wife, Lillian, waited for him. And for wives like Lillian Williamson a great miracle had occurred. Her husband was back from Iwo Jima, missing his right arm but bringing her his heart and soul intact.

Soon it would be like that for all the boys somewhere in America. Our trip was done.

THE END

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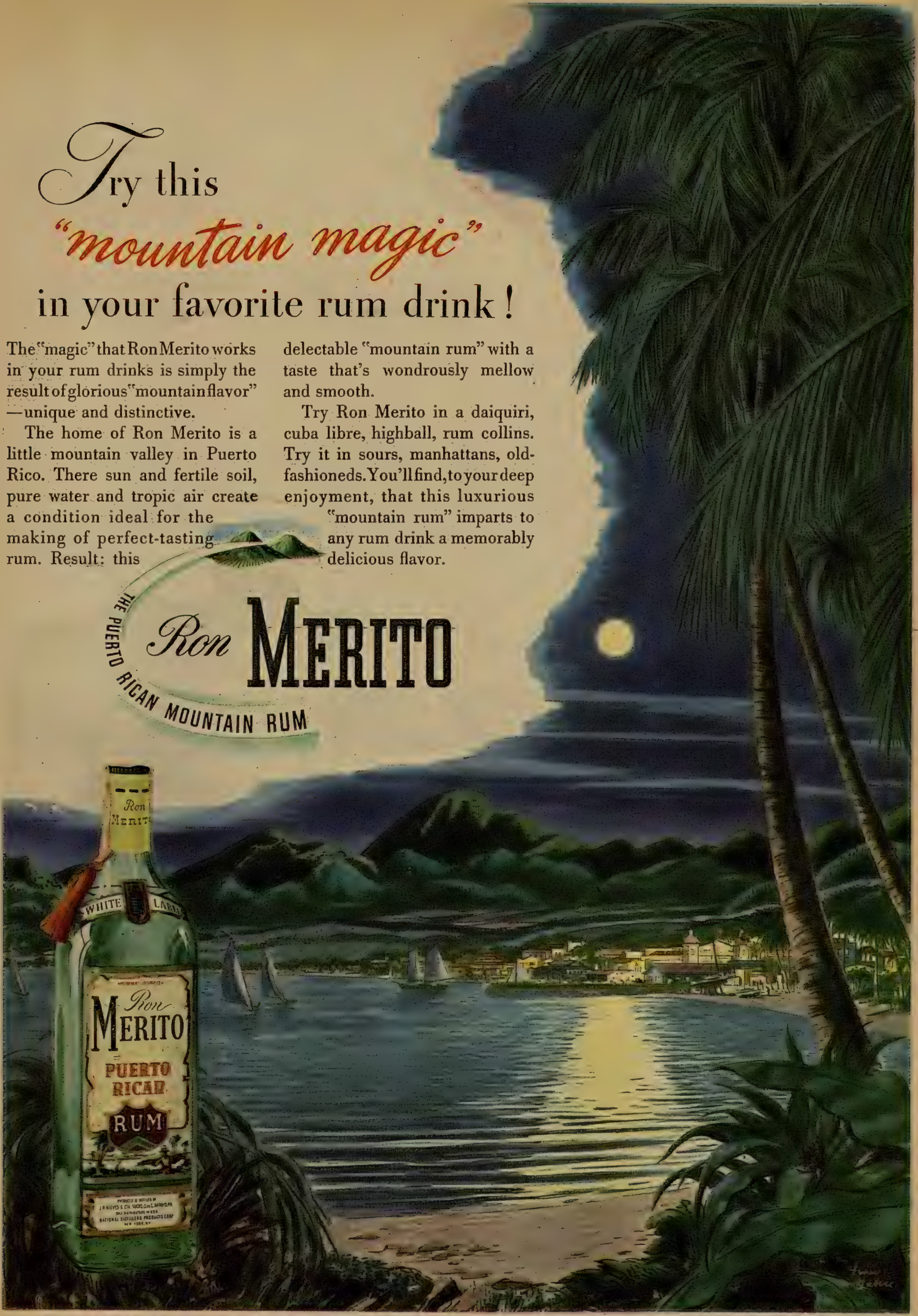

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WATER WACKY

Continued from Page 25

gain on the undertow. Alternately resting as the backwash carries you out and swimming toward shore as a wave rolls in gives you your greatest chance of survival.

Early last spring John Bayliss, while fishing off a pier, fell into the water fully clothed. Like many fishermen, Bayliss couldn't swim a stroke. Much to his surprise, however, he remained afloat—until help reached him fifteen minutes later.

After he was fished out he learned why he had not gone down. In his tumble into the water, air had been trapped in his coat and his trousers legs and had buoyed him up as if he'd been wearing an inflated life preserver.

This principle of "shirttail" lifesaving is now being taught to the armed forces. During the first year after Pearl Harbor, half of our casualties drowned. Men simply didn't know how to take care of themselves in the water. The Army and the Navy, with the help of the Red Cross, got busy and developed ingenious lifesaving techniques that made use of clothing and equipment.

Men abandoning ship are taught to pull out their shirttails and trap air under their shirts as they jump into the water. They can replenish this air by undoing a button and breathing into the shirt. A barracks bag used similarly can trap enough air to support two or three men. Trousers can be removed in the water and swung overhead to trap air, too. In the South Pacific recently, Sergeant Carlton Odell kept himself and a fellow airman afloat for thirty-six hours with two such improvised life preservers.

The Red Cross is already teaching some of these new methods of self-rescue to civilians. They will come in handy in many types of water accidents, especially those involving canoes and rowboats. Nothing, however, will ever take the place of common sense—the greatest lifesaver of all.

Stay out of a canoe unless you are a good swimmer. Don't allow anyone in your canoe unless he or she is a good swimmer. Even then you can't be too sure. The less stable of these sensitive little craft look deceptively easy to handle, but they require expert skill. Too many people discover too late that they aren't the experts they thought they were. Ocean canoeing is unpredictable—for anybody. A fast-breaking wave may even tear a light canoe in half.

Rowboats are safer, but still far from foolproof—or shall we say moron-proof? Year in, year out, grappling irons still fish out the bodies of people who persisted in changing seats in midstream or crowding four or five into boats meant for two or three. It takes pretty bad mismanagement to overturn a rowboat, but somehow some people contrive to do it.

VERY few in and out of capsizing rowboats are as lucky as Charles Turner and his family. Turner hired a boat and took his wife and two children out for an afternoon on the ocean. A sudden rainstorm came up. Turner found a tarpaulin in the boat and spread it over the occupants to keep them dry. To make it stay put, he fastened it to the gunwales.

A few moments later a violent wave capsized the boat. But the tarpaulin held, even when the four occupants landed in it—with the upside-down boat over their heads. Trapped air kept out the water and held all four afloat until lifeguards came.

At a small beach which we shall call Sea City, there was an epidemic of broken necks—fourteen of them—between July Fourth and Labor Day of last year. It was bad advertising, but nothing could be done about it except perhaps to order psychiatric examinations for prospective patrons.

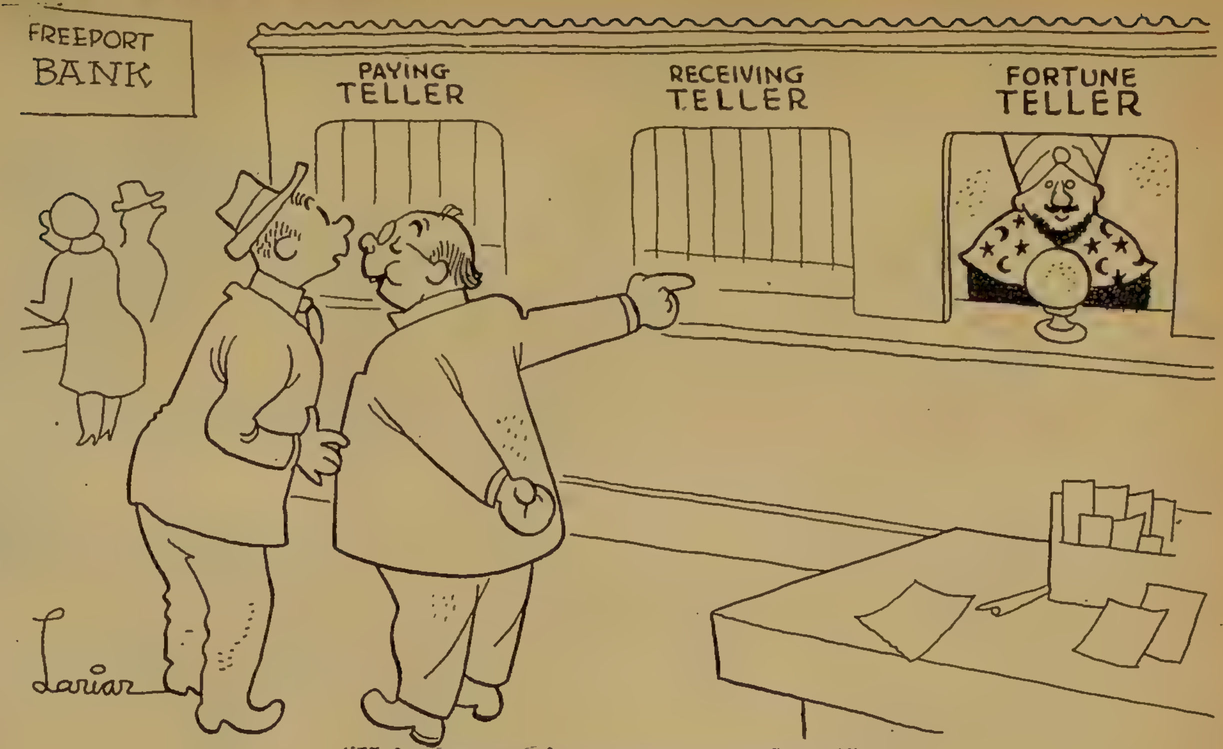
You've probably risked your own neck the same way but with better luck than those fourteen had. You come out on the beach with a whoop and dash into the surf for a dive through one of those high rollers. You probably don't stop to think that there may have been only a few inches of water at that point before the wave came in, and only those few inches of water will be there after the wave breaks.

Each summer these dives into the sand leave a trail of broken necks and fractured skulls at scores of beaches. Be sure you are in at least three or four feet of water before you dive through a wave, and try to time your dive for the moment before it breaks.

Playing tag with waves is good sport if you remember that your playmates are untamed and unco-operative monsters. Waves have been known to travel up to seventy miles an hour. Some have reached a height of 112 feet and a length of 800 feet from crest to crest. Don't turn your back on a breaking wave. It's a good way

(Continued on page 70)

THE HOME FRONT



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"BEAR IN MIND"

GRIZZLY

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

BRAKE LINING

WHEREVER BRAKES ARE SERVICED!

(*Continued from page 68*)

to fracture a hip, especially if you're broad of beam. Turn sideways. Your body will thus present a smaller target—"aldermen" excepted—and offer less resistance.

If you are diving off a board or a pier, be sure the water is at least eight feet deep. If you're not absolutely certain, let yourself down gradually; don't jump or dive. Thus you will protect your skull, your neck, and your sinuses. Jumping feet first will send water rushing up into the nasal cavities and beyond, with the possibility of infecting the sinuses or middle ear. If you insist on jumping, take a deep breath and hold your nose as you enter the water.

If you already have a sinus ailment, be especially careful. For such persons, some doctors recommend complete abstinence from swimming. However, if you keep your head out of the water as much as possible, you will probably be all right. Avoid strokes like the crawl, which keep your head under most of the time. Use either the breast or side stroke. Inhale through your mouth and exhale through your nose. This will prevent any involuntary intake of water in the direction of your ailing sinuses.

Your ears should be protected whenever you go into the water. A snug-fitting bathing cap, rubber stoppers, or wads of oiled cotton will help prevent ear infections.

DON'T stay in the water too long. Half an hour is plenty for most people. If you wait until you become chilled, you may suddenly find yourself in the throes of a cramp. Don't be deceived if the air is warm. The water might be twenty to twenty-five degrees colder.

Last July, on one of the hottest days of the year, lifeguards rescued a man so chilled that cramps had forced his body into a sitting position. He was completely immobilized for nearly an hour until hot packs thawed him out.

Cramps are not dangerous—unless you lose your head. Rarely is more than one arm or leg seized with a cramp at the same time. With the side stroke, your three unimpaired extremities should be able to propel you to safety. Stomach cramp can be outwitted simply by turning over on your back and paddling with your hands.

The armed forces have demonstrated, both in training and in actual combat, that men can make good progress in the water without the use of one or more extremities. Carrying full packs, they have been able to swim across rivers while holding a nine-pound rifle out of the water with one hand. More than one bridgehead has been opened up this way. Men wounded in both legs have stayed afloat until rescued, or have even navigated to safety by themselves.

Forty-five persons will drown today in the United States. Forty-five more will drown tomorrow. You, of course, won't be one of them because you are a sane, sensible person in the water. But, honestly, are you?

THE END

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

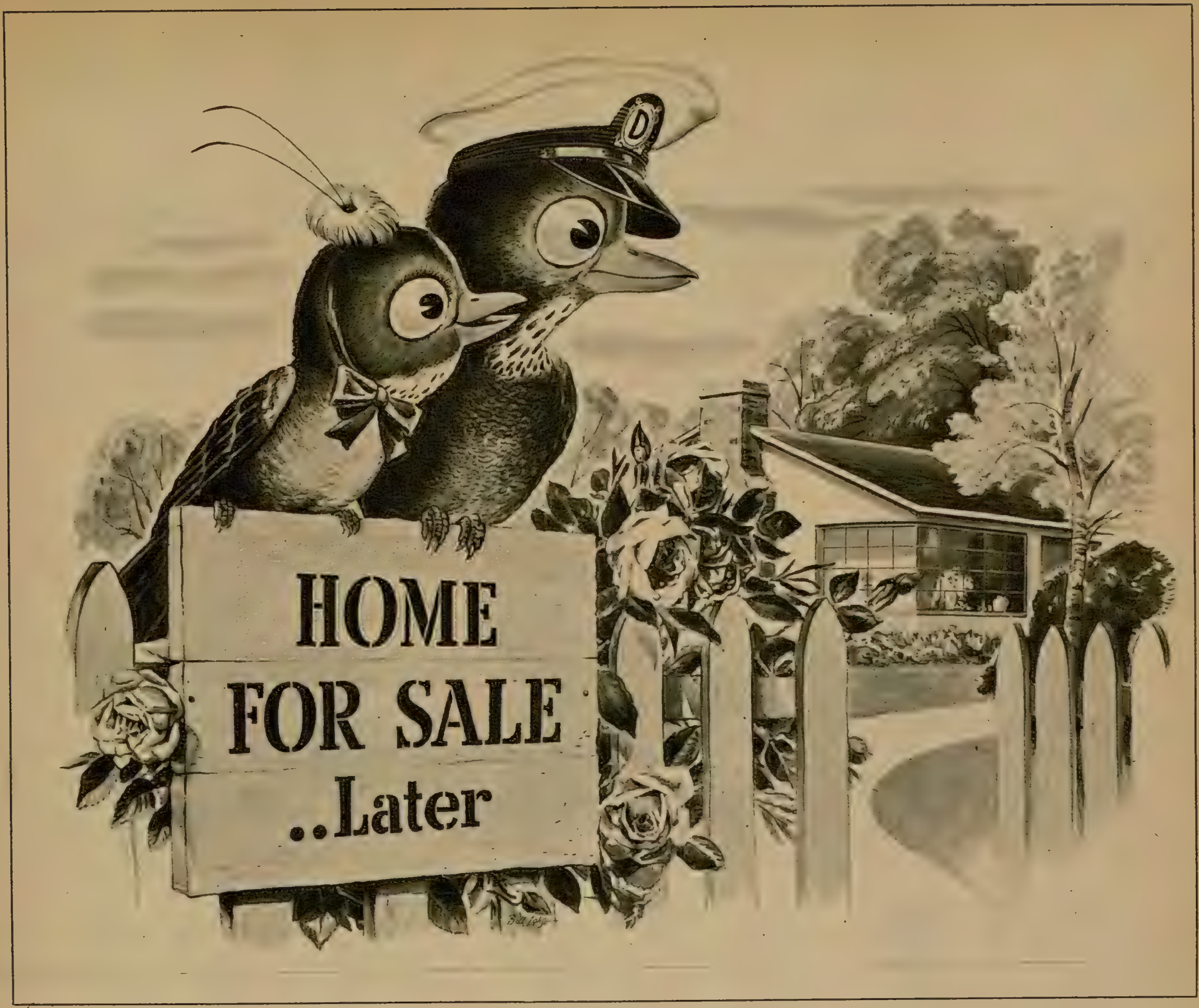
An engineer, a doctor, and a diplomat were indulging in an argument as to whose profession was oldest.

Said the doctor, "Why, the medical profession, of course, for did not the Lord operate on Adam in order to bring forth Eve?"

"You are wrong, my friend," retorted the engineer. "The Lord first did an engineering job in creating the earth out of chaos."

"Ha!" exclaimed the diplomat triumphantly. "But who created chaos?"

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★



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TIME TO QUIT

Continued from Page 33

Jimmy saw Maxie Berg the afternoon of the fight, at the weigh-in. He hadn't seen him in more than three years and he was shocked at the change in the man. Maxie had never been handsome; his style of fighting made that impossible. But today he looked bad. He had taken a lot of punches since Jimmy had seen him.

Maxie said, "Hullo, Jimmy. It's good to see you. How's things goin', eh? How's the boy, Jimmy?"

His voice was hoarse, half an octave above a whisper. He kept punching one hand into the palm of the other softly. "We'll give them a good show tonight, eh, Jimmy? We always give them a good show, eh, boy? Always give the crowd their money's worth, eh, Jimmy?"

Jimmy nodded. "Yeah, Maxie. We'll give them a show." He noticed the slightly opaque sheen of Maxie's left eye. He had heard about that. Maxie turned away from him slightly, and Jimmy brought his right hand up fast, not a foot from Maxie's face. Maxie didn't budge. Jimmy swore silently in his throat. The guy was half blind.

Murphy was there. Maxie's manager. He was a greasy smiling guy. He came over to Jimmy. "How ya been, champ? Good to see you."

Jimmy said, "Get outa here, you louse, before I kick you in the belly." He looked at Murphy walking away and felt slightly sick to his stomach.

He watched Maxie jump on the scale, laughing and talking in that rusty whisper, smiling at the commissioners who should have been thrown out of their jobs for letting him fight. And watching this Maxie, Jimmy remembered a Maxie Berg whose eyes were clear and intelligent, whose smile contained a quiet dignity, whose body and nerves had been relaxed and conditioned. This man on the scales was a distorted shadow of Maxie Berg.

When they had finished with the business at hand, Maxie came over and punched him lightly on the chest and said, "I'll see you tonight, kid. Tonight we'll give them a show, eh, Tommy?" He walked away. *Tommy!* Jimmy walked away fast. He'd had enough of that for the time being, and he'd get too much tonight.

HE took a nap in the afternoon, and Gert awakened him at six. She had a steak ready and they ate together. She was animated and lovely and it was fine to look at her. She said, "We can breeze out of here any time we want to. There are about five people who'll take this house right off our hands like a shot."

Jimmy pictured other people in the house. It was not a pleasant thought. He said quickly, "What time you going to meet the O'Briens and the Folandos?" She was going to the fight with them.

"Eight o'clock. Then, after the fight, we'll meet you down at Willy's. Right?"

He nodded, and she said, "This is one time I won't mind goin' out with those clowns. It'll be the last time."

"That's a hell of a thing—" he started to say, then stopped. She hadn't heard him.

She looked at him suddenly. "You betting on the fight?"

He nodded. "Some clown was takin' seven to five and I grabbed seven grands' worth. A dollar's a dollar." It was like money from home. Too good to pass up.

The light went out of her eyes and he could almost hear her counting mentally. Then she smiled her beautiful smile at him again and he was warmed. She said, "We won't stay at Willy's long. You've been a stranger around here lately."

The night was pleasantly cool and riotously filled with noise as Jimmy climbed between the ropes. The heavy lights beat down from overhead upon the canvas and the heavy roaring of the crowd was borne in from the outer darkness of the ball park. He used the resin box, then went to his corner. Mickey Laney said, "Quite a little gathering. Quite a little turn-out. I didn't know there was this many people in the state." It had cost him five hundred bucks to get Mickey to come up from Frisco. He wanted one good man in his corner.

Then Maxie was in the ring, shuffling and grinning and waving his hands at the crowd, and they made a lot of noise for him and then were suddenly quiet, expectant. Their enthusiasm had been whetted by four good prelims.

Jimmy and Maxie were introduced. "Maxie Berg—former welterweight champion of the world!" And Jimmy was ". . . undefeated and, until this evening, retired, welterweight champion . . ."

It sounded good. Until you considered Maxie.

The referee was Tim Sloan. He knew them both, and in the middle of the ring he said, "All right, Jimmy—Maxie. Give them a good fight. Take care of yourselves." They shook hands and Maxie grinned, "Good luck, Jimmy." Well, at least he knew again who he was fighting.

JIMMY went back to the corner and Mickey took the robe off his shoulders and slipped the mouthpiece into place. He said, "Take it easy." The bell turned Jimmy and sent him out.

And it took him about thirty seconds to discover what he wanted to know. Maxie might be punchy and sick and half blind, but Maxie was a hooker, hitting with power. He came in as he had always come in, shuffling forward in a crouch, hands a little low, both of them cocked.

He would not be able to coast with Maxie.

He tried it for the first round. He fought Maxie as he had fought him before, stabbing him with the left hand, trying to turn him, set him off balance. He did not want to punish that battered head. He fed Maxie the left, then chugged the right hand to the body, but Maxie's body was made of rawhide and steel springs.

Maxie kept coming to him, the head weaving, the heavy shoulders and arms set to punch, and near the end of the round Jimmy let him come a bit too close and Maxie whipped both hands to his head, and there was the sudden taste of blood in his mouth.

In the corner, he asked Mickey Laney, "Doesn't this guy ever slow down? Doesn't he know he shouldn't be able to go like that after all these years?"

Mickey was busy with a sponge. He shook his head. "If someone told him, he wouldn't understand. He knows only one way of doing business. He learned early and he can't forget. About the tenth round he slows down, if he lasts that long."

During the second, Jimmy did what he had to do. He hit Maxie. It was the only way to keep him at a distance. He wasn't hard to hit. He never had been. Jimmy stabbed him with the left, then, when Maxie started his hook, Jimmy pulled the string on his right hand and threw it down the line. It slowed Maxie. It was the only way to fight him. You had to hit him and keep hitting him, else he would shuffle in there and belt the head off your shoulders.

He fought him that way through the third and fourth. It was work. Jimmy was a very sharp puncher, but Maxie took the best shots and came shuffling in, those heavy hands loaded with murder. It was just like fighting him the other time, but then Jimmy had been younger and Maxie had been much different, and you did not feel that you were out there killing a man. Then it had just been beating a very good workman. This was different.

In the fifth Jimmy slowed up a bit. He eased off the pace, tried to get a rest. Maxie wouldn't let him rest. Maxie put his head upon Jimmy's chest and punched and bulled him into a corner, then lifted his shots to the head. He punched very fast, very hard. There was a long cut over Jimmy's eye and his mouth was bleeding again before he could get into the clear. He stuck the left into Maxie's face and clubbed him with the right twice, and Maxie grinned a little and shuffled in once more. Jimmy felt a little sick to his stomach, and fear was a small part of that sickness.

He threw another right hand and it missed, and he saw the left hook coming but did not feel it land.

IN the corner Mickey was working intently on the cut over his eye. Jimmy felt the sharp pain of the dope stick and said, "How's it look?"

Mickey misunderstood him. He shrugged. He said, "Right here, it's anyone's fight. He's really been hittin' you."

A sharp stab of uncertainty thrust at his mind, and he controlled his voice as he asked, "What's this one coming up?"

"The ninth," Mickey said, "the next to the last."

Jimmy drew a deep breath into tired lungs. That was how things stood. For three rounds he'd been fighting in a blackout, a dense fog. He remembered now the punch that had done it, and he knew there must have been many more. There was a dull ache inside his head, and terror laid a finger on his shoulder.

Mickey said, "You better go to work Fast."

The buzzer sounded, and Mickey got outside the ropes. Maxie was relaxed, leaning into the angle formed by the ropes, his face new cleaned and grinning. The bell brought them together.

Maxie shuffled in, and Jimmy stabbed him and threw the right, very heavy. The punch splatted against the other man's head and the grinning mouth went loose. Jimmy punched again, but it was a little high. He went back to the center of the ring and Maxie followed. His eyes were glazed now, intent but somehow foolish, like those of a sick animal. Jimmy jabbed with the left and Maxie slipped it and was in close, both hands banging to Jimmy's head. Jimmy clubbed him twice with the right and fought him away, and Maxie came shuffling in.

It was not a matter that waited on decision. It was an action born of fear and impelled by fear. He was frightened beyond thought. He just stabbed with the left hand, but now the thumb of his glove was not tight-pressed against the rest of the padding but stiffened and apart.

The glove missed Maxie's head, but the thumb didn't. It was a little low the first time, but the second and third tries were in there, on the target. Maxie fumbled with the eye for a moment, and Jimmy belted him to the head with both hands. Maxie faced him, blinded in both eyes now, but shuffling in, looking for him.

Jimmy let him come. He hooked him with the left, very hard, and Maxie stumbled. Jimmy let him come erect and propped him with the left hand and banged the right across. It was a brutal punch, and Maxie wavered. Jimmy clubbed with the right, hooked the left again, and Maxie stumbled backward until he hit the ropes. As he came off them slowly, Jimmy set himself and pulled the trigger on the right hand. Maxie hung there for a moment, then crashed forward onto his face.

THE hot shower took the pain from Jimmy's body. He tried to keep his mind empty of everything but Gert. Pictures of Maxie walked into his head unannounced and he turned away from them or threw them out. He came out of the shadows and dressed quickly, not speaking to Mickey Laney for a long time. Finally he asked, "How's he comin' along?"

"Not good, not bad. They ain't brung him to yet, but they don't seem to be frightened." He looked at Jimmy. "What's eatin' you? You done all right."

Jimmy shrugged. "I'm tired. I'm too old for this." *He would never be so old,* he knew, *that he could rid his mind of the worm that was in it now.*

He left his gear in the room. He would have no further use for it. He told Mickey, "Take care of yourself," and went out into the corridor. He passed the door of Maxie's dressing room, then went back to it. He knocked and walked in.

There were two people in the room. Maxie lay on the rubbing table, and at the head of the table stood a woman. She looked at Jimmy for a moment without speaking. Jimmy barely recognized her. He hadn't seen her in five or six years. She was about thirty-five, he knew, but she looked much older. Her face was deeply lined and her eyes reflected sorrow.

Now she bathed Maxie's forehead with a wet cloth. She said, "Hello, Jimmy."

Jimmy said, "Hello, Mrs. Berg." He walked to the table. "How is he?"

She nodded. "He just fell asleep a few minutes ago. When he came to, he saw me and said, 'I'm sleepy, babe.' "

A heavy pressure was lifted from Jimmy's chest. *"He saw me."* She had said that.

She bathed Maxie's face now, not speak-

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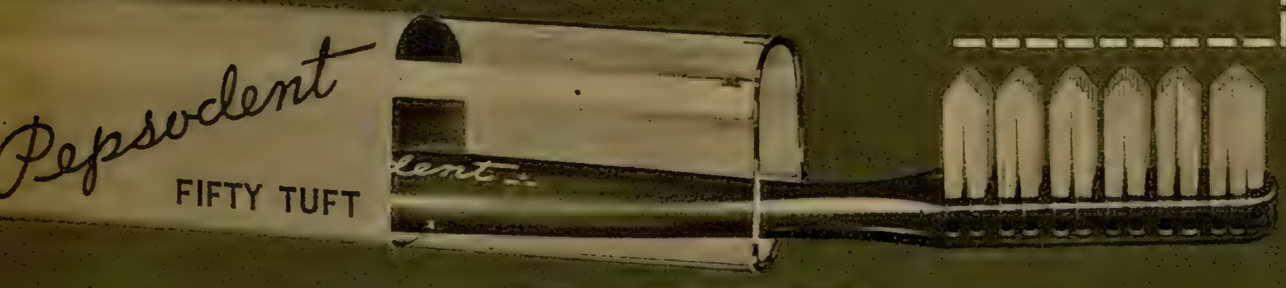

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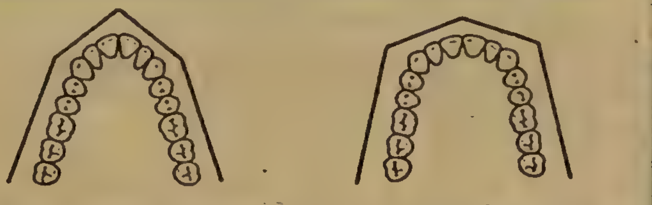

These diagrams represent the two extreme types of dental arch. Even in these extremes, note that most teeth are in relatively straight lines. Pepsodent's Straight Line Design fits more teeth better than convex or concave designs . . . actually cleans up to 30% more tooth surface per stroke.

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ing. In a moment Jimmy said, "I'm sorry, Mrs. Berg—"

She moved her head, and in the gesture was forgiveness and understanding. "It's all right. I know how it is. But I wish to God—" Her voice broke.

In a moment she recovered herself. "He won't quit. I've begged him. It's the only thing he knows, and there are the kids, and he was always a proud man. He won't stop."

I was once a proud man. Until tonight.

The woman lifted her eyes to him. "But I thought you were out of it. Someone said you had a good job and a nice house. They said you were set."

He said quickly, "I went broke. I needed the fight."

He got out of the room somehow. Maxie's wife said "Good-by" in her soft voice, and continued bathing her husband's face.

THE streets around the ball park were empty now. He walked, seeing not the houses and the summer sky, but Maxie Berg's film-hooded eyes and loose grin. He hadn't killed Maxie tonight. Someone would, but he hadn't done it. He hadn't blinded Maxie tonight. Just for a few seconds was all.

He came to his house almost without realizing it. He let himself in. The house was dark, and in the living room he sat at the table and put his elbows upon it, resting his head in his hands. In his mouth was a bitter taste.

He did not know how long he had been there when he heard the door open. He heard the click of heels on the floor of the other room, and suddenly the living-room lights went on. Gert was standing there.

She was angry. "Why didn't you come to Willy's? I sat around there for two hours. O'Brien started to get stinkin' and I left." She shook off her hat and her hair was loosened about her face. The dress she wore was of some soft stuff that molded the lines of her body. She sat down and kicked her shoes off. She smiled suddenly. "Gee, that was easy dough, wasn't it? The way you flattened that tramp! Why, when we get back East, in a couple of fights you'll be able to pick up—"

From his pocket he took an envelope, and from the envelope he took a check. He didn't have to look at it. It was for fifteen thousand. He looked at the woman, at the cold, miserable beauty of her. He looked at her and in his mind he looked at a picture he would not forget: a picture of Maxie's wife bathing his face, and the expression of her mouth when she had said, "I wish to God—"

He slid the check the length of the table. He said, "Get out."

The woman stared at him, anger icing her eyes. She said, "What are you talking about? What is this?"

He looked at her, not answering. She said, "You get hit too often? You going a little punchy?" She must have seen what was happening in his eyes then, for she stopped. She stood up, and her body was suddenly languorous. Her voice softened. "Look, hon. Come on upstairs and we'll talk. You're tired, and—"

She was walking to him, and he got halfway to his feet. His face and his eyes must have frightened her. His lips hardly moved when he said, in a flat, cold voice that was not his, "Get out."

She stared at him again for a moment, then her hand fumbled for the check on the table. When she found it, her eyes broke away from his, and she groped for her shoes. He heard her running up the stairs.

He lit a cigarette and left the house. He walked in the direction of the river. He knew that when he returned she would be gone.

THE END

LIBERTY GOES TO THE MOVIES

BY EVE STANLEY

Sylvia Sidney and Jimmy Cagney elude a pussyfooting Jap agent by a neat trick.

BLOOD ON THE SUN *(United Artists)* *James Cagney, Sylvia Sidney, Wallace Ford*

PRODUCER William Cagney's second picture starring brother Jimmy moves right in on the current shift of interest toward Japan, and though the story is basically pretty routine spy stuff, it's told with such punch, excitement, and brash vitality that it comes out surprisingly good cinema.

The opening scene whams you right into the midst of a riot on the streets of Tokyo; and though this first glimpse of surging crowds, violence, and bloodshed is a bit more imposing than the picture itself, there's no denying its effect. Even when the period turns out to be prewar 1928, and the main concern that somewhat dated Tanaka plan for Japanese world conquest, an over-all feeling of immediacy and veiled terror connects the hashy plot with issues coming straight into the limelight today.

Jimmy Cagney as a dauntlessly cocky American newspaperman deliberately publicizes what the Japs are up to, and straightway gets involved in a mass of diplomatic complications leading to mayhem, murder, several varieties of espionage, hara-kiri, and a romance with a stunning lady spy (Sylvia Sidney). The abundance of tense, well-directed action, set off by excellent photography, good sets, and sensible dialogue, pulls up the quality here. What might have been merely a confused and hackneyed jumble of events emerges very clearly as the struggle of one quick-thinking, fearless, and democratic little guy against the whole insidious structure of Organized Force. The slow closing-in of the Jap machine, the alarmingly smooth manner in which all evidence and even truth itself are gradually wiped out, the mounting desperation of a lone man brought back against the wall are vividly conveyed. And the climax is sure-fire—a grand old-fashioned chase and showdown depending on raw muscle and pluck.

This set-up of an audacious bantam rooster caught in a tigers' den is a natural for the irrepressible Cagney nerve and brash intensity. So neatly and humorously are these characteristics played up that he's instantly identifiable—even from the rear—amid a posturing group of white-clad Orientals practicing judo. Even his eager pursuit of a mysterious glittering creature half Chinese and half fashion model is not too incredible—partly because he goes at it in typical Cagney fashion, partly because of the warmth and essential dignity of Sylvia Sidney. (Back after a three-year absence from the screen, she gets little chance to act, but looks scrumptious.)

Wallace Ford stands out in a good bit as an alcoholic reporter, and there are plenty of competently sinister Anglo-Saxon Japs—including a Tojo, a Tanaka, and assorted villains. But in spite of such frankly cinematic elements, Cagney in action against the enemy rings the bell.

(Other review on page 76)

Jimmy's whirlwind combination of judo and Yankee fisticuffs downs a murderous Oriental.

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"Keeps Lips Fit"

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ALONG CAME JONES

(International Pictures)

Gary Cooper, Loretta Young, William Demarest

EVERYBODY'S taking a whack at producing pictures these days, and Gary Cooper evidently had lots of fun fooling around with this one. Functioning as both star and producer, he jest natcherly gravitated toward a cowboy job, and whether or not he had his tongue in his cheek to begin with, the final result of his efforts, all tied up in one of those smart Nunnally Johnson scripts, is more or less of a surprise package. The effect, which is ingratiating but slightly mixed, is that of Gary Cooper taking off Gary Cooper in a Western designed to kid all Westerns. But every so often, for no special reason, everything starts to get downright serious—an undeniable relief but mighty confusing.

Cooper tops off all his Western roles with this portrayal of Melody Jones—a cowboy who can't draw a gun without pulling out his shirttails. He never kissed a girl, can't aim straight, and his sole dissipation is tomatoes straight out of the can. William Demarest, as his exasperated side-kick, functions as his chief nagger and disparager, till Fate—in the form of an identity mix-up with a vicious bandit—gets Melody into some titillating situations. For instance, beauteous Loretta Young dashes up with her hair streaming down her back, proffers him a passionate embrace, then convoys him out of town at top speed. Melody, upon finding he's been made a dupe in order to save the real bandit (Dan Duryea), insists upon hanging around. And in between holding a posse at bay, impersonating the desperado, and getting out of tight spots, he finds plenty of time to cast sheep's eyes at the gal.

Out of this mélange—often as lagging and chatty as a rehearsal—there come a few really delightful moments. Cooper, riding easily along, intoning a snatch of ballad or demonstrating to his own astonishment how he can transfix a crowded barroom with his "unsmiling" look, is at his best. And the scene in which he asserts his manhood in one deliberate, triumphant, and magnificent osculation is superb.

Snarling Dan Duryea gets in some genuine melodrama by playing deadly serious. William Demarest ranges freely from wry scoffing to deathbed tremolos; Loretta Young is consistently decorative—and for all its odd mixture of ingredients, this satirical hodgepodge is rather pleasant fun.

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Woman-Talk

BY MARGARET FISHBACK

FISH OUT OF WATER: Never have I seen fish so attractively out of water as I did at a sardine fashion show in the North Ballroom at New York's Hotel Astor. They were fresh sardines imported from Portugal; guests were told that they run about seven fish to the pound and cost fifty cents a pound. (No points!) On display was a box of these regal sardines just as they are received by the importers, and it was obvious that they were a good deal bigger even in a strip-tease state than the sardines we normally meet in society hereabouts. They were presented in twelve different ways, ranging from the raw fish filleted and served with buttered toast, to "Deep-Dish Leek and Sardine Pie." Much as I yearned to eat my way from one end of the long banquet table to the other, I had to take several of the recipes on faith. My favorite of those I sampled was designed by the famous Astor chef, Lucien Toucas, and known as à la mode d'Hyères. The recipe involves stuffing the sardines with their own flesh, plus spinach, garlic, and crumbs soaked in olive oil. Guests were invited to roam at will from platter to platter. Waiters assisted, and guests proceeded back to their tables with a succession of plates, punctuated by sherry or still champagne, or draft beer. Florence Brobeck, who sat near me, was sure we'd all have cats following us home after such a piscatorial orgy. Peter Greig observed that it was a pity the weather wasn't piping hot so we could snatch a few whole fish raw and run over to the New York Central Railroad tracks, where we would forthwith split our fish open and sizzle them on a hot rail. He claimed laborers in Portugal often eat sardines in that down-to-earth fashion.

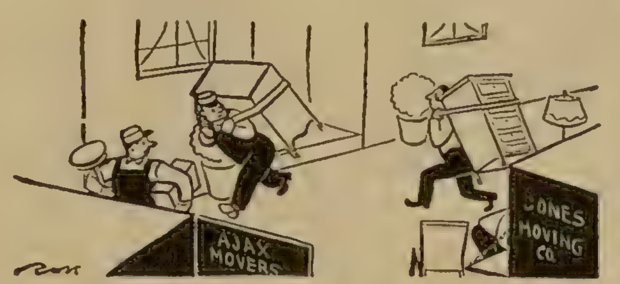
BIRTHDAY PARTY: The huge New York Botanical Garden recently celebrated its fiftieth birthday by sponsoring a week of exhibitions, tours, lectures, and public ceremonies. Two hundred and thirty acres of beautiful plantings testify to the feverish diligence and efficiency of the 150 men and women employees who comprise the staff. Like all organizations, the Garden has suffered because of the manpower shortage, but thanks to the zeal of over-age men and many capable women employees, the quality of the plantings has been sustained. The Garden's horticulturist, M. T. H. Everett, stated that without the women the job could not have been done. They had won the admiration of all their men colleagues by handling countless chores successfully, even to practicing tree surgery on many fine specimens.

BROTHERHOOD OF MAN DEPT.: Several hundred Jewish servicemen and women were writing their names on slips and dropping them into a box at the Hebrew Canteen in Temple Emanuel in Denver, Colorado, when a sergeant from Camp Carson wandered in, and promptly followed suit. It wasn't long before the rabbi asked for silence and, consulting a slip of paper, remarked, "The winner of today's free telephone call to his home is Sergeant John Francis Patrick O'Connell of Newport, Rhode Island." . . . In Yonkers, New York, two policemen, standing in a doorway, watched a seaman smash a liquor-store window. They arrested the man, who was later dismissed because Nathan Golder, proprietor of the store, refused to make a complaint. He's a veteran, with a brother overseas.

TWO DOWN AND ONE TO GO

The world's leading vermin are under the sod,
No longer impeding the forces of God.
But though we are rid of Adolf and Benito,
We've got to keep on till we get Hirohito.

REAL-ESTATE CHESS: Charles S. Weingart, head of the New York Apartment Locating Bureau, says his firm originated the idea of swapping apartments about a year ago to relieve congestion caused by the complete absorption of living space in New York. Many families seeking trades to adjust themselves to changing family conditions have profited by the swap system. Recently there was a four-way switch which "amused and amazed" the co-operating landlords and agents of the properties involved in the exchanges. All four leases were canceled and new ones drawn up to protect the swapping tenants until September 30, 1946, or later. Karl Kinzler, who wanted a smaller apartment, turned his five-room suite in and leased the three-roomer vacated by Marshall Rosett, who switched to a four-room job vacated by Sol Wolfman whose growing family was just the right size for Mrs. Suzanne Guggenheim's seven-room apartment. Mrs. Guggenheim, whose daughter married recently, took the Kinzler five. While waiting for their leases to be cleared by all involved, the four families arranged with their movers to start loading simultaneously. One room in each apartment was to be entirely emptied before starting on the others, so that incoming furniture could be stored should one van arrive too soon.



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IT'S FUN TO PULL THE STRINGS

Continued from Page 31

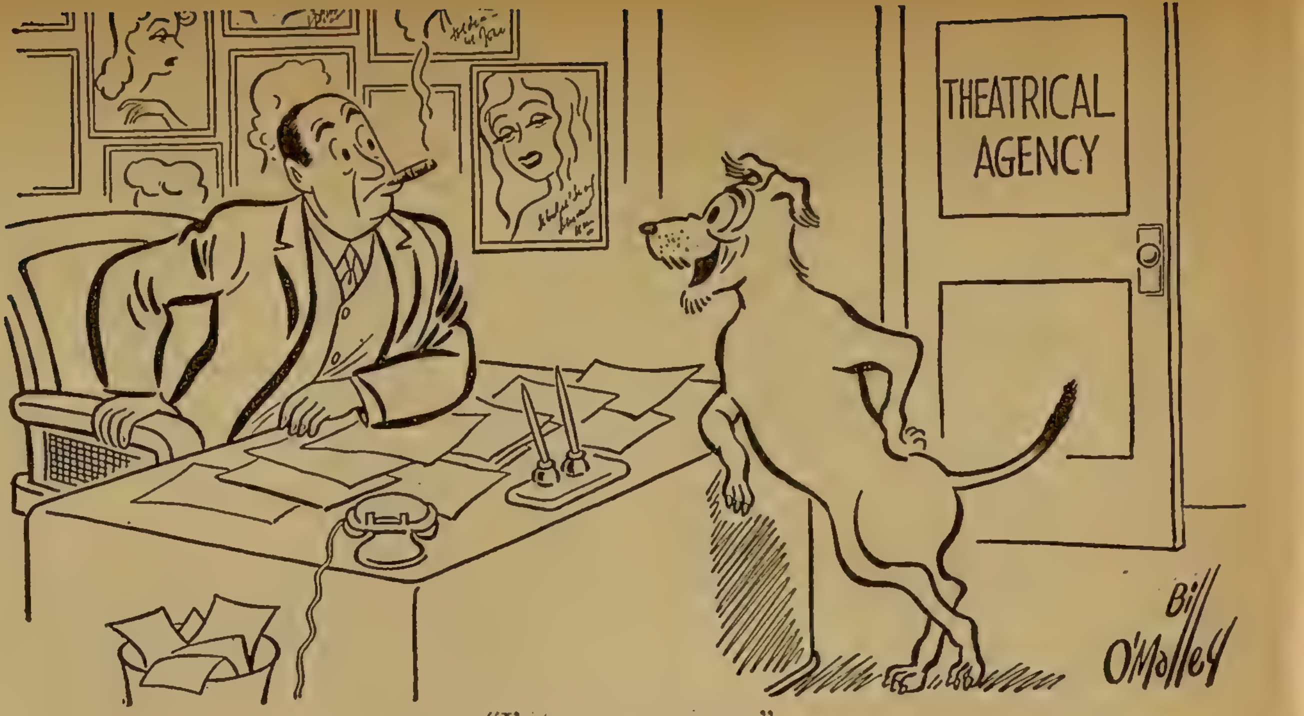
twenty-one strings. The caption read: "When the controller is rocked from side to side, everything moves," and that was understatement!

Ordinarily, when a marionette picks up or grips anything, a separate special string is run through the hand to the object. When the string is tightened, the hand seems to pick up that object. (Baskets and pails are simply hooked over crooked fingers.)

When the indignant mama sets her hands on her hips, arms akimbo, special hand strings are run from the hands through tiny rings at the hips, and thence to the controller. The Proctors use a similar idea to enable their wolf in Little Red Ridinghood to scratch his fleas so convincingly and earnestly.

"Speaking of the wolf," chuckled Proc, "reminds me that I made him back in the depression days, when one could buy a fur neckpiece—of a sort—in the dollar stores. I strolled up to the girl at the counter and told her I wanted the lousiest, mangiest fur piece she had. She drew back, stared at me, and put in a frantic call for the manager. I finally convinced him that I was not crazy—only a puppeteer."

Remarkably, the puppeteer buys practically nothing ready for use, except occasionally the lighting equipment. His use of many arts, crafts, and special skills makes puppetry a fascinating hobby. Puppet heads are usually modeled in clay. The model is cast up in a plaster-of-Paris mold, which is then lined with either plastic wood or papier-mâché, and a hollow head produced. This is sanded for smoothness, then painted. The hair may be modeled on or applied after the head is painted.



"I'm my own agent."

Sometimes the bodies are made in much the same way, but usually the arms, legs, chest block, and hip block are shaped from soft wood and the two blocks connected with a tube of cloth. The size of the figures depends on the scale decided on in advance. An eighteen-inch male is one fourth scale; that is, he is one fourth the size of a six-foot man. Accordingly all furniture and properties used in the production will be one fourth normal size. The Proctors, and perhaps most professional puppeteers, use twenty-four-inch male figures and a one third scale.

The scale also determines the choice of clothing. Coarse fabrics, such as tweeds, would look like rugs on a marionette, and their stiffness would restrict movement. The costumes are sewn, glued, and even tacked in place; you may have noticed that marionettes do not change for dinner, or for anything else. (If they do, you may be very sure a second figure is used.)

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Puppeteers also make the stage and its accessories. The proscenium of a stage for eighteen-inch marionettes will be about four feet high and six feet wide. The stage itself will be about two feet deep. These may be considered minimum measurements; larger figures naturally require more room.

The floor of the stage is elevated for visibility. Directly behind it runs the bridge on which the manipulators stand. It is usually placed higher than the stage floor, to hide the manipulators' hands from the audience and so the operators can watch the action comfortably.

The backdrop, proscenium, and high masking curtains conceal the people who pull the strings. The actors hang from hooks on a rail behind the bridge, ready to be snatched up as their cues are reached.

The lighting equipment is that of the regular stage in miniature: it may include spots, floods, borders, strips, and, of course, footlights, all complete with colored bulbs and gelatins for special effects.

Obviously, then, the puppeteer must be artist enough to model a head and paint it; handy enough with thread and cloth to dress the figure; craftsman enough to shape the body and make smooth-working joints; carpenter enough to make the stage and its accessories; electrician enough to place and wire his lights and switches.

Just for good measure, he should be a good elocutionist and mimic to read his lines well and in several different voices. He should be able to design and paint his own scenery, get the lighting he wants, master the art of sound effects, understand music (for background effects, dances, instrument-playing figures, etc.), and have the patience to learn the finer points of manipulation. And he may wish to write his own plays, or make adaptations.

HOWEVER, puppetry is no one-man job. It is ideal for man-and-wife partnerships, either as a hobby or a living, as witness some of the best-known shows put on by Mr.-and-Mrs. teams: the Bairds, the Heads, the Roses, the Stevenses, and the Proctors.

"But don't start playing around with marionettes," Proc advises, "unless you're willing to have the little devils crawl into your heart. They have an appeal that's all their own. Once felt, it's hard to deny.

"They'll demand a lot of you, but they'll reward you, too, in a thousand ways. They'll even make a living for you, if you insist—and persist."

I can vouch for Proc's warning personally. I didn't heed it, and now I'm in up to my neck!

THE END

RECONVERTING WAR SKILLS TO PEACETIME JOBS

Continued from Page 17

of them went straight from school into the armed forces. Others left business and industry before they could develop peacetime skills. Normally, these youngsters would have spent several years in the process of becoming men and women, making mistakes, experimenting, discovering their own capabilities through trial and error. But their trial-and-error years were taken from them by the march of history, the patriotic need to defend their country.

Now they are returning, equipped with war skills and wanting jobs that will utilize those skills. This is the historic challenge that confronts us citizens of the home front, the older generation, the business men, the educators, the government administrators. The way we use the returning soldier's war skills will affect not only his own fate but also the destiny of 135,000,000 Americans.

Every G. I. has one big question on his mind. His own experience has proved that our warring nation had the know-how to take him from school and from work, to give him medical, physical, psychological, psychiatric, and vocational interviews, to train him for many months and then to equip him with the best weapons. Now he wants to know whether this same nation has the know-how to reverse the process.

WE have all read of plans for veterans. Commentators, editors, business men, labor leaders, government administrators have all discussed what they are doing or believe should be done for G. I. Joe. As a veteran myself, as a former national commander of the American Legion, I am qualified to enter that discussion. But let me say right here that the value of my contribution derives not from being a veteran or a Legionnaire, but from my service with the War Manpower Commission and its U. S. Employment Service.

Have you heard of occupationology or jobology? Probably not. But ask the thousands of U. S. E. S. interviewers, or ask the returning veterans who have been placed in new jobs. I want to tell you about jobology—you who are a veteran perhaps, or the wife or mother of a veteran who will one day want a job. Jobology—the term sounds odd, doesn't it? It sounded odd to me when I first heard it. But do you know that we have studied all the jobs in this nation of ours as minutely as botanists have studied flowers, for example?

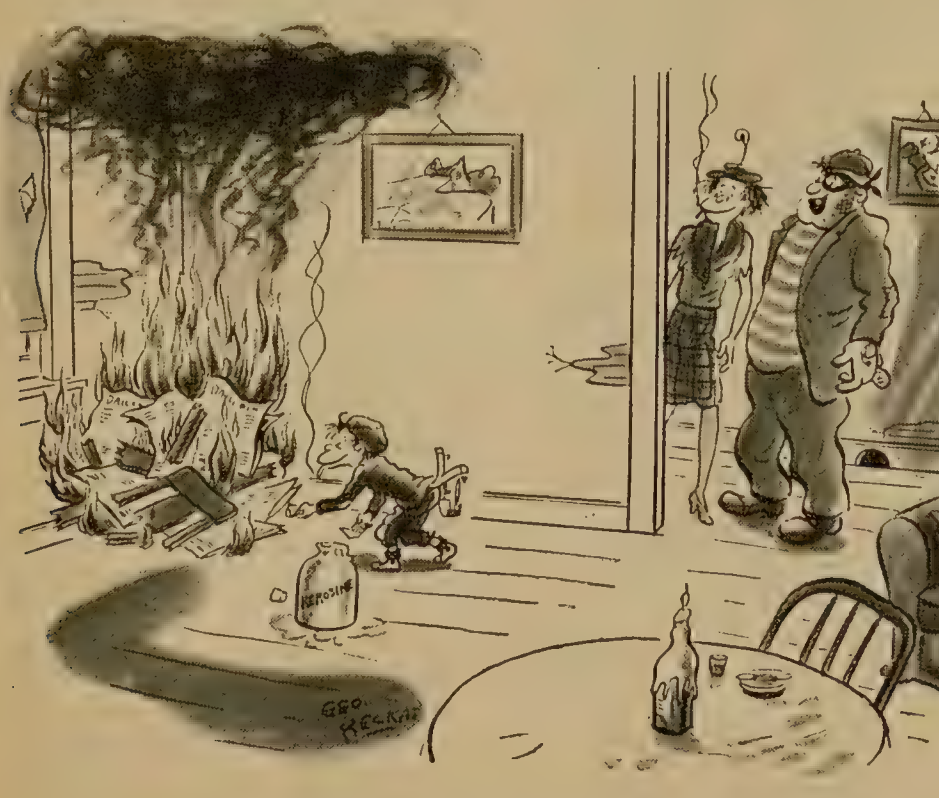
The pioneers in botany first collected all the data they could find, listed all forms of plant life, and classified their data. Only then could botany become "practical" and the specific, detailed knowledge of plants be applied to medicine and industry.

Jobology has paralleled the development of a science like botany. Before 1934, a job name such as "machinist" or "clerk" could mean a dozen things. Job names varied by locality and by plant. But by 1934, 37,000 job names had been collected. Eliminating duplicates left 29,000 job names which designated about 18,000 different jobs, such as typists, milling-machine operators, marine oilers, anesthetists, boiler-shop mechanics, sausage makers, acetylene welders. Job analysts, the middlemen between jobs and job seekers, had observed and reported on all these different jobs. Job analysis had produced job descriptions, job definitions, trade tests, and aptitude tests.

NOW the second development in jobology could begin. The 18,000 jobs were defined, *classified*. There were machine jobs, strength jobs, accuracy jobs, dexterity jobs. What made a job was the *uniqueness* of the operation performed. Jobs were related and could be grouped into *job families* according to the common job or worker characteristics. There were job families for entire industries. Later, job families showing the relation of civilian occupations to military occupations were to facilitate the conversion of civilians into soldiers.

Seven jobs classifications finally were set up, and in 1939 the government published the Dictionary of Occupational Titles and made it available to the public at the Government Printing Office, Washington, D. C., as the first textbook on jobology in America. Defining the 18,000 jobs, the Dictionary is used today not only in U. S. E. S. offices, but also in schools, by Selective Service and the armed forces; in counseling and interviewing; as a tool for matching workers and jobs. Ten thousand Dictionaries are being used in posts all over the globe, and after the war, new editions will meet postwar demands.

Does this sound pedantic, dull? The War Department doesn't think so. At its request, job experts have analyzed more than 9,000



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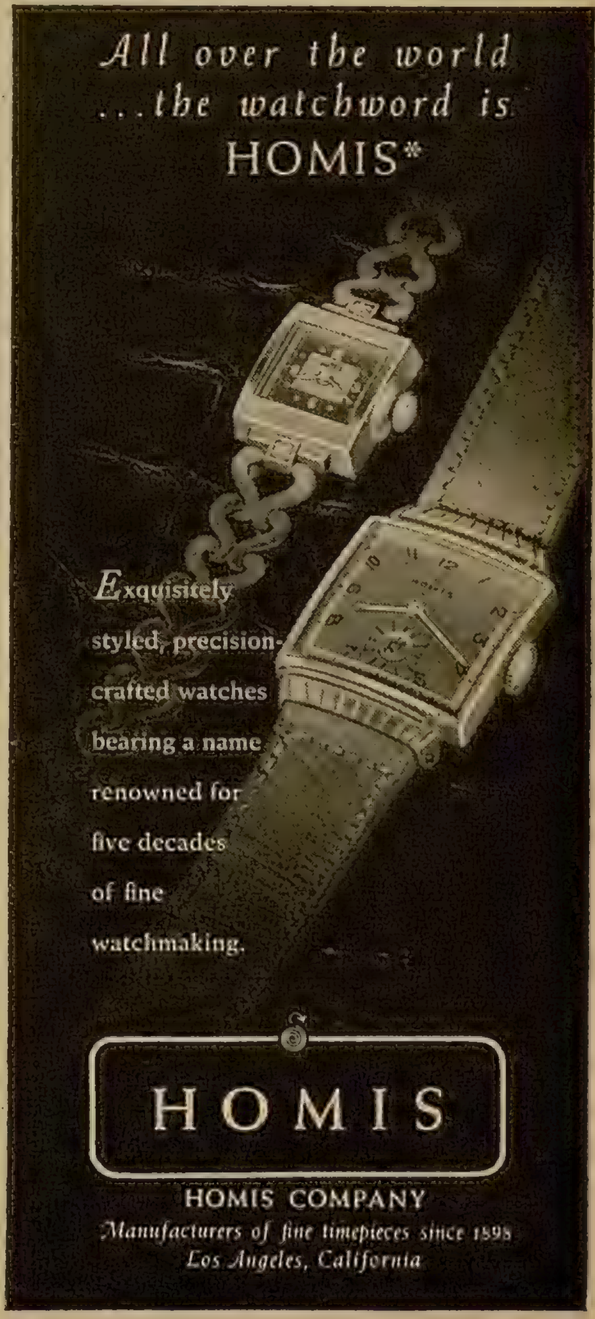
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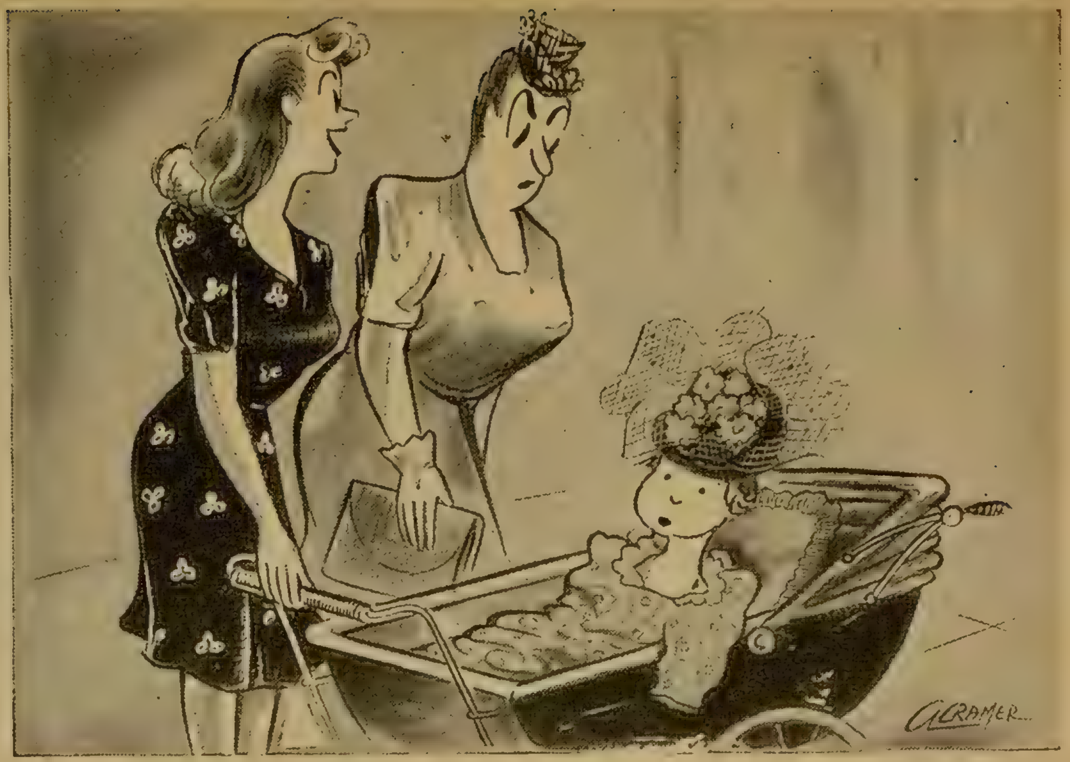

"I have the hardest time finding any baby clothes."

specialist occupations which soldiers perform at Army posts all over the country, and have come up with 800 new definitions of Army jobs. Jobology is the science of men-at-work, the science of people, of human beings, a science that will meet its supreme test in the reconversion of war's skills into peacetime pay envelopes.

Early in the war the services found definite relationships between civilian activities and military assignments. Certain Army jobs were exact or modified counterparts of civilian jobs.

Today, late in the war, relationship between *all* jobs is helping to transform boatswain's mates into civilian awning makers, and aviation ordnance men into factory assemblers. All Navy and Army enlisted classifications have been studied and suggestions made as to the kindred civilian jobs which might utilize military training and experience. A study is in progress for commissioned officers' classifications. The government has published the Special Aids for Placement of Military Personnel in Civilian Jobs, which lists requirements of civilian jobs which are related to military jobs. It itemizes any additional training necessary before a soldier can be placed in a related civilian job, and describes working conditions and hazards on the job.

BUT how do all these Special Aids, Dictionaries, job analyses work out in the 1,500 U. S. E. S. offices? How does jobology actually function in the day-by-day job of converting our returning soldiers into useful citizens?

Somewhere in America, Tom, a young marine home from Guadalcanal and Cuba, is about to be discharged for "nervousness" and recurrent malaria. Tom is twenty-three years old and had only worked around meat markets before entering the service and being assigned to a radar unit. After a medical examination, he is cautioned against work involving sudden changes of temperature or heavy physical exertion. Work related to his civilian job is ruled out by the jobology "practitioner" in the employment office.

Somewhere else in America, another veteran, Dick, is also looking for a job. In civilian life Dick had been a hospital attendant for fifteen years. The Army assigned him to the Medical Corps as a hospital attendant, serving in the South Pacific. At war, he developed a strong interest in actual laboratory work. In emergencies, he'd be called on to use test tubes. Now, at thirty-nine, he was returned to the United States, transferred to the Emergency Reserve Corps. He was no longer interested in being a hospital attendant. He kept thinking of the improvised jungle labs where he had learned to do lab tests. Back in America, he wanted to be trained as a laboratory technician.

What can jobology do for Dick? Unknown to him, the job investigators have already studied the jobs in America's laboratories; federal, state, and private foundations have spent huge sums of money. Hospitals, laboratories, and laboratory technicians have all co-operated in these job studies, and have determined the qualifications for physician's assistants, first-aid attendants, hot-room attendants, medical technicians, X-ray technicians, mechanotherapists. All these varied lab jobs have been analyzed, defined, named, classified.

WHILE Tom, the meat-market worker turned marine, and Dick, the male nurse transported to the South Pacific, are waiting for jobs, somewhere else in America another veteran, whom we might call Harry, is talking to a U. S. E. S. Veterans' Service interviewer. Harry has had bitter war experiences. He has broken down, and been given shock therapy in a hospital. A bookkeeper in the days of peace, he had enlisted before Pearl Harbor and had been a camera technician. Now he's back. What kind of work should he do? How can he maintain himself until his first pay check?

What can jobology do for Harry, the ex-bookkeeper, for Dick, the ex-nurse, for Tom, the ex-meat-market worker? The new science is not a cold science, like astronomy. The analysis of human aptitudes has covered not only the facts about *specific* jobs and the *physical activities* of each, but also the *working conditions.*

Tom cannot stand heavy physical work or sudden changes of temperature. But a radar man doesn't have to work in a meat market. A radar vacancy is located in the Third Naval District. Tom is helped to file a civil-service application. An immediate rating is established. Today Tom is earning $2,000 a year as a radar inspector.

What about Dick, the ex-hospital attendant? The Special Aids show that to become a laboratory technician he would need additional technical training in half a dozen specialties. Arrangements are made

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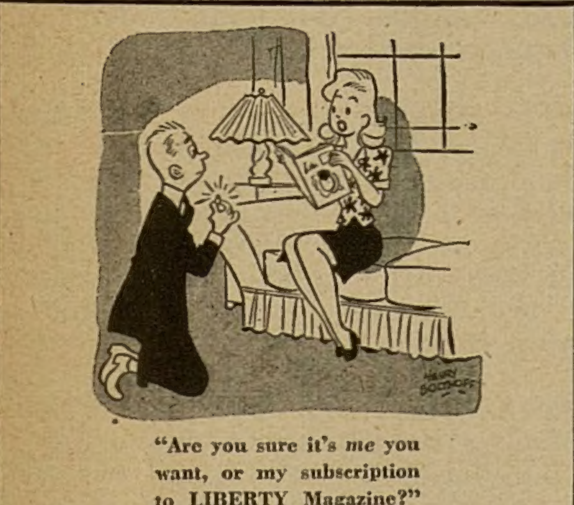
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for Dick to enroll in an evening course and work as a laboratory technician trainee at an induction center at $1,752 a year.

But for Harry, the ex-bookkeeper, a job placement was not so easy. First, a furnished room was found for him, the Red Cross providing temporary emergency funds. Bookkeeping, his only civilian skill, would be too tedious. Harry was finally placed as a photographer, but only after he had been *placed* in society as a human being with a place to live and money to keep him going.

Jobology, the science of men-in-jobs, necessarily includes an awareness of and allowance for the human factor, the human quirk. One afternoon, an engineer-waist gunner from a Flying Fortress—we might call him Joe—reported to a U. S. E. S. office. He held the Distinguished Flying Cross and the Air Medal with four oak-leaf clusters. He had been honorably discharged because he had frozen his feet several times while flying in sixty-degrees-below temperatures. His placement, at first, seemed no problem. As a civilian, Joe had been a coremaker in a foundry. At the time, coremakers were among the most urgently needed war workers in America. But Joe didn't want to be a coremaker. His air missions had given him a new psychological bird's-eye view of life. He wanted to learn more about the whole foundry business. To be successful, his job placement had to consider the human factor. He was told of the urgent need for coremakers, and appealed to as a patriot. Would he take his old job back? He would. The superintendent was then informed about the hopes entertained by his newest employee. Ultimately Joe was placed as employment manager, where he is now getting that bird's-eye view of all foundry operations.

If it's to succeed, jobology depends on co-operation from men like this foundry superintendent. Jobology came out of the industries, the communities of America. A New England industrialist summed up the job problem ahead: "A nation at peace should attack the problem of employment with as much intelligence and forthrightness as a nation at war. It proposes that real brains and embryonic leadership should be given an opportunity to flower and bear fruit . . . that men who have displaced qualities of leadership and technical skill should not be shoved back into makeshift jobs, but should be permitted to use their assets for their country. To communities organizing for rehabilitation, I suggest this slogan: 'Let the living boy be a monument to the one who has gone.' Their pals who did not return would want it that way, not in the form of costly monuments or conscience-easing settlements." *But in jobs using skills acquired in war.*

Today, jobology exists for the living boy.

THE END

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

Many a modern householder who has improved his landlord's property can sympathize with the writer of this ad, which appeared in an English newspaper in 1816:

"WANTED IMMEDIATELY, to enable me to leave the house, which I have for these last five years inhabited, in the same plight and condition in which I found it, 500 LIVE RATS, for which I will gladly pay the sum of £5 sterling; and as I cannot leave the farm attached hereto in the same order in which I got it without at least Five millions of weeds I do hereby promise a further sum of £5 for said number of weeds. Apply ———.

"N.B. The Rats must be full grown and no cripples."

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DON'T BLAME FLEAS ...MANGE...DIET!

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JULY 7, 1945

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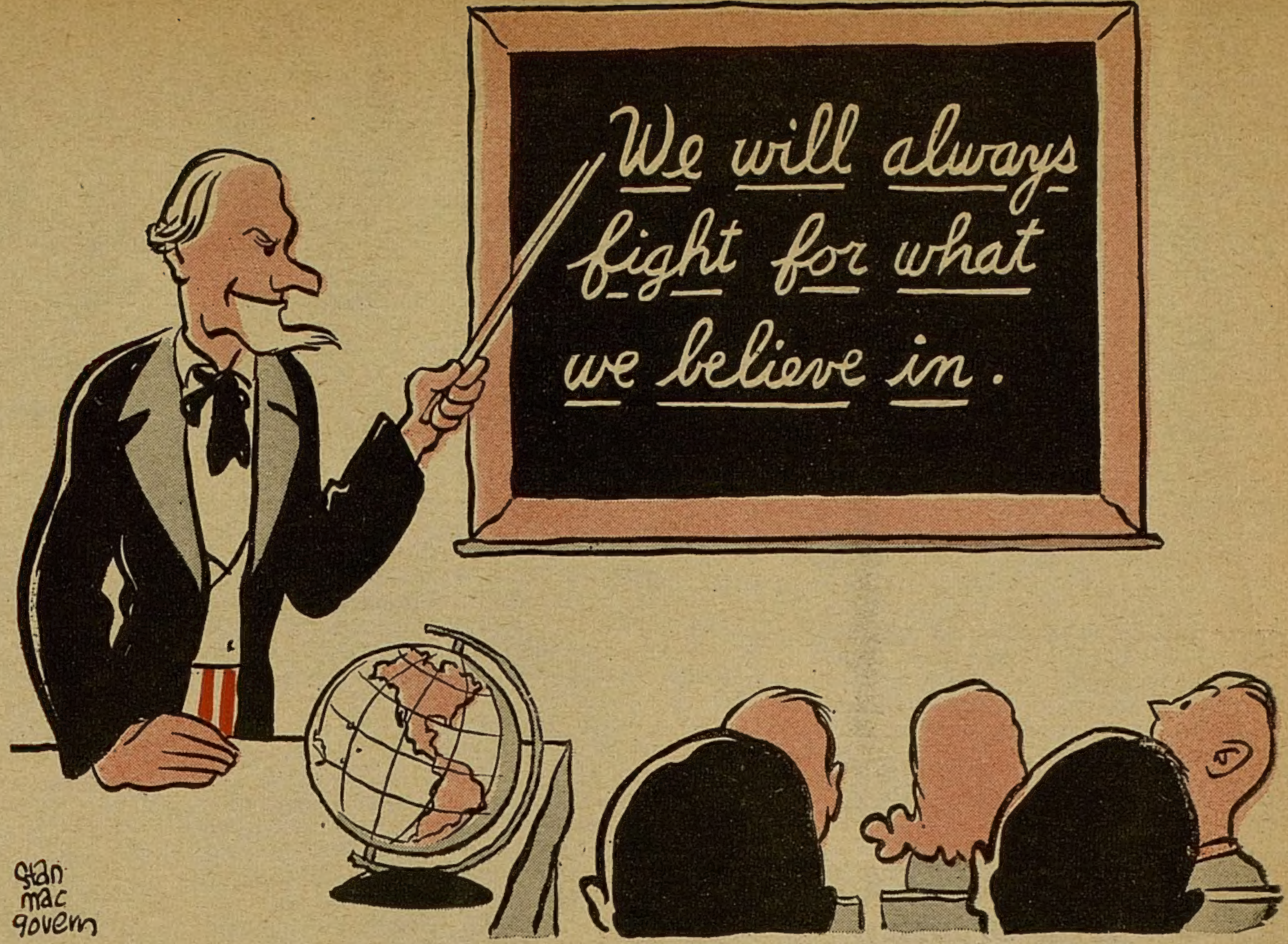

We will always fight for what we believe in.
stan mac govern

This is preparedness, too.

AMERICA'S MILITARY FUTURE

DISCUSSION on the subject of permanent compulsory military training for American youth rages hot and heavy. However, neither the pro nor the con arguments concerning what national policy we should adopt in this regard are very convincing. The truth is that neither side can do much more than voice opinions and philosophies at the present time. The facts upon which a definite plan for America's future safety can be based are not now apparent.

Yet all of us agree the future safety of America must be assured, regardless of cost or sacrifice. No one who has seen or read about the deprivation and suffering of the civilian populations of Europe and Asia wants to take any chance of its happening here. The concentration camp, starvation, disease, slavery—all the horrors we have uncovered in Europe must be kept forever from America.

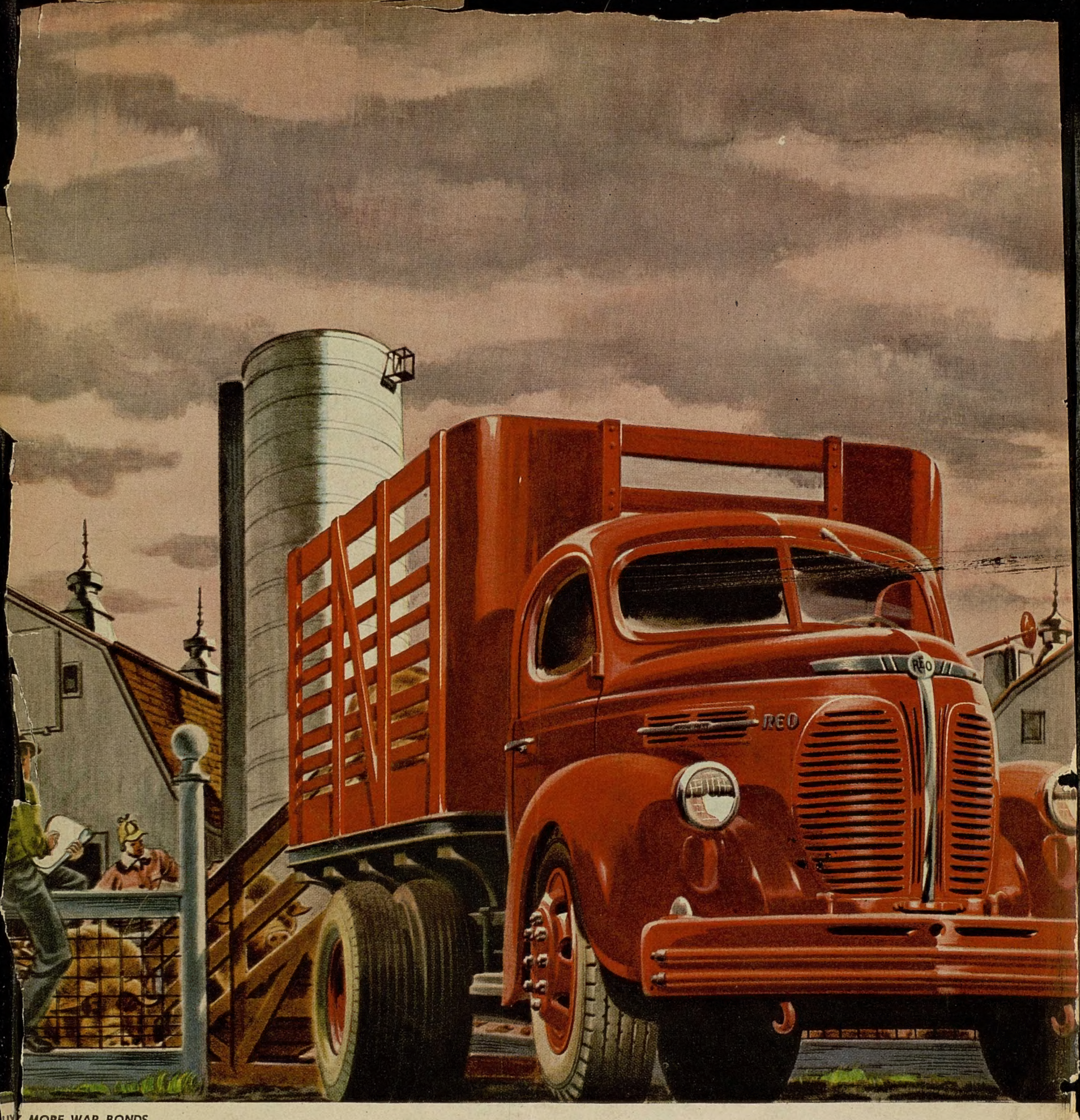
Perhaps a year of military training for every American boy is the way to assure our safety. However, there is much room for doubt that this in itself would be effective for anything but to give us a false sense of security. We might find ourselves trying to meet an attack in 1975 with the methods of 1945. Scientists say the next war will be fought from afar with weapons still in the dream stage. Attack will come without warning through the air. Perhaps only robot bombs will be involved, against which millions of well-armed and well-drilled men will be no defense. This may be true, or partially true. There's no doubt the science of war is developing rapidly. Even a soldier who received his training in 1940 would be incapable of operating efficiently today with the weapons and techniques developed since then. Some military men believe mere training of soldiers as individuals is practically useless. Only whole bodies of troops taught to fight and maneuver as armies are effective. Some field commanders even say that soldiers discard all they have learned in the first hour of combat and that this first hour under fire teaches them more than months and years of training.

It seems to us two things are necessary for our future safety: (1) The continuance of our present leadership in military science; (2) the willingness to fight immediately for what we believe in, without waiting to be edged into a war while debating about it for years.

Instead of giving our youth a year of military training, perhaps it would serve America better to instill in all our people such an intense love for America and democracy, and such an abiding hate for aggression and international bullying that in the future we will spring automatically to defend one or punish the other. We will then see and recognize a war cloud while it is still no bigger than a Führer's mustache and stop it in its tracks.

Paul Hunter

Liberty
. . . FOR ALL



UY MORE WAR BONDS

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Established in 1904, Reo has grown up with the truck industry and with many of the men who produce a large part of the world's food. Reo trucks and tractors have hauled a full share of farm products to market . . . have helped speed distribution of processed foods. That Reo is a favorite with contract haulers in many industries emphasizes the reputation for ruggedness, dependability and economy which Reo has held through the years. Reo is now producing for all branches of the Armed Forces but ask your Reo dealer about the limited release of equipment for essential civilian service.

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A pal waits at home

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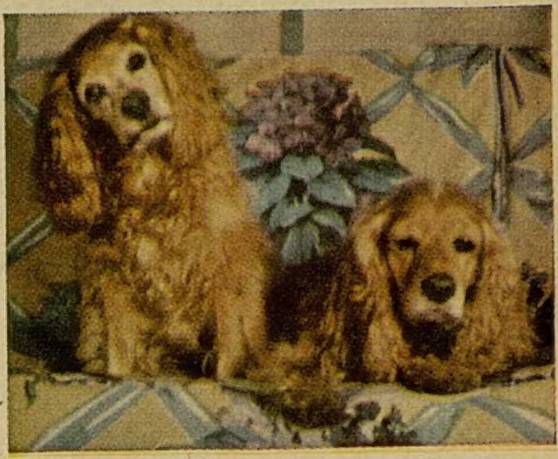
1918 **THOUSANDS** of Airedales kept a lonely vigil at home while Americans won Chateau Thierry in World War 1. In this 60th year of Corby's Canadian fame, the Airedale was a great favorite because of his rugged strength and quick intelligence.



1941 **COCKER SPANIELS** outnumbered all other dogs who wagged goodbye before and after Pearl Harbor. Originally developed for hunting ground game, Spaniels had won their way into millions of hearts by the time Corby's reached its 84th year of fine whiskey tradition.

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